

The
**Popular
Commencement
Book**

—
Effa E. Preston

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***THE POPULAR
COMMENCEMENT BOOK***

THE POPULAR COMMENCEMENT BOOK

VALEDICTORIES, SALUTATORIES, PROPHE-
CIES, HISTORIES, CLASS BANQUET TOASTS,
ADDRESSES AND RESPONSES, CLASS
PLAYS AND PAGEANTS, WILLS, CAR-
TOONS, CLASS DAY NOVELTIES,
BACCALAUREATE SERMONS,
ETC.

BY
EFFA E. PRESTON



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The Popular Commencement Book

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FOREWORD

IKE all honored institutions in the educational and social world during the last two decades, the commencement celebration in school and college has felt the changing hand of time, and certain of its features have undergone modification. The demand for novelty in the arrangement of the graduation or class day program has grown to sizable proportions, pushing the older, classical formalities of the program somewhat into the background.

In the compilation of this volume, due attention has been paid to this broadening of the public taste, which has brought about a partial decline of oratory and a corresponding rise in popularity of the drama and its varied forms of entertainment, ranging all the way from farce to pageantry. The aim in presenting the material for the use of universities, colleges, academies, and senior and junior high schools, is to provide a generous selection of the plays and dramatic specialties now so much in favor, well seasoned with humor, at the same time not neglecting the formal oratorical features, which will doubtless always have a place, however limited, upon the graduation program. It will be observed that brevity and conciseness are the distinguishing characteristics of these latter models, which may, however, be expanded and elaborated according to the taste of the individual speaker. In short, the object of the book is to furnish varied and entertaining material, as far as space will permit, for every commencement need.

MUSIC OF THE BOOK

The songs used in the various entertainments in this book are to be sung to old airs that are presumably familiar to everyone. If any of them should prove unfamiliar, however, the music will be found in Denison's "Songs Worth While," which may be obtained from the publishers for the price of \$1.00, postpaid. The incidental music and the dance music, with one or two exceptions, will be found in "Denison's Descriptive Music Book," which may be obtained from the publishers for the price of \$1.50, postpaid. The exceptions mentioned above, notably the music of "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?", will be found in "Songs Worth While."

STAGE DIRECTIONS

Up stage means away from footlights; *down stage*, near footlights. In the use of *right* and *left*, the performers are supposed to be facing the audience.

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VALEDICTORIES

I. IN CONVENTIONAL FORM

(a) FOR COLLEGES OR ACADEMIES

In some editorial writings, Charles Dickens said long ago, "We do not believe in stupidity as a common, natural gift."

There may have been moments in the past four years when our instructors disagreed with Dickens, but we hope those moments were not too frequent. Taking everything into consideration, we feel that our periods of intelligence do, in a slight degree, outnumber our spells of stupidity. This is due, largely, to the painstaking efforts and earnest admonitions of our faculty advisers.

If we are not to be "men and women of polite learning and a liberal education," the fault will lie in us for, to-night, as we are assembled here for the last time, we realize more fully than ever before the advantages that have been ours and the way in which the rugged path of higher learning has been smoothed for our stumbling feet.

Members of the board of trustees: On behalf of the class of 19—, I extend our heartfelt thanks for the educational privileges you have made it possible for us to enjoy. If, in the years to come, we prove to be citizens worthy of our great country, remember us as only a few of the many in whose early years you laid a foundation of learning, aspiration, and high ideals.

To our president, dean, and members of the faculty: Words are sadly inadequate to convey our emotions. Since the day we came to you, eager, ignorant, and just a trifle frightened, you have given us liberally of your time, experience, and wisdom. You have borne patiently with our youthful follies and encouraged whatever latent ability you may have discerned in us. You have taught us so skillfully that we have, with Milton, "beheld the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

Because of you, we shall leave college and enter the busy strife of the everyday world with the best possible preparation: namely, a sense of social obligation, an appreciation of the rights of others and of our relation to the world about us, an ability to use our leisure wisely, and, above all, with a determination to persevere in our chosen work, undaunted by rebuff or failure.

There is no reward that can adequately compensate teachers for the good they do, but we hope that the grateful thanks of their students may in slight measure show appreciation and understanding. To you, our instructors, we can only say, paraphrasing the famous words of Daniel Webster, "If you work upon marble it will perish; if you work upon brass, time will efface it; if you rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if you work upon immortal minds, if you imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of your fellow men, you engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity."

College mates of the undergraduate classes, we part from you regretfully. We hope you will miss us sometimes, in the halls and on the campus. You who are about to become Seniors and take our empty places must uphold the traditions of the Senior class of 19—.

During our days here, we have striven so to conduct ourselves that our Alma Mater shall have benefited in some slight degree by our stay.

Although we may have fallen far short of our attempted goal, at least we have tried; and it is more praiseworthy to have tried and failed than not to have tried at all. Of course you will not profit by our mistakes, and, equally of course, you will not heed our advice, so we shall not offer you any.

Fellow members of the class of 19—: At last we have arrived at the goal, which four years ago seemed so immeasurably distant. I wonder if we do not feel a little as we did when we entered this college, four years ago, eager and ignorant, and just a trifle frightened.

And this time we have reason for such feeling. We entered here, assured of kindly, expert guidance. We leave to enter the vast school of experience in the workaday world, with no guide but our own intelligence and no teacher save the experience we are about to acquire. May we fare as well in the future as we have fared during our college years.

Having shared one another's joys and sorrows, successes and failures for so long, it is hard to say good-bye. Our mutual companionship has been an inspiration and an incentive, which we shall miss in the future. Let us then, in its place, keep happy memories of our years together, of the ideals toward the realization of which we aspire, and of our college, of whose noble teachings we would prove worthy.

(b) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS OR ACADEMIES

The more difficult part of any graduation program is to say good-bye and, in doing so, to express becomingly the appreciation and affection of the students leaving for those from whom they part. This it is my privilege and my duty, on behalf of my classmates, now to do.

Although for four years we have eagerly anticipated this occasion, upon its arrival we feel an unexpected sadness, a genuine regret that the ties of friendship binding us so closely in our work and in our recreation must now be broken, as our little band separates and its members take their respective ways to fame and fortune.

In bidding farewell to you, the members of the board of education, who have provided for us this excellent school, containing all the facilities for a modern education, we extend our heartfelt thanks. You have enabled us to begin the acquisition of what Aristotle called "an ornament in prosperity, and a refuge in adversity"—an education.

To you, our principal, and to you, the patient and persevering teachers who have aided us thus far on our way, we owe more of gratitude than can be expressed in mere words. You have guided our intellectual growth and fitted us for the duties of our vocations and the activities of citizenship. You have handed us the torch of inspiration. May we keep it ever alight!

Fellow students of the class of 19—, we have labored together with common interests toward a common goal. We have realized at last a measure of the success for which we have been striving, but, alas, with this realization comes the necessity of parting.

Henceforth, our paths may grow widely divergent

and what has been a happy, united group may become only a delightful memory. But this memory will ever remain. In triumph or failure, wealth or poverty, sickness or health, the bright recollections of the class of 19— will never fade. In our hearts we shall not be divided.

May our future be such as to reflect credit upon our home, our school, and our country, and may we never forget, in the words of Young,

“How empty learning and how vain is art
But as it mends the life and guards the heart.”

(c) FOR UNIVERSITIES OR COLLEGES

Fellow members of the class of 19—:

It is with mingled sentiments that we view ourselves for the last time as a class in this our final assembly within the halls of our Alma Mater. On such an occasion, complete happiness is impossible. The pain of parting from beloved scenes and of severing the friendships of four happy, bustling years intrudes upon the joy of achievement—the triumph of attaining a cherished goal.

Even while the graduate is exulting over his completion of the course he has set for himself, he turns with a lump in his throat to gaze for the last time at the dear, familiar towers and ivy-covered walls and the fair prospect of the campus, where he has been at home for four idyllic years. And he grips them ardently with his eyes, seeking to burn their image indelibly upon his mind, that they may always hold first place, undimmed, among his dearest memories.

But memories of the undergraduate past cannot occupy the mind of the graduate forever nor prevent him from indulging in long, wistful looks ahead. Those alluring, soul-disturbing peeps into the future—how they make his nerves tingle and stir his blood! How his pulses hammer when he hopefully reflects that somewhere out there in the noisy conflict of professional and artistic achievement, of gigantic industrial and commercial development, there is a place for him! Surely there is a place for him, in which his talents may expand to their fullest growth and his energies may be wisely spent! He has long dreamed of it. He would never dare to doubt its existence. For youth would not be youth without that touching confidence in the future.

The wise, sophisticated old world has never taken the aspirations of college graduates very seriously, as we are well aware. One of its favorite jests is the spectacle of the self-important young graduate springing to the aid of Father Atlas and offering to show him how to adjust the world more comfortably upon his weary shoulders, or volunteering to relieve the giant by shifting the burden to his own shoulders for a change.

The wiseacre waxes hilarious over the idea that we, as graduates, have anything to contribute to the progress of mankind; the clever cartoonist sharpens his wits and his pencil on the comedy of our position; and the disillusioned poet sings,

“A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Sat dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.”

But that is the view the seasoned cynic takes of us

and all our kind. It is not the view we take of ourselves. And woe betide the world if, upon emerging from its colleges and its universities, its youth should ever be able to see "the long littleness of life"! For to what source could it then look for the eternally fresh stores of idealism, energy, and enthusiasm necessary to the renewal of its flagging vitality?

It is true that, in sallying forth to find our places in the world, we graduates have no experience; but we have an eager, hopeful outlook. It is true that we lack wisdom; but we have boundless courage and a capacity for industry. It is true that we do not yet know the rules of the game; but we have a firm faith in high ideals. And it is not well for case-hardened worldlings to despise idealism too much. In more than one social order, history shows that the rules of the game have been modified or else completely revised by revolts springing indirectly from the fervent idealism of youth.

If we have all these gifts to bring the world, we graduates need not worry about our poverty in the matter of riper gifts. If, during our years of preparation, we have learned how to work, how to concentrate on difficult problems, how to search for truth, and how to make steadfast friends, the riper gifts will come of themselves, just as soon as we learn to apply the lessons of our college life to the weightier problems of life.

We shall learn this lesson faster if we approach it with becoming humility and with due recognition of our limitations. Once we have mastered it, our capacity for self-development and service to our fellow men will become a reality, instead of a nebulous dream of our undergraduate days.

(d) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

Ladies and gentlemen and members of the faculty:

You have heard our songs and speeches, our poems and our prophecies, all of which we trust you have enjoyed. The program is ended, and nothing remains to us but to say farewell—a word which seems to express so little and yet which means so much. The farewell we say to you to-night means all the good wishes, affection, and sorrow at parting the words can possibly connote.

Our association through the years has been very pleasant, and its termination is the only cloud on our happiness in achievement. We sincerely appreciate the advantages for study that have been placed at our disposal by the board of trustees and we trust that we have used them to the utmost of our ability.

Under the kindly direction of our principal and the skilled leadership of our instructors, we have finished the work prescribed for us and to-night are to be graduated. To those instructors we are deeply grateful for their sympathetic interest and understanding.

In saying farewell to our friends, the undergraduates, we wish to add a note of warning. It is an honorable position to which you are advancing, for to be the Senior class requires dignity, poise, and a high order of mentality. Be sure you possess these attributes in abundance before attempting to occupy our high place. We wish you luck. May you be our worthy successors. If we were to leave you with a gem of admonition, it would be this: Do not try to bluff; you will be found out. Do not waste time; you will be sorry. Get all the knowledge you can; you will need it.

And now, fellow members of the graduating class, we, too, must part. This is our last appearance as a

class. After to-night we shall go our separate ways, but though time and space may divide us, we shall always be joined in heart and spirit, and the memories of our days in ——— High (*name of school*) will always be cherished. May good fortune attend us, and may we remember that the training we have received is but the preparation in our youth for the sequel of our lives. Let us still find time to learn something good, since study is the task of youth, the business of maturity, and the pleasure of old age.

Friends, may you recall only our virtues, forgetting our faults, and may the future years bring you nothing but kind recollections of those who now bid you good night and good-bye.

(e) FOR JUNIOR HIGH OR VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS

To-night we are leaving the ——— Junior High School forever. Some of us will enter the senior high and others will find positions, but our friendly group will never again be united as it has been during the past years; and it is with sorrow that we say farewell to our teachers and to each other.

Our years together have been happy and profitable. We have learned much and our opportunities have been great. We trust that throughout our entire lives we shall remember and practice the ideals of our school and, according to our varied talents and abilities, do our best each day.

Our school has taught us the dignity of labor and the mutual dependence of industry and education. We have not been trained for positions that do not exist or

that we do not want, but we have been aided in the selection of our respective vocations and given instruction that will fit us for them. We have been preparing for the future—for life.

To you, our teachers, who have aided and guided us in this preparation, we say a grateful farewell. May we bring credit upon your training. To our friends of the younger classes we wish success and happiness. Our days together will never be forgotten and our love and loyalty will always belong to our school.

II. IN VERSE

(a) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

Four years ago together,
A Freshmen class we stood,
With excellent intentions
That sometimes turned to good.

We studied subjects weighty
That never grew quite clear;
We faltered by the wayside,
But now at last we're here.

Although the tasks you set us
Were difficult to do,
And the scholarship requirements
Oft made us cross and blue,

Your ears were deaf to pleading;
We worked with all our might,

And to a noble purpose,
As we attest to-night.

We'll take no tearful leaving,
We'll say no sad good-byes,
For, though our hearts are heavy,
The world before us lies.

Our school days have been happy,
But now 'tis time to go.
Behind are recollections;
Ahead our futures glow.

As children, tired of playing,
At sunset hurry home,
Back to the —— High School
We, too, some day shall come.

And when across our pathway
Time's cool gray shadow falls,
You'll hear our weary footsteps
Returning to your halls.

To you, oh, Alma Mater,
Our loyalty we give;
This be your pride and honor:
You taught us how to live.

(b) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS OR ACADEMIES

We travelers, whose feet are turned to-night
An unknown way down Life's winding path,
Have sojourned long in learning's spacious home
And inspiration gained.

On Wisdom's face

In admiration we have gazed and awe.
Of proud ambitions we have bravely dreamed
And planned to live with hope, to do brave deeds.
Now comes the challenge to our eager youth;
School days are ended; we must boldly fare
Forth to the new and leave the past behind
To seek what lies beyond.

With dauntless hearts

We go adventuring, but first of all,
A message we would leave to you, our friends,
Who made the road to learning smooth and light,
And gave your counsel wise, your sympathy.
Our thanks are yours for many things, but most
For this: Your faith in us was never lost;
And when you had good cause to doubt, you smiled,
Remembering our years, so dream-possessed.

This be our task: to justify your faith
And prove our worth, so, when in years to come,
Your memory our names may still recall,
You'll think of us as faltering ones who tried
Ever to do the best that in them lay.

Remember not the songs we tried to sing;
Remember not the deeds we strove to do,
But only this: We never lost our dreams
And found life good.

And if, my classmates, we no more shall meet
As in the past, our gay and truant thoughts
Communion still shall hold across the years;

Our hearts in sympathy shall beat again,
And ties that bind us shall endure so long
As life remains.

Friends, teachers, classmates, take with you, we pray,
Our kindest thoughts, and wish for us Godspeed
As now, with true regret but hopes high raised,
We say farewell.

(c) FOR SENIOR OR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

Now comes the hour to say farewell,
To break the ties we've found so dear,
The time to leave our friendships here
Where sunny hours to us befell.

No more shall we among you stand
And greet each day with smiling eye.
For cheery welcome we shall sigh
And miss the clasp of friendly hand.

To teachers who our youth inspired
A word of gratitude we'd say;
Kind fortune smile on you, we pray,
And bring you all you've long desired.

For us a wonder you have wrought:
You've helped us find the will to do,
To choose from life the fine and true,
And tuned to higher things each thought.

Your teachings we shall not forget,
Nor waste our time mere wealth to gain,

To find our memories but pain,
Nor spend our age in vain regret.

We'll struggle on with eager feet,
Surmounting steep and rugged ways,
Until success shall crown our days
And make our lives at last complete.

And when forever from these halls
We pass, our memory shall stay.
'T will through the dim, cool shadows stray
And linger round the ivied walls.

In future days, where'er we be,
When life's hard lesson we must learn,
Back to our school each heart will turn
In thoughts of loving constancy.

My classmates, true in word and deed,
May we a torch in darkness bear;
Our hopes and aspirations share,
And others to fulfillment lead.

When from this school to-night we go,
A part of life we leave behind,
Here where true friendships were enshrined—
The dearest we shall ever know.

(d) FOR JUNIOR HIGH, GRAMMAR, OR
VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS

Life's but a train trip on a road
With changes well supplied,

And varied scenery meets our view
As through the years we ride.

When guides attend us on the way,
The traveling is fine,
But difficulties may arise
As we go down the line.

The places on the road of Life
We long ago passed by
Were pleasant, but they lacked the charm
Of Station Junior High.

Our stop has been so pleasant here
We wish time would delay,
But bells and whistles, loud and clear,
Are calling us away.

It's "All aboard for Senior High!"
Regretfully we go;
We'll find no wiser, kinder guides,
No better friends we know.

Oh, may our trip be free from wreck,
No troubles on the way,
And may we all arrive on time,
Without a term's delay.

And when from schools we go at last
And each must journey far
Along the lonely roads of Life
Oh, may some friendly star

Shine down to cheer us on our way
And, smiling in the sky,

Bring to us days and friends as dear
As these in junior high.

III. IN LIGHTER VEIN

(a) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS OR ACADEMIES

From the first graduating exercises of the first school, whenever and wherever they may have taken place, down to the present time and the class of 19—, the most unsatisfactory and thankless part of the program has been the speech of farewell—the valedictory. Unsatisfactory because regrets, no matter how sincere, are no guarantee of eloquence; thankless because there is so very little chance for originality.

You have no opportunity to distinguish yourself. Everything has been said over and over again since that first far-off graduation day. Boards of education, superintendents, principals, and teachers have been thanked ardently and at great length, June after June.

In a few cases, they have been as glad to get rid of the class as the class has been to go, but usually, as now, both class and faculty have honestly felt sad at the parting. So it isn't what is said that's wrong; it's the way we say it.

The trouble is that there is a scarcity of nice, fresh, new words. Certain expressions, like "high ideals, inspiration, ardent zeal, noble aspiration, voyage of life, unknown future, shaping of our destiny, undying loyalty, and eternal memories—" you know the sort I mean—have been worked so hard and so long they're quite worn out. It would be cruel to employ them

again. There seem to be no others to take their places. I am sure you see and appreciate my difficulty.

Suppose I use just plain, everyday language and say exactly what I mean, regardless of a well-turned phrase or poetic expression. I'm sure you won't mind.

First, to the members of the board of education: You have given us a fine building and good teachers—which was most kind of you. We feel there were several times during the past years when our holidays were unnecessarily shortened—but we merely mention that in passing. We shall not reproach you. You're a grand old board of education, and we thank you for all past favors.

Second, to the superintendent, principal, and teachers: We are very proud of you. You brought this class through four years of good hard work and merciless exams, and never lost a single one of us. That's a record worthy of beautiful words. I'm sorry I haven't any. You taught us that honesty, fair play, ambition, and perseverance are qualities to be desired, and you always practiced what you preached. That seems to us just about the best thing that can be said of anyone.

Third, to the undergraduates who will some day stand proudly where we are now, endeavoring to bear our wisdom lightly: You'll have to improve a great deal if you ever really fill our places, but don't be discouraged. Keep on trying. Your class spirit seems rather tepid and your scholarship is none too brilliant, but perhaps we expect too much. At any rate, please remember it is your imperative and sacred duty to uphold the honor of the school and to endeavor, so far as in you lies, to keep to the standards of achievement set by us. Now, if you do these things, don't become con-

ceited, and, above all, don't make a show of your learning. Remember Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son: "From the moment you are dressed and go out, pocket all knowledge with your watch, and never pull it out in company unless desired. The producing of one unasked implies that you are weary of the company."

Last but far from least, to you, the graduating class, my compliments. We've done well, and we're proud of ourselves. True, there have been a few occurrences during our scholastic career that are nothing to brag about. Our class average in mathematics is mentioned only in whispers, and our athletic prowess leaves the sport world cold. On the other hand, our dramatic ability is unquestioned. We used to wish that our ability in ancient history might also remain in that happy state—unquestioned. We may have no geniuses in our midst. On the other hand, we have no morons—at least, none officially branded as such.

Our days together have not been entirely peaceful or always filled with loving fellowship, although it's decidedly bad form for me to mention it. There are several occasions still fresh in my mind when a class meeting turned into a near riot. And there have been any number of personal feuds, all, however, settled without bloodshed. On the whole, we've gotten along together remarkably well and to-night we're all friends. Honestly we are.

From now on, we'll let bygones be bygones and, firmly united, we'll insist together upon the superiority of our class over any other, past, present, or yet to come. And you will all agree with us that —— High (*name of school*) can have no superiors.

We've endured all of our school life, like most of it, and found some of it delightful. We know that all we

didn't like was good for us, so we're perfectly satisfied.

We feel that, if the future deals with us as kindly as the past has done, life will be very good, indeed. We go to meet it gladly, carrying in our hearts only kind thoughts of our school, its teachers, and its pupils. And we do hope we haven't disappointed them too much. Good-bye and thank you.

(b) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS OR ACADEMIES

(With apologies to Kipling)

We have heard of lots of school throughout the land,

And some of 'em are good and some are not;

The good ones, as we know, are simply grand,

But our school is the finest of the lot.

Its equipment is so very up to date;

Its buildings are so costly and so new;

Its pupils with high honors graduate;

You'll be amazed—the work that they can do!

So here's to you, ——— High School! Loud your
praises we must sing;

You will rank in any survey at the top in ev'rything.

You're giving us diplomas; it's a sporting thing to do;

And we're mighty glad to get 'em. ——— (*name of
school*) High School, here's to you.

There are principals and teachers, too, galore,

Bowed down beneath the weight of grave degrees;

But none like ours, there are none any more.

They're quite unique, as every class agrees.

They use psychology to cure your ills;

They tame the coefficient and I Q;

They juggle with your attitudes and skills

And make a graph that shows what's wrong with you.
So here's to you, ——— (name of school) teachers,
your charts and scales amid.

Your orders were to teach us, so of course you went
and did,

And for all the odds against you, you have dragged us
each one through,

And to-night you graduate us. ——— teachers, here's
to you.

We haven't many honors of our own;

We're just an ordinary class, I guess,
Endowed with perseverance as we've shown,

And other varied virtues, more or less.
One attribute alone we boast to-night:

It is our loyalty to school and friends,
And that will last, though skies be gray or bright,

Until the school of life for each one ends.
So here's to us, grave seniors, and our class which is
no more;

We hope the faculty won't weep our absence to deplore,
And here's to us, grave seniors, and to dear old ———

High.

A sadness dims our gladness as we pause to say, "Good-
bye."

(c) FOR SENIOR OR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

We've heard a lot of sentiment

About commencement days,
Of life's great battle, auld lang syne,
And parting of the ways.

We've sworn undying loyalty
And vowed to make our school
Be proud of us in future years,
According to the rule.

We've told the world our motto grand,
Our colors have been sung.
We've struck a noble attitude
And talked with silver tongue.

We've laughed to scorn the Freshmen class
Until they shrink ashamed;
We've praised the superintendent well
And all his works acclaimed.

The principal was mentioned twice;
The teachers smiled on, too.
In short, we've done quite all the things
We were supposed to do.

We've used each time-worn platitude
In each familiar way,
To show our honest gratitude,
Our deep respect display.

And now, all eloquence aside,
We'll speak the simple truth:
We like the way this school has taught
And trained our restless youth.

We'll never set the world afire;
We doubt if we'll be great.
We'll bring no glory to our town—
Not much, at any rate.

But, firmly planted in our minds,
A will to do our best
Must carry us along, we know,
And make us work with zest.

We now are ready for a change;
Our teachers, too, we fear,
Will not be inconsolable
At losing us this year.

For other classes, much like ours,
Will tread our way ere long,
And make the echoes answer to
Their laughter and their song.

And they, like us, will love their school,
And leave regretfully,
When graduation time rolls round,
As now to-night do we.

SALUTATORIES

I. IN CONVENTIONAL FORM

(a) FOR COLLEGES

In days of old, when the gladiators of Rome entered the arena to meet the lions, they bravely called to the spectators, by way of greeting, "We who are about to die salute you."

We who are about to emerge from college and enter the arena of life to meet the lions of competition, discouragement, and adversity, say instead, "We who are about to live salute you."

Our time has been spent during the past four years in preparing for this conflict, in strengthening ourselves with wise counsel, praiseworthy ideals, perseverance, and knowledge. We realize that the business of making a name and a livelihood for ourselves is not easy, that in life's vast arena the struggle is fierce and unceasing, and that it will require all our strength and ability.

We shall, however, enter the arena with heads high and start upon adventures brave and new, with hearts staunch and fearless. We shall act to-morrow what we learned to-day.

We welcome you to-night, friends of the class of 19—. And as our preparation for the conflict is ended, we ask for your good wishes, your joy if we succeed, and your sympathy if we fail—the sympathy

which fills us with determination to try again and to keep on trying until we succeed.

May we each be remembered, to use the words of Browning, as

“One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break.

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.”

If this be true of us, we need not fear any lions we may encounter in life's arena. We who are about to live salute you.

(b) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

Parents, teachers, all our friends: Centuries ago, the great Diogenes said, “The foundation of every state is the education of its youth.” To-night, having successfully completed the courses assigned to us by our wise counselors, we feel that we are now a small part of the foundation of the state of ———. The work of our school years is completed, but our education will be continued so long as we live.

The assurance of your good wishes for our future success means much to us. We know you have followed our troubles and our triumphs during our school years with sincere interest and that you are a sharer in our happiness to-night. Your friendship has been an inspiration and a comfort to us in the past, and we are relying upon it for aid in the future.

We realize that our graduation from ——— High School (*name of school*) is not of vast importance to the world at large; but all of you who remember your own feelings of delighted satisfaction at a similar time in your own lives will understand and sympathize with our emotions to-night.

We are very glad to have you here to join in our celebration, and we hope that the program will be one of genuine interest and pleasure to you. In the name of the class of 19—, I extend to you all a most cordial welcome.

(c) FOR JUNIOR HIGH OR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

Friends, the graduating class extends to you a most cordial welcome. It is true, we are not as important a graduating class as those in high schools or colleges; but we ask, if there were no graduating classes from junior high schools (*or grammar schools*), where would the faculties find material to graduate from high schools and colleges? We are very necessary to the scheme of things, so please do not misjudge us if we appear, at times, to take ourselves a trifle over-seriously.

We have been working very hard and consider ourselves, thanks to our excellent instructors, well equipped to enter a higher school. We shall endeavor to do our work as well there as we have done it here. We know that much will be expected of us, and we shall try hard not to prove a disappointment to those who will receive us.

We hope you will find our program interesting, and

we know that you will listen with sympathy and understanding. We are more than glad to welcome you to our graduating exercises.

(d) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS OR ACADEMIES

“What is the end of study? Let me know.”

This question Biron asked of King Ferdinand of Navarre, in “Love’s Labor Lost.”

And the King answered,

“Why, but to know which else we should not know;
Ay, that is study’s godlike recompense.”

To-night we have reached the end of four years of study, and we can truthfully say we do know much which else we should not know. If we remember but half of it, we shall do nobly, indeed.

There is truly a wonderful recompense for study in the feeling of satisfaction for work well done, and we, to-night, are enjoying a great deal of that satisfaction. In this respect, we agree with Shakespeare heartily.

Although this may be the end of study, as such, for many of us, it is by no means the end of learning. We know that the years to come and the great school of experience will add much to our store of knowledge. We feel, however, that our safe arrival this far along on the highway of learning is worthy of celebration, and we are grateful to you for coming to share our pleasure.

We are confident that you will enjoy our program, not because it is of great literary or dramatic value, but because of your friendly interest in us, many of whom you have known since our entrance in school.

Speaking in behalf of my classmates, I bid you welcome. May you be as glad as we are that you came.

(e) FOR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

We, the graduating class of the ——— Junior High School, are proud and happy to welcome you to our exercises. They are very simple, but they will serve to show you many of the interesting things we learn and do during our regular classroom periods, and we hope you will enjoy them.

We find it hard to realize that we have at last finished our work here and are ready for the senior high school. Rather than a mild June evening, it seems like a New Year's Eve to us, because to-night marks the beginning of a new year of study and of environment, also of a new dignity. Are we not about to become Freshmen soon?

We cannot leave these halls without regret or without acknowledging the debt of gratitude we owe the school and the teachers for their fostering care; but we are very happy to achieve our goal and be promoted. We go forth as members of a large family, to meet again in September, as ready then to help each other as now and never forgetting the friends we are leaving to-night.

During our program, as you listen to our representatives, go with them in fancy through the happy years of the past and into the busy time to come. Help us to enjoy our last hours in this spot where we have spent so many work-filled days. To this last festivity we bid you welcome.

(f) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS OR ACADEMIES

The members of the class of 19— have done me the honor to choose me as their representative to greet you to-night and to welcome you to our graduation exercises.

To the principal of our school and to the teachers, whose patience we have often sorely tried but whose kindness we sincerely appreciate, I bring greetings from the class, which owes its present position to you. We know you rejoice with us over the completion of an arduous though pleasant task.

Members of the board of education, we welcome you to this ceremony in which you must feel a personal interest since, without your provision for our education, it would not be possible.

Parents and friends, we the members of the graduating class, bid you hearty welcome on this night, which is to us of such vast importance. We know that you, too, are happy in our success, for you have always aided us when we faltered and urged us on when we loitered. You gave us always your sympathy and understanding.

Success is never half so sweet as when shared with others. To-night we wish you to join in our happiness and make it your celebration, too. In fact, since we owe so much to your coöperation, it is, in a sense, your graduation, also. To it we welcome you gladly. We hope you will derive as much enjoyment from listening to it as we shall have in performing our parts in it.

(g) FOR SENIOR OR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

My friends, I am glad to welcome you to-night. Our graduating exercises would be incomplete without

your presence and our parting from the school would be sad without your good wishes.

We feel that another guest is present at our assembly. He was not formally invited but his presence has been eagerly awaited by all of us. Our ears have been listening anxiously to hear him knock, and our eyes have been gazing sharply at every stranger, lest we should see and fail to recognize him, for whose coming we so trustingly wait, and upon whom so much depends. This unseen guest is Opportunity. Our future rests with him.

It is often said that Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door. Perhaps in this modern age he wouldn't knock at all but call up on the telephone. And how tragic if we failed to recognize his voice when he said, "Hello"!

Chances have been neglected, careers have come to naught, battles have been lost, and fame has faded away, all because the protagonist failed to recognize Opportunity when he came.

Perhaps many of you are familiar with the poem of Edward Rowland Still, called "Opportunity," which reads as follows:

"This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, 'Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing!' He snapped and flung it from his
hand,

And lowering crept away and left the field,
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day."

The king's son saw the opportunity that the craven had failed to recognize and with it won a victory. Courage and a broken sword achieved what fear never dared to dream of and saved a great cause.

To many combatants in the battle of life the same disaster occurs. Lack of success is laid to lack of opportunity. How often we hear some one say, "If I had only been given his chance, I would have done even greater things than he has accomplished."

Of course it is true that equal opportunities do not come to all; that would be impossible. But it is equally true that many fail to see or to use what chances they have. They fancy that something just ahead or out of reach is the essential means of their success. "A sword of keener steel" or the blue blade of the king's son is not at hand, so they go down to defeat. Then along comes a sharp-eyed soldier in the battle of competition, seizes the nearest weapon, the unused opportunity, and achieves his ambition.

We sincerely hope that we shall all be at home when Opportunity knocks at our door, calls us on the telephone, or otherwise manifests an interest in us. May we recognize him, receive him warmly, and make the best possible use of his presence; and may we never, never neglect him.

Once more permit me to welcome you as our guests

on this, our last appearance as Seniors of the _____ School. When next we gather here we, too, shall be guests, assembled to wish Godspeed to some other Senior class, as ambitious and happy as we. To-night we trust that our hospitality may be as gracious and as pleasing to you as we would have it. May you obtain as much satisfaction and delight from being here as we have in entertaining you on our last appearance as the Senior class of 19—.

II. IN SERIOUS VERSE

(a) FOR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

To-day seems not to us as other days have seemed.
Since first at rising of the sun its radiance gleamed,
Soft music gently sighs down every passing breeze.
The world looks brighter and the hills more green and
 high;
The bird songs are so sweet, and bluer is the sky.
It's not because it's June and summer days are here,
With flowers blooming in the meadow far and near.
It's just because to-day is graduation day;
Our lips are smiling, and our hearts are free and gay.
And ev'ry heart now hums a merry little lay,
For senior high school joys loom up not far away.
We welcome you most heartily; we hope you'll be
As pleased with our promotion, friends, to-day as we.

(b) FOR JUNIOR HIGH OR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

The cheeriest word in any tongue
Is "Welcome"; so to-night,
Dear friends, I'm saying it to you
With a sincere delight.

Your presence honors us; our class,
So soon to be no more,
Are happy that, before we go
Forever from this door,

Our friends are gathered here to join
In all we say and do
Upon this glad commencement night,
And so we welcome you.

Our parents, teachers, all our friends,
Be glad our work is done,
While to our last assembly here
We welcome everyone.

III. IN FORM OF POETIC PARODY

(a) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

(After Walter Scott)

Oh, the proud Senior students have passed every test;
Through all of the high school their record is best;
And, save their keen knowledge, they weapons had none,
But they finished the course and a great vict'ry won.
So charming to look at, with vict'ry aglow,
There never were Seniors so pleasing to know.

They stopped not for rules and they stopped not for
work,
But they did every task, never tempted to shirk,
And now the four years have so swiftly passed by
They are graduates, ready to leave ——— High.
So wise and so witty, fine futures await
Our most worthy Seniors; they're bound to be great.

So boldly they'll enter in office and hall,
'Mong lawyers and merchants and bankers and all,
Saying, "World, you're our oyster, so open up, do,
And give us the living that's coming from you;
For old though you are and alert, we agree,
Such Seniors as we are you never did see.

"For long we have studied and learned ev'rything,
And a technique that's startling to you we shall bring.
We are competent, truly, to do what we're bid,
And our talent for business will not long be hid.
There are big firms, too numerous now to discuss,
That would gladly employ clever Seniors like us."

We are sure that the world will soon be at their feet,
Delighted they've come to make life quite complete,
And the country will rise to a height unsurpassed
When the Seniors are showing their mettle at last.
Oh, troubles will vanish and new progress come,
When our Seniors begin to make everything hum.

So you were all bidden to gather to-night
And wish them good luck, ere they pass out of sight.
When next we behold them, they'll be bowed with fame;
The world will rise, doubtless, to honor each name.
So dauntless their daring, so potent their powers,
Have ye e'er heard of Seniors as gifted as ours?

(b) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS OR ACADEMIES

(With apologies to Milton)

When I consider how the past four years—
Perchance one twentieth of all my days—
Have been, attempting my poor marks to raise,
With cramming filled, with groans and bitter tears,
A dream this graduation night appears,
For which the powers that be I loudly praise,
And at myself in awed amazement gaze.
I welcome you to-night; your presence cheers

And makes our happiness the more complete.
'Tis good to hear your plaudits for our work.
Rejoice with us, who learned before too late
What all must know, as in farewell we meet:
None pass who merely bluff or idly shirk;
They study hard who ever graduate.

(c) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

*(With apologies to Gray, who might not even deem
them necessary)*

The school bell chimes for this our parting day,
The graduates wind slowly up the aisle
And sit upon the stage in glad array,
To gain the tribute of a loving smile.

Now fades the glittering pageant on the sight
And all the air anticipation holds,
To hear our swan song on this happy night,
Ere distant wandering our way enfolds.

For us no more the midnight oil shall burn,
Or Senior hearts be bowed with anxious care;
We'll dread no more each Monday morn's return,
Or strain of dread examinations share.

Oft did the rival teams before us yield
Their strong line broken by our stubborn men.
How jocund did we conquer on the field,
And then return to conquer once again!

Ambition smiled upon our fruitful toil,
Our youthful joys, our efforts to surpass,
And Grandeur heard—and did forbear to smile—
The short and simple annals of our class.

The boast of scholarship, the pomp of power,
And all our brilliance, all our clever deeds
Await alike the longed-for, precious hour,
For study's path to graduation leads.

Perhaps among our little group there may
Be hearts illumined with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of government may sway,
Or voices that will souls of men inspire.

We'll go our way with confidence serene,
The dark, unfathomed trials of life to bear,
And none of us intend to blush unseen,
Or waste our sweetness on the desert air.

Like knights of old we pledge with dauntless breast
The tyrant of injustice to withstand.
Till wrongs are righted, we shall never rest,
But strive till peace and plenty fill the land.

Respect of those we honor to deserve,
 Numbered with those who strive through all our
 days,
From duty's narrow way never to swerve,
 And earn sometimes a friendly word of praise.

For you who, mindful of our friendly due,
 Are come to-night to bid our class farewell,
We offer welcome, hearty, warm, and true,
 And bid you say, when of our lives you tell:

"Oft did we see them in the morning time
 Passing with hasty steps the campus o'er,
To fill their souls with reasoning sublime,
 And add unto their growing wisdom's store.

"And then we missed them in their 'customed place;
 No more in contemplation did they stray.
New classes came, and time crept on apace,
 While lost to all but memory were they.

"But somewhere, somehow they will prove their worth
 Nor stay to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
For Perseverance smiled upon their birth,
 And Aspiration marked them for her own.

"Their hearts were loyal and their souls sincere;
 They strove with earnestness their faults to mend;
And Fate will surely grant what they held dear:
 To keep their faith and never lose a friend.

"No further seek their merits to disclose,
 Or tell their deeds of worth by others seen.
Our hearts, through summer suns or winter snows,
 Shall keep their memory forever green."

CLASS PROPHECIES

(a) THE REPORT OF A PSYCHIATRIST

The members of the class of 19— have been very much interested in psychology, many of them having taken profound courses in such awe-inspiring phases of the subject as psychoanalysis and psychiatry. Naturally they got all wrought up about their repressions and complexes, defense mechanisms, and rationalizations.

When the world-renowned psychiatrist, Professor Abdullah Freudson-Brilling, came to town and opened a consulting room for the mentally unfit and the intellectually unsettled, all these earnest students rushed to see him.

Now, don't misunderstand me. I am not implying that they were unfit, unsettled, or un-anything. They all went to be psychoanalyzed. Of course, no one ever found out what the Professor told them, but it was generally reported that they were most anxious to learn in what field of endeavor they would be most successful—a very natural anxiety.

And now comes the exciting part of my story. Last night I, too, had occasion to enter Professor Abdullah Freudson-Brilling's office. No, not because of any mental weakness; merely to collect the rent. My father owns the building.

And what do you think? You don't, do you? Well, I'll tell you. The Professor wasn't in, and to kill the time I read the magazines on the table in the waiting

room. You know the sort of magazines you find in a doctor's office. Well, the Professor's magazines were even more so.

After I'd read *Modern Priscilla* for December, 1910, *Literary Digest* for June, 1927, *The Etude* for February, 1914, and *Grandma's Home Companion* for April, 1890, I looked around for another lot of new, snappy literature.

All I could find was a black-covered notebook at the very bottom of the pile. It was filled with closely typed notes. Just as I was about to close it, I saw, to my amazement, the names of my classmates. I looked again and discovered that those notes were the Professor's private and genuine opinions of those who had consulted him.

I confess it without shame: I read that notebook. I determined that my friends should not be misled. I would find out what the Professor really thought they would become. And what I found out! I copied it down, so I'd not forget.

Have no fear that what I'm telling you is incorrect. It's exactly what the famous psychiatrist wrote about the members of the Senior class, all of whom, evidently, consulted him.

(In the following descriptions, the speaker should insert the names of various classmates, choosing those to whom the descriptions are best fitted or least fitted, according to humorous effect.)

1 (girl). ——— is a nervous, inquisitive type. Will be a reporter and, because of her intense interest in everybody's business and her cast-iron nerve which enables her to penetrate where she is not wanted, without embarrassment, she will be an excellent one. In ten years'

time she will be a national celebrity known as Polly Pry of the *Graphic News*. She will be so alert that she will interview a criminal while he is committing the crime and get to-morrow's news last week.

2 (boy). ———, a stolid, slow-moving chap, who will never display either speed or animation. Can be trusted implicitly never to hurry. He will find his proper position in life early. He will become a plumber's assistant—the one who goes back for the monkey wrench and can't find it. He will continue in that restful occupation until he dies of old age.

3 (girl). ——— belongs to the great body of people who have a superiority complex. Evidently some one, when she was very young, praised her to excess for something she did, and she has never recovered. It gave her an ingrowing personality. Her delight and skill in getting others to work while she watches, and her ability to answer all questions, sometimes correctly, to say nothing of the snappy and forceful manner in which she orders other people around, point to but one calling—that of a school-teacher. Fifty years from now, gray-haired, perhaps, and a trifle wrinkled, but young at heart and still going strong, she will be found in our school, bossing not only her own pupils, but everybody on her floor.

4 (boy). ——— is an interesting case. An over-developed imagination and an underdeveloped digestion are producing a wonderful result—the ability to concoct the weirdest tales at practically a minute's notice. In fact, this ability is so remarkable that his conversation consists almost entirely of weird tales. Those who know him well never believe him, and strangers seldom. Being an intelligent young man, he will turn this talent to account. There are two courses open to him: He

may become an author; but that affords insufficient scope for his gifts, as the tendency now is toward realism. No; he is destined for greater things. He will become a real estate salesman, selling Florida lots by the gross to the inhabitants of Labrador, and igloos to the dwellers in the Sahara. He may, in his leisure hours, write eloquent speeches for politicians, that being a task in which he could employ all his imaginative power without the inconsistencies being ever detected.

5 (boy). ——— has an athletic body and a lethargic mind—the patient type. He likes to sit and watch things. His calm disposition, combined with his ingrained inertness, make him the ideal type for a sports promoter. He is deeply interested in athletics, but plays for pinochle himself. He cannot be manager of a ball team or a boxer, as that would require too much moving about. He will keep a racing stable. He will have a race track built up the side of a house, keep a stable of racing snails, lie back in a hammock, and gaze at the cool gray stone of the track, as his faithful snails crawl on and up to victory.

6 (girl). ——— has artistic ability, keen business sense, and an understanding of the so-called human race. A dozen years from now she will be a wealthy cosmetician, proprietor of Ye Beautifier Shoppy—alterations while you wait—an up-to-date shop, combining the arts of beauty culture and plastic surgery. People—men as well as women—will enter looking like sixty and emerge looking like sixteen. She will become the most famous skin renovator and face lifter in the world and always be an excellent advertisement for her business.

7 (girl). ——— is one of the most interesting cases of the many I have studied, possessing psychic

power to a remarkable degree. This is shown clearly by her vague, indefinite manner. She has a low visibility and a high mind, in tune with the infinite and on familiar terms with the spirit world. In the years to come she will achieve world fame as a feminine Sir Oliver Lodge, and her séances will be attended by all the best people and enough others to make them as crowded as a rush-hour subway.

8 (girl). ——— is a composite type, with no inhibitions and few ideas, and she loves publicity. Belongs to no type in particular, and to all in combining the worst features of each with a comely appearance and a striking personality. She has a good strong voice, can sing two entire songs without losing the tune and doesn't mind doing anything, no matter how silly, so long as she is well paid for it. Her future is clear. Ten years from now your favorite motion picture cathedral will be displaying huge signs announcing, "———, America's Girl Friend, in 'Cinderella's Sandals,' the all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing, all-colored epic of the age. Miss ——— talks, sings, dances, and plays three musical instruments, including a vacuum cleaner. Don't miss it."

9 (boy). ——— is not a modern type. He is persevering, not easily discouraged, and never gives up. He will find it hard to fit into the life of to-day, but one great opening awaits him. In this great age of endurance contests, he will become the champion of champions by simply making up his mind what he wants to do and doing it. By 19——, he will have become America's champion pole sitter, non-stop aviator, radio listener, marathon dancer, bicycle rider, pretzel eater, and mammy singer. He will be the world's undisputed channel swimmer as, once dropped in, he will

swim back and forth until his manager remembers to come and fish him out.

10 (girl). ——— is a charming type, domestic and capable, but with a slight inferiority complex, due to the unfortunate fact that once she received only second prize in an international bread-baking contest. Ten years from now, she will be the happy wife of a prominent business man with the nicest home and the best meals in town. In addition to that, she will be a lecturer on home-making,—the kind who tell people, over the radio, how to build a front porch out of packing boxes and how to feed ten people seven days on twenty-three cents apiece. She will undoubtedly grow fat as the result of eating her own cooking, but she will always be cheerful and a model housekeeper. Her husband will probably become bored and elope with the cashier in a tea shop, but I cannot be sure. I have not psycho-analyzed him—as yet.

11 (girl). ——— is a strange case, troubled by a recurrent dream in which she is a canary bird being chased by a cat. She told me she thought the dream meant that she would be the keeper of a pet shop. Quite wrong. She will be a great singer. She is one now, mentally, but not vocally. As soon as she learns to turn her tone images into audible sounds she will have all the leading prima donnas (*or mention several prominent names*) looking up the first train for home. In 19—, she will be singing the title rôle of any opera you may name, in the Cosmopolitan Opera House, and not recognizing her friends when she meets them on the street.

12 (boy). ——— is a splendid example of perfect self-control. He never stutters or stammers, never hesitates for a word, has no complexes and no bad habits

of any kind, and doesn't mind how late hours he keeps or with whom he keeps them. His vocation is determined at once. He can talk very rapidly. His enunciation is so perfect that he seems to take the syllables out of a word, dust them off, and put them back again. And his pronunciation! He can say "Tschaikowsky," "nuance," the names of the members of the Russian Choir, "adieu," and "Saint Saens," without mislaying a consonant or misplacing a vowel. Five years from now, he will be awarded a gold medal by the International Academy for the Preservation of Speech as the world's most redoubtable radio announcer.

13 (boy). ———, a rare type is of great interest to a psychiatrist. He has a double complex. As a result, his reactions range from blackest despair to sitting on top of the world. He starts a thing in one mood and finishes in another. The result is always confusing and sometimes deplorable. His vocation must, of necessity, be one not bound by rule or reason, a sort of combination steeplejack and deep-sea diver, as it were. He must be something in which stability, good judgment, open-mindedness, and lack of prejudice are unessential. He will become either a baseball umpire or a referee of prize fights.

14 (boy). ——— is a very ordinary case, having no outstanding characteristics. He is fond of light music—the kind you type with one finger. Since infancy he has rimed words with ease. He wishes to be a poet but finds difficulty in securing subjects about which to write. He has no knowledge of music and would never make a poet. His future is plain to see. Fifteen years from now, he will be a very successful song writer. ——— (*mention name of prominent song writer*) will be his only rival, if any, and he will be receiving roy-

alties by the barrel from such songs as "Monte Carlo Moon" and "There's a Ga-ga Girl in Guatemala."

Now that your anxieties as to your futures are all at rest, it is only fair to tell you that I learned this morning that Professor Abdullah Freudson-Brilling is not a psychiatrist at all, but an escaped lunatic from the state asylum. Of course that will not affect the accuracy of his notes at all, but I thought you might like to know.

(b) WHO'S WHO AND WHY

(The speaker carries a thin book bound in red leather.)

Although it has never been publicly announced, it is generally known that I possess the remarkable power of projecting myself forward through the years into any given time in which I am interested. To-night, being restless and weary with the cares of the day, I longed for a change of scene and time.

So, closing my eyes and relaxing, I wished myself into the public library of this town, thirty years from now. I found myself in the reference room of a magnificent new building. As I glanced at the shelves, my eye was attracted by a thin red leather volume. Taking it down, I saw the title was "Who's Who and Why in ——" (*mention name of home town*). Eagerly I turned the pages and read the preface. When I saw how interesting it was I fled back into the Now, bringing the book with me. As I must hurry into the future again, in an hour, before the book is missed, I shall read it aloud to you. I am certain you will be interested.

(The speaker reads from red book.) "Who's Who

and Why in ——,” dedicated to the class of 19—, which class furnished most of the contents. Preface. There are few names in this book, but not few enough. The only entrants who deserve a place on this roll of honor are the members of the class of 19—, a distinguished and intellectual group. In order to fill up the pages, other names were inserted, but need not be taken seriously.

(*Addresses audience.*) Do you wonder that I rushed back to you with the book after reading its charming preface? And now for the list. I'll omit the dates of birth and the relatives, to save time.

(*The speaker reads the following from book, omitting the words, “girl” and “boy,” but substituting the name of the student whom the description best fits.*)

1 (boy). ——, three times Governor of the state of ——, leader of the new Progressive party. His motto is “All for one and that one me.” Was candidate for the Presidency last year and defeated by one vote, cast by his campaign manager. Unmarried. Clubs: Mystic Morons; Governor's League; and Knights of Festivity.

2 (girl). ——, social leader, wife of Basil Bates, the stockbroker. Noted for her lavish and charming hospitality, particularly to visiting celebrities, having recently entertained the Prince of Wales, the King of Senegambia, and —— (*name local near-celebrity*). Because of her delicate beauty, she has been painted by Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and Michaelangelo. Clubs: Dinner Dance Dames; Daughters of the Daily Dozen; and Pillars of Society.

3 (boy). ——, Rear Admiral. Naval officer

and target-shooting expert. Won the battles of Puget Sound and Hudson Bay in the last war between Daylight-Saving-Timers and Anti-Daylight-Saving-Timers. Noted for his inability to learn to swim and his skill in singing sea chanteys. It is believed that because of his remarkable radio broadcasts on "Deep Sea Navigation Beyond the Rockies," he will receive a promotion, being made a Fore Admiral. Unmarried. Hobby: oyster dredging. Clubs: Old Salts; Sons of a Sea Cook.

4 (girl). ———, B.S., A.B., M.A., Ph.D., D.D.S., F.O.B., and S.O.S. Dean of the Dormitory College for Girls for the past ten years and an educator of note. Author of "What Isn't Wrong With Education," and "How to Teach Russian to a Low I Q." Prides herself on having the most expensive and best college in America. Hobby: failing to pass intelligence tests. Clubs: Sons and Daughters of the Mentally Alert; Intelligentsia; and Mind Over Matter.

5 (boy). ———, owner and manager of the huge chain of restaurants known all over the world as the Eat and Run Restaurants. Self made, prides himself on his rise from proprietor of a hot dog stand on South Street to owner of one hundred plate glass white front restaurants. Married to Lizzie, the champion pancake flopper of the state. (*Or localize name, if preferred.*) Hobby: analyzing hash. Club: United Restaurant Keepers of the World.

6 (girl). ———, teacher of auction, duplicate, and contract bridge, successor to Work, Whitehead, and Lenz. Winner of International Bridge Tournament for fifteen consecutive years. Famed for her system of penalties to be imposed for trumping partner's ace, losing the lead, forgetting the bid, and saying,

"What's trumps?" Hobby: amateur theatricals. Clubs: Wig and Mask; The Score Card.

7 (boy). ———, orchestra leader and composer of distinction. Married to Rosa Trillalotta, leading soprano of the Cosmopolitan Opera Company. For the last five years leader of the Phildiscordant Orchestra and the Air Force Band. Composer of "The Third Floor Suite," "Concerto in A Flat," and "Air for the Saxophone and the Tuba." Hobby: raising Airdales, as they remind him of his musicians. Clubs: The Independent Order of Piccolo Players; The Conductors' Club.

8 (boy). ———, member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, president of the Perfection Film Company, which turns out three hundred sixty-five ten-reel films each year, one per day. In his employ are the most shapely bathing girls, the bravest heroes, and the most beautiful heroines in the world. Among his best known films are "Oroastus, a Greek Epic," and "The Multiplication Tables," a problem play. Hobby: making money. Clubs: Film Fanatics; Fade-Out and Close-Up Society.

9 (girl). ———, sixtieth President of the United States, elected by the Independent Party. Active in politics since infancy. Mayor of her town three terms, United States Senator two terms, Speaker of the National House of Representatives one term. Sponsored the bills for disfranchising saxophone players, radio crooners, and talkative fishermen. Noted for her unique foreign policy. It has not yet been made public and probably never will be. Hobby: crocheting bathmats. Club: League of Discontented Voters.

10 (boy). ———, a poet of the new school.

Author of "Owed to a Tailor," "Lines on a Lady's Face," and "Sonnets to a Sunflower." Unmarried, but frequently reported engaged. Hobby: collecting unused postage stamps. Clubs: The Pen and Ink; The Return Postage Society.

11 (girl). ———, premiere danseuse of the Russian Dancers, the Chinese Ballet, and the Topeka Tap Dancers. Married and divorced three times. Noted for grace, beauty, and originality of dances. Introduced the popular ballroom steps, the grapevine glide and the thistledown float, but is more interested in interpretative and classical dancing. Hobby: prevention of corns. Clubs: The Heel and Toe; The Hoofers.

12 (boy). ———, famous inventor. Married to Mary Moneybags, daughter of the multimillionaire, T. Goofus Moneybags. Has invented over one thousand labor-saving devices, all of which are blessings to humanity. Among the best-known products of his agile brain are: Restwell mattresses for oyster beds, Boomarang collar buttons guaranteed to return to the hand that lost them, Indestructible leads for silver pencils, and exercises for reducing one's income tax. Hobby: reading detective stories and trying to solve the mysteries. Club: Amalgamated Tinkers.

Before returning this "Who's Who and Why" to its place on the library shelf of the future, may I congratulate the class of 19— on the brilliant success each of its members is about to achieve and on its famous future?

(c) THE GRAPHOLOGIST SPEAKS

(The speaker carries a number of sheets of notepaper.)

Hear, all ye unbelievers, and give heed unto my wisdom, for I am a man of mighty and mystic powers. I am the seventh son of the seventh son of a seventh son. I can read the past, the present, and the future, and I never err.

My greatest skill is in the art of graphology. I am, without doubt, the world's supreme graphologist, and, to prove this modest assertion, I shall make an unparalleled offer. You, who are members of this famous class of 19—, naturally feel a curiosity, even a slight anxiety, as to your future. What and where will you be, let us say twenty years from now? I shall tell you, and by the great and unfailing method of graphology.

I have here your signatures, kindly obtained for me by one of your number. Looking at your handwriting, I shall tell you exactly what and where you will be, twenty years from now.

(The speaker shuffles the sheets of paper in his hand, looking earnestly at each signature in turn before he speaks and reading the name aloud before making the prophecy.)

1 (boy). ———. Ink spatters, hole jabbed in the paper, and heavy, large writing indicate an aggressive nature, great strength, and an ability to bear up under hard knocks. Twenty years from now, I see you amid a yelling throng, under powerful lights, and your hand is being held high by a worried-looking gentleman. You are being hailed as the world's heavyweight champion in the Coliseum at Rome, now the International Stock Exchange.

2 (girl). ———. Dainty writing, but eccentric, going off in abrupt flourishes and ornamentation. This indicates an artistic temperament but the carefully crossed *t*'s show a keen business sense. I see you in the distant years, still looking as young as ever, a famous modiste, whose shop on the Rue de la Paix is the last word in style and expense. You drape a strip of velvet, a drop of sealing wax, and two chicken feathers on the head of one of your defenseless countrywomen, gurgle, "*Tres, chic, tres charmante,*" charge her ten times what the hat is worth—and get it.

3 (boy). ———. A curious handwriting. No two letters in the same style or at the same angle. Shows versatility. (*The speaker stares hard at handwriting.*) Queer. Most contradictory! Ah, I see it now. A brightly lighted theater and crowds. Now the lights grow dim, and the curtain rises. You appear in your world-famed impersonations. Shades of Mansfield, Booth, and Edmund Kean turn pale with jealousy! You impersonate, in rapid succession, Napoleon at Elba, the Czecho-Slovakian standing army, a Marimba band, Helen of Troy, the Three Graces, Congress in session, a Norwegian plumber (from Ibsen), and a man-eating shark. You are the incomparable ———, the world's greatest impersonator.

4 (girl). ———. Writing so faint it can hardly be read, with uncertain and wavering letter formation—tokens of an undecided mind, a vacillation of purpose. You have decided what you will do in life—and changed your mind—every day for a year. Twenty years have passed. I see you guiding uncertain boys and girls into their proper life work, helping them to choose unerringly the one fitting vocation. You look at the members of your huge class and say, counting them off

on your fingers, "bricklayer, minister, pawnbroker, general, singer, nursemaid, business woman," and they arise and become what you called them. You are the head of the vocational guidance department of a large coeducational institution in the Middle West.

5 (boy). ———. A rather unsteady letter formation, showing a grand mixture of all recognized styles. The loops are too long. The letters slant up, showing an optimistic nature. The open *a*'s show ease in conversation and skill in argument. A very promising boy—oh, how he promises! (*Addresses the boy.*) ———, I see you, after the passing of two decades, the wealthy owner of a sanitarium where fat people are made thin and scrawny ones pleasingly plump, all by the help of your wonderful elixir for which you promise so much and which does occasionally produce results.

6 (boy). ———. Exact spacing and alignment; perfect writing, showing a methodical and accurate nature. At the end of twenty years, I see you as head chemist in a laboratory that is known all over the civilized world. Your experiments have been so successful that you have isolated the germs of hay fever, laziness, love, and hate. You have exterminated mosquitoes, flies, chewing gum, motorcycles, and roller skates. So drastic are your methods in dealing with disease that every germ still in existence wears a life preserver, day and night, in constant dread of being captured by you.

7 (girl). ———. She has a rapid, easy script, with no spacing between letters, and ends abruptly—proof that the writer is a great talker, has much information, not often accurate, and does not always count her adjectives before they are hatched. I look far away across the sea, twenty years later. I see a sight-seeing bus turning a corner on one wheel. Standing by the

driver, shrieking through a megaphone, so the open-mouthed tourists in the back seat can hear, is Miss ———, conductor of a select tour of the world, lecturing on the points of interest they are passing. It sounds as if she were confusing Anne Hathaway's cottage with Trajan's forum, but her enthusiasm is remarkable. A person to be reckoned with is Miss ———, conductor of the Non-stop, Look, and Listen Tours.

8 (boy). ———. This vigorous, plain writing denotes a vigorous, plain nature. The excessive height of the tall letters shows an abnormal passion for truth and a desire to rid the world of false and outmoded beliefs. I see you, twenty years from now telling the plain truth and banishing the unreal from long-accepted beliefs. You have written a life of Washington containing a list of all the places he did *not* make his headquarters. Nightly over the radio you give the correct version of "Golden Locks and the Peroxide Bottle," "Jack the Giant's Catcher," and "Aladdin, the Wonderful Scamp." You are a reformer, doing a truly good work.

9 (girl). ———. This very small writing, cramped and ill-formed, shows a secretive, silent disposition. I look ahead twenty years. I hear a mighty, rushing sound of waves breaking on a rocky coast. A ship is in danger. The paint is still wet on the life boats, and they cannot be used. There is a gleaming light—a lighthouse. In the door you stand, the keeper of the light. You hold up a huge sign reading, "Back in carefully and do not waken the sea urchins." "Saved," the captain ejaculates, and signals, "Full steam ahead." You are the most famous and best-loved inhabitant of the desolate coast, and every night from your solitary station you flash a beacon light on the stormy sea and save many lives. You thus achieve your

desire for a life of solitude and your wish to help your fellow creatures, as well.

As the seventh son of the seventh son of a seventh son I have accurately revealed your futures as foretold in your handwriting. If at any time you need advice, send me your names again, and through the wonderful science of graphology, I shall be delighted to render you my well-known invaluable assistance. I thank you.

(d) PROPHECY BY A NEW METHOD

or

YOUR NOSE KNOWS

When your fortune phrenologists read,
They felt all the bumps on your head—
Which was tiresome and made you so weary
That the happiest fortune seemed dreary.
By cards, by handwriting, or trances,
You may learn of your next circumstances.
But I have a new method astounding
That is every old system confounding.
Did you know that the shape of your noses
Your minds and your future discloses?
Just to prove that my powers are ample
I shall give you a wonderful sample.
I glance thus at your faces all glowing,
And straightway your future I'm knowing.

- 1 (boy). Ere many years ——— will be
A solemn Doctor of Philosophy
And in a manner haughty shall expound
His wisdom and his theories profound.

- 2 (girl). ———, a girl of charm and grace,
Whose virtues are reflected in her face,
Will live in peace and plenty all her life,
A housekeeper de luxe and happy wife.
- 3 (boy). ———, always up in the air,
Who loves to take chances and perils to
dare,
Will very soon be a world-famed aviator,
As noted as Lindbergh, perhaps even
greater.
- 4 (girl). Our friend, ———, has a very small voice,
But great big emotions and diction quite
choice,
So she'll be a radio crooner some day,
And sob all her troubles in ether away.
- 5 (boy). A plumber, working overtime,
With charges huge and nerve sublime,
———'s future plain I see;
A very wealthy man he'll be.
- 6 (girl). Not fond, herself, of overwork,
She can't endure that others shirk,
So ——— will run with glee
A great employment agency.
- 7 (boy). ——— likes to speculate
And takes his fun in tempting fate,
So he'll become—the reckless joker!—
A very lucky Wall Street broker.
- 8 (girl). Her fertile brain and ready wit
Proclaim at once the job she'd fit.
——— will write the perfect story,
Thus covering herself with glory.

- 9 (boy). He argues morning, noon, and night,
And wins, if he be wrong or right;
So ——— will be, of course,
A lawyer, criminal and divorce.
- 10 (girl). ——— will be an artist who
Will mural decorations do
And be, as well, a portrait painter
Who'll make poor Rembrandt's glory
fainter.
- 11 (boy). Young ——— has great ambition
He'll be a wily politician,
To Congress by admirers sent,
And next, perhaps, be President.
- 12 (girl). With gestures wide and voice intense,
At speaking pieces she's immense,
And so ——— upon the stage
Will soon become the nation's rage.

I hope this very generous sample
Has proved to you my powers are ample,
And that the outline of your noses
Your future honestly discloses.

(e) TELEGRAMS OF REGRET

(The speaker carries a sheaf of yellow telegraph blanks bound together.)

Last night, as I sat thinking of the class reunions we hope to enjoy together in the future, I found myself imagining the result if, at some given date, say ten years from now, every member of the class should be

too busy to attend the reunion. That would, of course, be rather discouraging to the chairman of the committee, unless she, also, were too busy to attend.

But, I thought, how interesting if on the morning of the reunion each absentee sent a telegram in which was stated the sender's occupation and reason for absence. And how very interesting if these telegrams were collected in a little book and passed about so that all the class members might get first-hand information about the others. I became so engrossed in the idea that I even pictured to myself the exact wording of the telegrams the various people would send. Would you like to hear them?

(The speaker opens the book of blanks and reads the telegrams, giving the graduate's full name at the end and commenting on each telegram after it is read.)

1 (boy). Civil engineer. Tunneling Rockies to shorten trip for Hollywood commuters.

(Signed) _____.

You notice _____ used just ten words and no more. Careful as ever, but I'll bet it's a good tunnel.

2 (girl). Leading dramatic soprano Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies. Substantial, but not fat. Sing Marguerite to-night.

(Signed) _____.

You wouldn't expect her to count her words, and she doesn't, but she is evidently still careful with her calories.

3 (boy). As an astronomer, am studying the

heavens at seashore with beautiful girl assistant. Star-gazing date to-night.

(Signed) _____.

At his old tricks, you see.

4 (girl). Am an usher in big movie theater. Only way to see all shows. _____ (*mention celebrated film star*) to-night.

(Signed) _____.

And she probably enjoys the picture the twentieth time she sees it as well as the first. There's a girl who really loves her work.

5 (boy). Conductor on the Broadway Limited and doing it solely to meet famous passengers. _____, _____, _____ (*mention a famous baseball player, a famous film star, and noted prize fighter*) and the President of the United States are on the train this trip.

(Signed) _____.

_____ always did like good society, but I never thought of being a Pullman conductor to get it.

6 (girl). Keeping a pet shop. Specialize in eels, ichneumons, and elephants. Sorry can't come to-night; expecting new shipment of Japanese beetles.

(Signed) _____.

Well, at least she said she was sorry she couldn't come.

7 (boy). Am a farmer. Raise winter wheat and

summer squashes. Can't come because am busy with harvest.

(Signed) _____.

There's something queer about that, but I'm not just sure what it is. I suppose _____ is a very scientific farmer and knows all about rotation of crops and everything. I wonder if he raises shorthorns? I never can remember whether they are cows or turnips, but he probably raises them, anyway.

8 (girl). Am a Chautauqua lecturer on "Beauties of Nature," and "The Value of a Smile." So sorry can't come; the "Smile" due to-night.

(Signed) _____.

I always knew _____ would do something like that. But where she learned about the beauties of nature I'm sure I don't know. When we last saw her she didn't know parsley from peppermint or toads from tadpoles. She must have been doing a lot of reading lately.

9 (boy). Am a steam riveter. Like the quiet atmosphere. Am putting nuts in new sanitarium, so can't leave.

(Signed) _____.

_____ always a quiet chap. I am positive he is the most refined steam riveter in the business.

10 (girl). Am a lady miser. Take in house cleaning and furnaces to tend. Want money to buy a pearl necklace. Can't come; my busy night.

(Signed) _____.

Ambitious, but far too fond of jewelry. She probably has a waiting list of furnaces to tend.

11 (boy). Being an architect, I am designing filling stations and halls of fame for the government. Working overtime at big pay.

(Signed) _____.

If he works at all, he's getting big pay. What he receives for overtime is beyond my imagination. The government has my sympathy.

12 (girl). Am designer of cross word puzzles, magazine covers, and necktie patterns. Must complete designs for holiday gift ties showing Christmas bill motif.

(Signed) _____.

That's queer. She must have meant *bell* motif. We're all familiar with Christmas bells, but bills— (*Looks surprised.*) Well, we are acquainted with Christmas bills, too, I'm afraid. I guess it doesn't matter which she meant. The neckties will look about as bad with either, no doubt.

13 (boy). Am author of two of the six worst sellers up to date. Must finish a third by the first of the month so have to miss reunion. If any of you carry a spare plot with you, please loan it to me. Need one badly.

(Signed) _____.

I always knew _____ would be famous. Didn't you? Think of two worst sellers and another one on the way!

14 (girl). Am instructor in plain and fancy golf; making lots of money. Five dollars a lesson. Also give bridge and oil painting lessons to spectators between golfing efforts. Am starting a series of evening

dancing classes to-night, so am unable to attend reunion.

(Signed) _____.

_____ always was the most industrious person in the class, and she evidently hasn't changed any. She didn't tell us what she was doing mornings. Surely she doesn't waste them. Perhaps she takes in washing or gives boxing lessons then.

15 (boy). Just joined the Navy to see the world through a porthole. Shall think of you all in every port, as I walk through the slums and see the peculiar people.

(Signed) _____.

I don't think he meant that quite as it sounds, but merely that he would be homesick in those queer places and wish to see his friends. _____ is so ambitious he'll probably be an admiral by the time the fleet gets to Manila.

(16). Am private secretary to the head of a huge corporation. He was born crazy and had a relapse. Won't give me time off to come to reunion. I shall write all his letters backward for a week.

(Signed) _____.

That poor man! What she'll do to his correspondence! You remember, she never did let anyone impose on her. I wonder if she spells any better than she used to—or worse. No, she couldn't spell worse.

Those are the telegrams I imagined you would send, and you must admit they do sound like you. Here's hoping you'll all be as successful as they say you are, ten years from now,

(f) OLD HOME WEEK

It is the year 19— (*ten or fifteen years after current date*), and a beautiful evening in October. Everywhere in the town of ——— (*name of local town*) are huge posters reading, "Old Home Week." Many days ago, invitations were sent to all former residents urging them to attend and stressing particularly this evening when a wonderful entertainment is to be given. All the talent for this program is strictly home talent. Every performer was at one time a resident of this town and was graduated from our high school.

The hour for the great event has arrived. Every seat in the vast new auditorium is filled, and all are eagerly awaiting the performance in which many delightful surprises have been promised. The platform is a mass of beautiful flowers and autumn leaves and the walls are hung with garlands of pine and laurel. It is truly a festive occasion.

Seated in the audience are many celebrities. As I look about me, I see a number of my old classmates. There is ———, our kind-hearted friend, who became very wealthy through wise investments, and is now a noted philanthropist. His money is paying for much of the Old Home Week expenditures.

The ladies in the front seats are all so stylishly and becomingly dressed that they arouse my curiosity. I am told that their beautiful garments come from the very select, not to say expensive, shop of ———, who designs gowns for all the best-dressed women in the country. She is here herself and looks "the glass of fashion and the mold of form."

Seated near her is ———, a real estate dealer who owns so much property that he has to keep a card index of it in order to know it himself. He has given the

use of the auditorium and the spacious park, both of which belong to him. Seated at one side, watching with interest, I see ———, dignified and haughty. I ask about her and am told that she is the head mistress of a very fashionable girls' school in ——— (*localize name*) and has never married although she has suitors innumerable.

Standing in the door, looking for old friends, I find ———, editor of the largest daily paper in the state, and very active politically. Except that he has grown a trifle stouter and looks more cheerful than ever, he has not changed one bit since his high school days. Two people, entering, receive a warm reception from the committee at the door. They are Dr. ———, a famous surgeon in a large hospital, and, attractive as ever, ———, superintendent of nurses in the same hospital. If there are any accidents to-night we feel sure the sufferers will be properly attended to with ——— and ——— on the job.

A round of applause greets the man just taking a seat by the window. He looks familiar and yet not quite familiar enough. I can't tell who he is. Ah, he waves his hands around and talks excitedly. Now, I know who he is! ———. And what do you suppose he is? Remember how he used to love astronomy and meteorology and all that stuff? He's turned his knowledge to good account and now he is the weather man. Yes, indeed. It was he who furnished the splendid weather for the Old Home Week, and that is why he was so wildly applauded. Every day he sends out his little bulletins and often the weather is just as he predicted.

A woman is sketching the people as they come in and doing it very well, indeed, for I peep over her shoulder

to see. Of course you know who that is. Yes, it's ———. They say she has become quite famous as an illustrator of magazine stories and newspaper articles. Remember her drawings in art class?

And now the entertainment is to begin. There is a hushed expectancy. The lights in the auditorium fade and the footlights flash on.

Before the packed house appears a tall, dignified figure who makes an eloquent address of welcome. Some of the well-turned phrases sound pleasingly familiar. I remember our famous class debater, ———. It is, indeed, he. He was a lawyer for a time and now is a judge of the state supreme court. He acts as master of ceremonies, also, and after his excellent speech introduces the performers.

But first he calls attention to the beautiful flowers and other decorations, saying that they were the gift of ———, now the leading florist of the town. I remember her exquisite taste in decorations in years gone by and am not at all surprised.

The Judge announces that after the entertainment refreshments will be served through the courtesy of Miss ———, who is proprietor of the delightful Old Home Tea Room. As he speaks the words, my mouth waters in anticipation, for I have not forgotten the delightful refreshments she served when she entertained the class, years ago.

Now the entertainment proper begins. There is gay music, like circus music. Then on the darkened stage in the spotlight appears a dainty figure, kissing her hand to the audience as an attendant arranges a wire across the stage. My goodness! It's ———, who always said she would be a dancer in a circus. She has certainly kept her word, for she gives us a wonderful per-

formance. The Judge says she is the most clever wire dancer in the world. What a salary she must get!

Then the Judge introduces a prosperous-looking man who he says is a Broadway song writer and the author of many popular song hits. It is ———, and he plays and sings for us his last three compositions and very good they are, too. One, written especially for the occasion and called "Old Home Folks," makes a decided hit with his audience.

Next comes a big surprise: Miss Glorianna De Lorme, the famous movie actress; and it is our old friend, ———, very much changed. She has golden hair and is better looking than ever, but she seems to have acquired a foreign accent. Now she's dropped the accent and is talking as she used to talk. She's telling all about Hollywood and how she became famous. She asks if we remember the imitations she used to do in study hour when the teacher was called out of the room. And we all remember. It's no surprise to us that she's such a success in the pictures. That girl could play anything, from Juliet to Mother Goose.

Next is a famous violinist who plays the most beautiful music for us. Yes, of course, it's ———, and he plays even better than we always said he would. He has just returned from a concert tour in Europe. In fact he returned a week earlier than he had intended, just to attend the Old Home Week celebration.

The spotlight is now shifted to the great auditorium organ, and the Judge introduces ———, now organist in a city church and teacher in an institute of organ music. She plays beautifully and looks not a day older than when she played in the school orchestra.

And now, out upon the platform strolls ———, with a little book in his hand. He needs no introduction

from the Judge, for we all recognize him at once, ———, the author of those delightful short stories. He reads us two of them and then gives a charming little talk, telling how his friends in the old home town inspired many of his best stories.

Then, last of all, looking stunning in an elaborate evening gown, comes ———. She is a writer of plays and has two successful ones running on Broadway now. She makes a friendly little speech, addressing particularly our superintendent and the members of the faculty, who are in the audience enjoying the program and who look as young and awe-inspiring as they did when we trembled before them years ago.

Then the entire audience rises, as the performers all appear on the stage at once. Our organist and our violinist play and, led by our composer, we all sing "Auld Lang Syne" and adjourn for the promised refreshments from ———'s Old Home Tea Room.

It has been a real delight to see all our old friends so young and prosperous, so generous of their money and talent. In short, it has been an Old Home Week to be proud of and the old home folks should be happy to have such celebrities as these for their very own.

(g) THE CRYSTAL GAZER

(The speaker, in a long white robe, sits on a darkened stage, before her a small table covered with black velvet. In the center of the table is a crystal ball, so placed that the light falls directly upon it. The speaker gazes into its depths solemnly as she talks.)

This little crystal sphere holds all of the past and

all of the future. It can reveal the hidden and make known the secret. It can tell you whatever your soul desires to know. I have been asked to search in its magic depths until I discover the future that awaits the members of our class, so soon to take their separate ways and, perhaps, never to be reunited. I am about to read the crystal, but before doing so, may I ask for your earnest coöperation? If you will but remain absolutely silent and join me in concentrating upon the future, leaving your mind wiped free of all conflicting impressions, I can promise you the information you desire. I thank you.

(The speaker gazes in silence into the crystal.)

The mist is clearing. A village scene appears. I see a church. The bells are ringing. It is Sunday morning. The people are coming to the service. I see the minister—a fine-looking man, and by his side walks his wife. Her face is turned away, but I can see it is some one we know. The congregation greet them cordially. They are much loved. Now she turns; I see her face. It is ———. She looks very happy and appears to be an ideal minister's wife.

The scene changes. It is a large city. We are in the business district. I am looking at a large factory. It has a huge electric sign reading, "———'s Best Toilet Soaps." Thousands of men are leaving, for the six o'clock whistle has just blown. Last of all, the owner comes from his office. He has grown portly, and gray about the temples, but he is as immaculate as a toilet soap manufacturer should be. His motto, carved above his office door, is, "I keep the world clean."

The clouds lift again. It is nine o'clock on a May morning. The school bells are ringing. Tiny kinder-

garten children are hurrying up the walk to greet their teacher. She stands in the door, daintily dressed. As she leans forward to take the flowers a little girl has brought her, I see her smiling face. It is ——.

And now the scene grows strange. An orchestra is seated awaiting the signal to play, but there is not a sound. Upon a blackboard are figures and mysterious letters. Ah, I see a microphone. It is the broadcasting room of a radio station. A voice says, "Quiet. We're on the air." A switch is turned, an announcement is made, and the orchestra begins to play a merry, fantastic dance tune. The leader introduces a delightful saxophone solo into the midst of the selection. I see him clearly. It is ——, the radio favorite of the next decade.

The scene shifts to the display room of a large gown establishment. A fashion show is in progress. I watch the manikins strut about the platform. One of them is exceptionally graceful and wears her evening gown well. It is ——, the chief manikin or model of the establishment.

The mists blot out the scene, and when they clear away, the ground is covered with ice and snow. The wind wails through the tall sentinel pines. A figure rides toward me. He wears a stunning uniform. He looks handsome, and he seems to know it. He stops his horse and reads a sign offering many thousand dollars reward for the capture of a murderer at large in the Canadian forest. He smiles and says, "The mounties always get their man." He is one of those romantic heroes, a Northwest mounted policeman. As he rides nearer, I recognize him. It is ——, handsomer than ever.

The scene becomes noisy. Buzzings and ringings

fill the ear. I see a long room around the sides of which are seated many girls. It is a telephone office. And the head operator is ———. I knew her as soon as she said, "Line's busy." She always did spend most of her time telephoning and seems to have concluded she might as well make some money at it.

How strange! I see a room in great disorder and a man down on all fours, looking at the rug through a magnifying glass. In one pocket is a notebook labeled "Clues." In the other is a pair of handcuffs. He acts very peculiarly. Now he rises. He turns toward me, and I recognize him. It is ———. This is the result of the mystery stories he was always reading. He is now a detective.

I hear tinkling guitars and the surf breaking on a coral strand. I see bright-hued blossoms and tall palm trees. Happy brown-skinned people are singing plaintive melodies. Everyone seems happy and at leisure. Far-off in the distance are the white sails of a fishing boat. It is Hawaii, a paradise for the indolent. A figure approaches under a huge white parasol. It is a young woman. She seats herself under a palm tree and closes her eyes. I watch her closely. Suddenly, as a parrot calls loudly from the tree top, she looks up and I see her face. It is ———. In her hand is a tourist's guide book and in her bag is a ticket for a world cruise. She is seeing the world, as she always said she would.

Again the mists close down. When they rise again, it is three o'clock in the morning. A huge truck comes down the city street and pauses at the janitor's entrance of each apartment house. A man delivers a rack of milk bottles and drives on down the street. It is ———, proprietor and owner of a large dairy farm, making the delivery himself, just for fun. I remember

that in the old days he always liked to sit up all night, and that undoubtedly explains his choice of occupation. As a milkman, he can ride around town all night, without fear of inquiring glances from policemen or night watchmen. He is happy at last and making money as well.

More clouds and mists. Gazing through them, I see that we are still in the city. It is the interior of a large public building—the library. Seated at her desk is the reference librarian, but she is not doing research work for anyone now. She is reading the latest novel and letting those who search for information wait. She is our old friend, ———. Trust her to find a way of reading all the new books as soon as they come out.

And now I see a lovely college town. There is a vast crowd in the chapel. A new president of the college is being inaugurated. Here he comes, looking most impressive in his cap and gown. He is received with marked enthusiasm and appears to be enjoying himself immensely. It is our studious schoolmate, ———. Wouldn't you expect him to be a college president, or something like that—and a very good one, too?

Again we have a large room, empty but for two people and a grand piano. A small boy with sticky fingers and a look of agony on his face is trying to play exercise Number 13, and his teacher, gritting her teeth to keep from spanking him, is determinedly counting one, two, three, one, two, three, as woodenly as a metronome. At last she sweeps the child off the stool and plays the exercise for him, making even its mechanical precision sound interesting. She is ———, with fingers as nimble and energy as abundant as now.

In the cool, clear waters of the North Sea I see a yacht lying at anchor. Across its deck sweeps the in-

vigorating air of the polar regions. On the deck, sailors are completing the day's cleaning. The brass rails shine like gold, and the deck chairs are luxuriously upholstered. This yacht must belong to a millionaire. Its name, ——— (mentions name of town) makes me think the owner must be an acquaintance of ours. A very substantial figure now appears on deck and scans his surroundings with an approving eye. He beckons to a steward and says, "Tell the Captain we'll sail for ——— (repeats name of home town) to-morrow. I have some old friends there I'd like to see before I start round the world again." I know his voice. This is a friend of ours. It is ———, a multimillionaire. I read a radiogram that lies on the table, and from it I learn that he made his money in oil. He owned a series of filling stations for both cars and aircraft and made enough money to retire in ten years after he began. ——— always was an ambitious boy and fond of the sea. The yacht is the finest you could imagine, and a cruise on it would certainly be wonderful. (*Looks quickly into crystal again.*)

But something is happening. A crowd of people are coming on deck. It is a year later. He has been home and brought his old friends back with him for a cruise. I see them all—every one of his classmates. They look prosperous and happy. ——— looks a trifle seasick, but I remember that excursions of any sort always made her ill. They are sitting down to afternoon tea. The sea is smooth and green, and the yacht moves over the waves like a huge sea gull. The owner is smiling upon his guests and telling them how happy he is to have them all with him on a cruise around the world.

The sun sets and the light fades gradually. A

purple haze covers everything. The crystal clouds, and I can see no more.

(h) A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM

Imagine it is ——— years from now, and you are a visitor to the art museum of this town. It has recently been erected as a memorial to the many celebrated citizens who once made the town their home, and it contains, as its most cherished possessions, mementos of their deeds and works. You remember having heard your grandparents speak of some of these people, and you are faintly curious as to what they may have accomplished to occasion such a fuss.

You enter the museum. Over a door at the right is an inscription reading, "The Art Museum of ———" (*speaker mentions name of town*). You enter and gaze about you. A varied assortment of exhibits meets your eye. You begin at the left side and work your way slowly around until the door is reached again. And you see the following interesting exhibits:

1. In a glass case are a number of yellowed and worn sheets of newspaper. The heading is "Advice to the Lovelorn," by Polly Pepper. You read the answers to the pathetically foolish questions, and they are sensible answers, although a trifle over-sentimental. The date is fifty years ago. Then you read the card over the case, and it says, "First series of the Polly Pepper 'Advice to the Lovelorn,' which became the most famous syndicated newspaper article series in the world. Polly Pepper was ———, graduated from the local high school in 19—."

2. A collection of silver and gold loving cups and medals of all descriptions meet your eye next. Their inscriptions vary from "High running jump at state track meet," to "Winner of Olympic Games, Greece." The card states simply, "The trophies won by ———, world's greatest athlete."

3. Here is a helmet and badge with a number and the letters "P.D." You wonder why that is of importance and then you read the card above. It says, "The badge and helmet of ———, the first policewoman of the town. She did more to secure law and order in her district than any ten men and was a credit to her town and state."

4. Now you see a bond, old and worn—a coöperative bond of some sort, so worn you cannot distinguish the name of the company. It seems of no interest whatever, until you read the accompanying card as follows: "The first bond ever sold by ———, who became the greatest bond salesman of all time, winning every contest and every bonus offered and finally attaining the presidency of the Consolidated Bond Houses of the World."

5. In the next show case is a worn and dirty passport, and the name on it is that of ———. The card states, "——— was the first woman to commute from America to Europe by the Great Northern Airway. She operated two candy stores, where she sold her famous fudge—one in London and the other in New York, and spent the alternate days in each, traveling back and forth at night."

6. In the sixth case is a beautiful photograph of a spring scene—a meadow with willow trees and flowers in bloom. The card bears these words: "By ———,

art photographer, who won the international medal of honor for the best photographic study of nature."

7. In the seventh case is more old manuscript, in familiar handwriting. It is a poem, called "My Youth," and the author is _____. You read the first few stanzas and find it is beautiful but rather sad. The inscription reads, "The first poem published by _____, the world-famous poet who in _____ years (*thirty years from present time*) won the Nobel prize for her inspiring poetry."

8. And now you see a lovely statue. It is a mythological study: Pan playing his pipes as the animals listen. You look at it long and find new beauty in it every moment. The card reads, "One of the earlier works of _____, the famous sculptor."

9. You find a strange collection next: a nose ring made of bone, a feather-tipped spear, and a woven grass basket, also a fountain pen, badly rusted, and an old spelling book. Unable to read any meaning into the various articles you look hastily at the sign and read the following: "Mementos of _____, for many years missionary to the cannibal islands, where she did a wonderful work among the aborigines, teaching them reading, writing, and arithmetic, and how to prepare their food properly."

10. The next case is interesting. It contains a diver's suit of steel and his oxygen tank. There is a huge dent in the helmet. The card explains this as follows: "The suit worn by _____, the well-known deep-sea diver, when he rescued the men trapped on the Submarine 1313, during the storm of _____ (*give date*). The dent in the helmet was caused by a blow from a whale."

11. The case you approach now has a model of a tiny machine which seems to combine the qualities and abilities of all the machines you have ever seen before. It has knives, wheels, cogs, pulleys, screw drivers, and all the other implements you ever heard of, combined in one glorious whole. But just what it is for, you find it impossible to determine. So you look at the card and read as follows: "The Doeverything, the invention that made ——— famous and was first demonstrated by her in the year 19—. This machine washes, irons, scrubs, gets meals, washes the dishes, gets the children off to school, tends the furnace, and does the marketing, all with very little cost. It has an attachment by means of which the machine can be used to mow the lawn and hoe the garden. Another attachment automatically reaches out an arm and spansks little Willie when he drags the cat around by the tail."

12. And now you see a costume, old and faded but still beautiful. It is a velvet suit, with a plumed hat and a sword by its side. The inscription reads, "The suit worn by ———, the famous Shakespearean actor, when he first played Romeo and was acclaimed superior to Sothern."

13. This case is fascinating. It contains photographs and paintings of a beautiful woman of ——— years ago. Her dresses, as well as the style of wearing her hair, seem old-fashioned, but it is easy to see that she was extremely pleasing to look at. The card says, "Pictures of ———, the celebrated beauty who was presented at the Court of St. James when she was nineteen and who married a Grand Duke."

14. And now you are at the very last case. You marvel at its contents. A red kerchief, a huge black hat turned up in front and bearing a skull and crossbones

as an emblem, and a few pieces of gold are what you see. Pirate belongings, in this day and age. You read the card and are enlightened. It says, "The hat, kerchief, and lucky pieces of ———, who, as a result of reading too many wild tales of adventure, ran away to sea when he was a young man and became a pirate. He called himself Black Barnegat and plundered the seas for years before he was finally captured. After serving a prison term of one year for piracy, he was pardoned by the Governor, an old school friend, and spent the remainder of his life writing adventure stories for the films."

You have now seen the most famous room in the museum and realize fully for the first time how many famous people, how many benefactors of the human race were natives of your home town. You marvel at the brilliance of the class of 19—, which numbered among its graduates those celebrities, the mementos of whom you have just admired.

CLASS HISTORIES

(a) THE STANDPOINT OF A DRAMATIST

The history of the class of 19— is so dramatic and colorful that it resembles a play—one of those modern plays that so skillfully disregard all the rules of the drama. With your kind permission, I, as dramatic critic of the ——— (speaker inserts name of school magazine), will review the play called “The Class of 19—” in an absolutely unbiased manner.

This is a play in four acts, with three all too brief intermissions. Throughout the action, there is very incidental music by the high school orchestra. The play was written by the actors as they played their parts, under the direction of ———, the principal, and a band of capable assistants, the faculty. It is produced by the board of education with the coöperation of the taxpayers and is given by an all-star cast. As all appear at the same time we shall give their names in alphabetical order. (*The speaker reads the list of names of the members of the class.*)

This play belongs to no particular classification, being, at various stages—no pun intended—comedy and tragedy and sometimes a review—spelled any way you please.

The scenes all take place in the high school building, in corridors, classrooms, auditorium, gymnasium, and assembly hall. The settings are plain, showing signs of much use.

Act I shows the arrival of the class in the halls of

learning. Their timidity and curious mistakes furnish some bright comedy moments. There is rapidly rising action and the villain gradually puts in an appearance. He is called Study and is of alarming size and proportions. It is evident that he will interfere sadly with the enjoyment and leisure of the actors, now known as Freshmen.

At the close of the act, tragedy seems imminent, as there is a desperate affair—a mental crisis created by Study's brother villain, Examinations. But the Freshmen, by one last spurt of their tired brains, win. Somberness does not predominate in this act, as there are athletic and social activities. (*Gives a list of them.*)

The curtain of the first act falls on the rejoicing Freshmen, who are nevertheless not wholly free from a feeling that, though this encounter with Study has been safely passed, the worst is yet to come. The actors are pleasing but decidedly amateurish.

After an intermission of eight weeks, during which the actors go away on vacations or stay at home and help with the work, the play is resumed.

Act II shows the same people in the same place, but they are now known as Sophomores, owing to an advance in rank. A touch of pathos is found in the absence of several of the cast who were so disabled in the encounter with Study's ally, Examinations, that they were unable to appear in the second act.

There are pleasant divertissements in the shape of dances, concerts, and banquets. In this act the members of the cast seem to have achieved a charm, an ease of manner, and a feeling of security that were noticeably lacking in Act I. Incipient love affairs are noticed, and the costumes are much more elaborate, as is also the make-up used.

Yet the mention of "Study," like the word "soul" or "Siberia," in a Russian drama, casts a gloom over the brightness. More time is spent than before in preparation against the enemy, and the preparation is more systematic. There also seems to be more mental activity in the protagonists.

The action continues to rise till the end of the act, when we again have the inevitable struggle and the crisis brought about by Examinations. Again, after a bitter exchange of hostilities, the class wins, thanks to the time spent in preparation.

Humor is found in some of the answers given to the deadly examination questions, the one most enjoyed by the audience being in the French examination, describing the modiste who "firmly settled a chateau on the head of an annoying customer." We thought it was funny the first time we heard it years ago, and we haven't changed our minds yet.

Another eight weeks' intermission, and we stagger in for Act III. Again the same people in the same place—which may make the play sound monotonous to you, but I assure you it is not. The actors are so changed that each act seems like an entirely new play. They are now called Juniors. Their position and their pride have both advanced, but there remains the haunting dread of Study, the villain.

The director allows the actors much more freedom than they have previously enjoyed. Many improve their performance because of this, but a few come to grief, and their poor performances detract much from the possibilities of the play. There are many delightful interludes to make this a cheerful act. (*The speaker gives a list of third year social affairs.*)

But, with the added maturity of the players, comes

more strenuous preparations for encounters with the villain, who lurks ever in the background, ready to invite a contest at the most inopportune and unexpected moments.

By this time, some of the actors, all of whom entered the cast on a footing of equality, have come more prominently into the spotlight, and their parts are assuming almost stellar proportions, in the following manner: (*Gives a list of students who have distinguished themselves in the Junior year.*)

Other unexpected things are happening. Many who came on in the first act with enthusiasm and high hopes have wearied of the struggle and left the cast in search of positions offering speedy remuneration and less brain fag. We miss them, but realize that they may be entirely justified in their withdrawal.

Before the curtain falls, there is the dreaded but certain conflict. Study's emissary, Examinations, is defeated again, but this time more drastically than ever before, perhaps because those who fell by the way before were less vigorous fighters, and still more probably because the survivors profited by their sad fate.

Again an intermission of eight weeks, which both audience and actors greatly enjoy, perhaps because they realize there is but one more act to follow. The high school orchestra plays better than before, and there is an atmosphere of gayety that even the thought of study cannot completely dispel.

Act IV arrives at last and is warmly received. By this time, the actors are so matured, so at ease, so changed for the better that they are difficult to recognize. We seem to view with rose-colored spectacles the scene that so soon will vanish. It looks impossibly attractive.

We have grown honestly fond of all the cast, some of whom we regarded with anything but favor as the curtain rose on the first act of this queer play. Even that arch-villain, Study, seems less formidable. Wouldn't it be curious if we grew to like him? The actors are certainly on much more familiar terms with him now than they have been before.

The action is more rapid and more complicated than in preceding acts. There is more comedy than before and there are some delightful interpolations. (*The speaker recites list of Senior activities.*)

The actors who showed promise of being stars in the preceding act have fulfilled that promise and shine brightly. They are as follows. (*Reads list of honor pupils.*) The entire production attains a smoothness and a finish that are very pleasing. Despite all the gayety, grim preparations are going on, to the end that those who are now stars may remain so and that others may continue in the cast at all. Many hearts are weak with anxiety. As the act nears its close, white faces and brows drawn with worry are noticed. For this is the final struggle. Victory now means freedom from the dreaded Study and his Examinations.

At last the fatal hour arrives, and the Final Examination raises his sinister head. The attack of the Seniors is brave and well organized. The result of concentration is apparent. To a man—and a woman—the Seniors emerge victorious.

They have finished Study. And then the symbolic touch, without which no play worthy the name is complete—the ironic twist of the new school of dramatists: Study, met face to face, is found to be, not an enemy, but a friend, and an invaluable ally to possess throughout life. The strenuous preparation for battle, which

made our cast more and more familiar with study, was a blessing in disguise and everybody is happy.

The play ends in a burst of glory, with flowers, music, and congratulations—in short, graduation exercises; and we have the well-known and ever popular happy ending.

(b) AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS CLASS OF 19—

The purpose of this history is not to relate every step in the progress of a people, from their humble beginnings as Freshmen, four years ago, to their arrival at the dizzy height they now occupy. On the contrary, in accordance with the modern tendencies in historical writing, the author aims to emphasize only those factors in our class development which appeal to us as most vital from the standpoint of to-day, and to explain prevailing conditions and institutions by showing how they came about.

We have not tabulated a series of historical occurrences under successive classroom administrations but have carefully selected the great phases in the development of the class and treated them in as coherent a manner as possible, considering the material with which we have to deal.

It will be noted there has been no attempt on the part of the author to sentimentalize or smooth over any awkward spots in this history, but he has faithfully adhered to the truth, regardless of tradition or custom.

The work is divided into three parts: Discovery, Exploration, and Settlement, with an afterword in which

some strictly personal opinions are hazarded regarding the probable future of the class.

DISCOVERY

The discovery of the class of 19— was an accident. Four years ago, early one morning on the — of September, 19—, the faculty of the ——— High School were strolling aimlessly through the corridors, chatting about the just-ended vacation and wondering whether there would be any startling changes in their work during the coming year.

Suddenly they caught a glimpse of something new and strange. Just inside the front door, huddled together in mute embarrassment and anxiety, were the members of what became the class of 19—. To the casual eye, they seemed merely a group of ordinary boys and girls, well dressed, reasonably good-looking, and badly frightened. But to the trained eyes of these dauntless and experienced explorers, these strangers seemed distinct and widely separated individuals, each possessing aptitudes and talents, deficiencies and capabilities decidedly worth finding out.

Gently attempting to dispel the fears of the strangers, the faculty bade them enter and spent the next few weeks attempting to gain their confidence and friendship. They succeeded, after great difficulty, in accomplishing this. The discoverers of the class of 19— will be celebrated in history for the gentleness and courtesy they ever displayed toward these strange beings they so curiously encountered on September —, 19—.

EXPLORATION

The discovery having been reported to the ruler of the high school, Principal ———, he received the news

of this remarkable acquisition to his territory with marked delight and a few misgivings. He examined with interest the trophies presented by the strangers to their discoverers. Among these trophies were report cards bearing cabalistic signs supposed to denote the degree of mental alertness possessed by the owner and to show his possibilities as a future citizen of the country.

It is true there were in this school those who jeered at the new people and considered it folly to regard them as of value or worth annexing. However, the steadfast discoverers believing in what they had found, received the permission of the principal to explore carefully the natures and intellects—if any—of the strangers and, if possible, to make of them valuable additions to the country.

Accordingly, each of the discoverers became an explorer. The strangers were divided into small groups and assigned to the care of the different explorers. They were given a name, "Freshmen," and became a part of the life of the school. They were taught many new, strange customs and manners and were required to learn difficult lessons. At first they often wished they had never been found, but, before a year was over, they became thoroughly at home in their new surroundings.

The most unpleasant thing about this Freshman year was the contempt in which they were held by those who had been residing in the school for a longer period than they. However, understanding that this was a custom of the country, they ignored it.

During the first month of this year, the Freshmen suffered much inconvenience because of their unfamiliarity with the new country and its traffic rules. They were forever taking the wrong turning, finding themselves in the wrong corridor, and arriving at their class-

room half an hour late. Because of this, they incurred heavy penalties, but by Thanksgiving they had become familiar with the topography of the school buildings and were often in the right place at the right time.

They were permitted to form an organization of their own, and elected the following officers, all of whom fulfilled their duties well: (*The speaker gives list of Freshmen class officers.*)

The Freshmen became interested in strange new exercises called basket ball and football and attained a slight degree of prowess in each.

They suffered much agony and despair during this period because of the social functions which they were required to attend in order to acquire poise and dignity. The male Freshmen in particular found the dances torture, but the females enjoyed them greatly. In time, however, these functions became festive occasions for all.

There were few casualties during the year. Several times, in chemistry laboratories some Freshmen mixed the wrong ingredients and a minor explosion occurred, but, aside from scorched eyebrows, holes burned in clothing, and some awful smells, no damage was done.

Much information was gained by the exploring faculty in this first year regarding the members of the Freshman class. Their intellects were found to vary in keenness from sponges to razors; but, on the whole, they turned out to be very satisfactory, and some were a source of great joy to their explorers. Already some of the Freshmen were showing signs of unusual ability in various fields, such as athletics, music, art, and home economics.

At the end of the year, a terrible disaster befell the Freshmen. Although it was instigated by their benevo-

lent faculty and intended to prove of lasting benefit to them, they suffered greatly. Many had their growth retarded a year by it and a few, permanently disabled, left the Freshman class forever. This disaster was called Final Examinations, and ranks as one of the worst massacres of the time.

With the coming of the next September, they received a new name. Because of their skill in acquiring the customs of the school, they were renamed Sophomores, and the process was called by a native name, "promotion."

And now a strange thing happened. Remembering the scorn with which they had been regarded the previous year, they now adopted the same attitude toward the incoming strangers who took their places as Freshmen.

The routine of the classroom was now familiar and they found studying easier than before. The talents discovered the previous year were developing rapidly, and the exploring teachers found much to please them, but also much to astonish them. Rushing forward into the fastnesses of the Sophomore mind, they found strange things.

The most bewildering thing to the explorers was the complete absence of what they had confidently expected to find. Instead of the intellectual gold mines, the purple plains of fancy that they had hoped to see, they found vast, arid spaces, totally uninhabited. However, realizing that such is the common lot of explorers, they pushed bravely on through the underbrush of ignorance, hoping, before the time allotted for their explorations was over, to reach what would compensate for all their time and effort: a genius.

The social functions of this period were delightful,

the most important being: (*The speaker gives a list of them.*)

The class organization of the Sophomores was as follows: (*Gives names of second-year officers.*) This was a most distinguished body and reflected honor on the entire school.

In the third year, owing to an old educational custom, the Sophomores became Juniors, and their promotion made their sense of importance increase out of all due proportion. Great, indeed, was their scorn for the Freshmen and the Sophomores. It must be admitted that the aforesaid Freshmen and Sophomores, completely absorbed in their own process of being explored, were in no wise embarrassed or concerned.

This was a year of hard work, and the dreaded ordeal of examinations was passed with few casualties. The teachers had endeared themselves to the hearts of the class, and there was a feeling of genuine friendship throughout the school.

And now we come to the fourth and greatest year in the history of the class. They automatically (as was their custom in many things) became Seniors in September. With the gaining of this title, they began to take themselves more seriously than ever before. And when I say, "seriously," I mean "seriously"! As the year drew to a close they were positively dizzy with dignity.

All this was looked upon with friendly amusement by the teacher-explorers, who regarded the result of their four years of hard labor with rightful pride. They had converted a band of ignorant, untamed aborigines into intelligent, courteous citizens of their great school, and had lost only the usual proportion in the process. Better yet, they had found that for which they had been

searching so eagerly, a genius—in fact, several of them; and all of the class were passable.

The organization of the Senior class was noteworthy, the following list of officers being in charge: (*The speaker gives a list of officers.*)

The social events were of marked brilliance. Those most worthy of note were as follows: (*Gives list of social events.*)

A number of Seniors gained unusual distinction during the year, particularly those whose discovery so delighted their explorers. (*Enumerates honor pupils.*)

A class song, a class will, and a class motto were adopted and used on every possible occasion, to the despair and annoyance of all other members of the school. But it was deemed advisable for the sake of peace for the class to ignore them as far as possible.

At the expiration of the four years, the principal expressed himself as greatly pleased with the additions to his country and pronounced them all highly eligible for admission as citizens. He praised the work of the explorers and predicted that their names, with those of their discoveries, would be written in history together.

By way of appropriate celebration, a strange ceremony, known as commencement, was held. Speeches were made, for no particular reason; songs were sung, including the aforementioned class song; and scrolls called diplomas—from the Iroquois word “diplomacy,” signifying the skill and finesse it took to get one—were given to the Seniors, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

SETTLEMENT

This next period, settlement, is not so easy to de-

scribe. In these rapid and disturbing times, nothing remains settled for long, but it appears that the Seniors were urged to stay in this country to which they had come four years previously to be discovered, in which they remained to be explored and are now ready to be settled. They have all chosen their vocations. Each is destined to become famous and honored throughout the land.

Among them are the lawyers, doctors, artists, musicians, great business minds, philanthropists and what-have-you's of the coming years. We hope that among their number are also those who are destined to become discoverers and explorers of young and eager minds, which await training for citizenship and life in our great country.

APPENDIX I

It has been suggested by our best friends and severest critics that the form of this history is ambiguous, if not misleading. They say it should have been written the way it really happened; the pupils discovered the school, explored its vast resources, and settled there for four years of hard work, after which they moved on to greater things. But we say it is our history and we wrote it to suit ourselves.

APPENDIX II

It may be that we have erred on the side of restraint in writing this history. So we take the opportunity to say now that in our far from humble opinion the class of 19— is the most brilliant and attractive of any class known to history and will be always remembered by the faculty of the ——— High School and the people of the town as “that wonderful class of 19—.”

(c) THE SAGA OF THE SENIOR CLASS

(*A biography after Christopher Ward's "Saga of Captain John Smith"*)

'Twas only four short years ago,
In 19—, if you would know,
Our class embarked on its career
By entering its Freshman year,
A band of eager, restless youth,
Who'd never cut a wisdom tooth
But recognized as gospel truth
The ancient pedagogic creed
That learning's road is rough, indeed.

'Twould take too long for me to tell
The strange adventures that befell
Our gallant class ere we attained
The lofty heights that now we've gained.

The faculty were most forbearing
Although they must have found us wearing.
They never acted autocratic
But always wondrous diplomatic.
Though treating us with hopeful kindness,
They never to a fault showed blindness.

Though some regard all games as futile
And think athletics merely brutal,
A test of brawn and not of brains,
Our team the victor's cup retains.
Upon the field no boasting rival
Had faintest chance for his survival,
For when our brave boys used their system,
No enemy could e'er resist 'em.
And yet our team has proved to be
The essence of integrity.

In any learned competition,
Which tests the powers of erudition,
We'd prove our brain power of the best
And treat with scorn a Binet test.
We'll not pass over this occasion
But tell the worst without evasion:
Some lazy members of our class
Were much alarmed lest they'd not pass.
Why, even yet they stop and wonder
If there has been some awful blunder.
It doesn't pay to be a shirker,
And not a fast and willing worker.

Our social life was very vital
And worth a place in this recital;
Our dances each a great event,
To which the school's élite all went.
Our Senior play showed gifts surprising
And talent quite beyond surmising;
Our banquet, food and fancy blended,
By far the best the town's attended.

When business troubles caused distress
Our president, with great finesse,
Just called an extra meeting. Then
She told us what to do and when,
And how each question to decide.
To her—smart girl!—we point with pride.

We're cultured, really most polite,
And very, very erudite,
And, with our higher education,
Acquired broad-minded toleration.

Our store of knowledge is so great

We fear lest we confuse it,

But when we take our place in life

We'll have a chance to use it.

We have, although a trifle checkered,

A most extraordinary record.

Now comes the longed-for gala day ;

The auditorium, in array,

Is crowded with spectators fair

Who all their festal garments wear,

And on the platform, side by side,

Behold our class, aglow with pride,

But sad at leaving this dear place,

Where they sojourned a little space,

And hoping life will be as kind

As these four years they've left behind.

Oh, class of 19—,

Look downward from your starry vision,

Assure me you do not infer

These lines were spoken in derision.

I know that you are wise and good,

Abhorring falsehood, sloth, and pride,

That wisdom is your daily food,

And justice ever is your guide.

But, if you think my style amiss

Nor care for histories like this,

Or if the audience—much worse—

Be weary of my straggling verse,

I tender to you promptly these

My most sincere apologies.

CLASS POEMS

(a) LET US ADMIT IT

(With apologies to Kipling)

Let us admit it fairly as high school Seniors should:
We've had no end of lessons, and they've done us no
end of good.

We entered as timid Freshmen, we leave as graduates
bold,

And we find it hard to realize the knowledge our young
heads hold.

We've had our foolish notions knocked higher than
Franklin's kite;

Our minds have been made over, and we know it served
us right.

We've spent four years in labor hard to prove the fact
once more

That life is quite confused, and two and two are seldom
four.

We're crammed to the brim with learning, and now we
must turn it to use,

And if one of us is a failure, he hasn't a single excuse.
The more we work and the less we talk the better results
we shall get,

For we've had four years of training; it may make us
successes yet.

Let us admit it fairly as high school Seniors should:
We're proud of ——— High School; it's done us a lot
of good.

(b) OUR SCHOOL

There stands a school in this our state,
And a mighty school is she.
She trains a group of girls and boys
To a wise maturity.

She sends them out to do their work
From shore to farthest shore
And never falters at her task,
But ev'ry year sends more.

With health, with truth, with high ideals,
She arms her children all,
And then she wills them to the world,
In answer to its call.

And rich are they in wisdom's lore,
In courage unafraid
To follow down the winding trail
Their predecessors made.

And home they'll come for blessings new,
Home to their school so dear,
And some day in the far-off time
Again they'll gather here.

Some will return in blaze of noon,
With banners waving high,

And others sadly home will steal,
When evening dims the sky.

Oh, some will lose to life's demands,
Some win to heart's desire;
But may they all the fight renew
Nor of the battle tire!

If aught of greatness they achieve,
If aught of good they do,
The garland and the laurel wreath
Belong, dear school, to you.

(c) FAREWELL

The class of 19— must go away from here;
Out in the busy world we're overdue.
The way is clear before us,
But a strange unrest comes o'er us,
For a voice is calling, "Rise and do."
Our days no longer will be spent in planning mighty
deeds,
We shall not drift at ease along life's stream.
We must live with zest and beauty
In a world of toil and duty,
And gone forever are the hours to dream.

May all the lessons we have learned and all the truths
you've taught
Be with us as we struggle to succeed.
If there's aught in earnest trying,
Aught in smiling and not sighing,
You'll be proud of us, dear school, indeed.

Oh, ——— High School skillfully, with sympathetic
care,

You've guided us the maze of learning through.
Though away our steps are turning
And for freedom we are yearning,
Ev'ry heart still burns with love for you.

(d) INSPIRATION

The joys of man are three:
To dream, to do, to be;
The whole of life, the first, the last, the best.
From Youth's triumphant power
To Age's lonely hour,
There's naught beside; these three hold all the rest.

For all the hopes and fears
That fill the ardent years
Are born of dreams, of fancy's airy flight.
To make our dreams come true,
We strive to be, to do,
And life is sad or filled with beauty bright.

In dreaming we aspire
And, filled with high desire,
Reach toward the stars, look upward to the sky.
Our goal we may not gain,
But, striving, we attain
A depth of soul, a hope that will not die.

School of our early days,
We who now chant thy praise
Shall not forget the honor due to thee,

Who gave us faith to say,
"Life starts anew to-day,"
Inspiring us to dream, to do, to be.

(e) WE GRAVE AND REVEREND SENIORS

We grave and reverend Seniors,
Who thought the years so slow
We spent in acquisition
Of things we had to know,
Are filled with wild excitement;
At last the goal is won.
We gaze in admiration
Upon the work we've done.
The courses we have taken,
The stiff exams. we've passed
Would indicate intelligence;
With wonder we're aghast.

The faculty, they tell us,
Are equally surprised,
For when they found us passing
They scarce believed their eyes.
Perhaps it was their wisdom
That dragged us up to grade,
And so we're saying, "Thank you,"
For good advice and aid.
How often we have counted
The time till holidays,
And wished the hours were shorter
In education's ways!

But now we may discover
What old folks say is true:
Life's working day is lengthy,
And holidays are few.
Still armed with high endeavor
We'll meet fate with a smile
And strive with heart undaunted,
Remembering the while
That life, despite misfortune,
Is but adventure gay,
And Death's a friend that gives us
A last long holiday.

(f) FRIENDS

We have been friends together
In fair or stormy weather,
At work and at our play.
And now amid our gladness
There comes a thought of sadness,
For we must part to-day.

Deep in our recollection
We'll keep a strong affection
For Alma Mater's name.
May we in deed and story
Add luster to her glory,
And never dim her fame.

When we are gray and weary
And bowed with sorrows dreary,
As busy years go by,

Our smiles will all grow brighter,
Our hearts be gayer, lighter,
At thought of ——— High.

(g) WHEN FINAL EXAMS. ARE ENDED

(With apologies to Kipling)

When final exams. are ended and the ink on our papers
is dried,
When the gay class colors have faded and the youngest
alumnus has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it! Lie down
for an eon or two,
Till the Master of all good teachers shall put us to
work anew.

And those that ranked high shall be happy; they shall
sit in a classroom fair
And study whatever they wish to, with a mind as free
as air.
They shall find the world's great teachers, the lore of
the years recall;
They shall work for an age at a lesson and never be
tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Mas-
ter shall blame,
And no one shall work for honors, and no one shall
work for fame,
But each for the joy of working shall learn through
eternity,
Till the Master of truth and wisdom shall grant him
his last degree.

(h) WHEN JUNE RETURNS

When June returns with blossoms in her hair,
When skies are blue, and sun is warm and kind,
Your thoughts in restless, vagrant mood will fare
To those you loved and lost and kept in mind.

When moonlight soft shall through the blue dusk shine,
The shadow that across the campus lies
May be our class, slow marching, line by line,
Glad, friendly ghosts with fond, remembering eyes.

Oh, then remember those who now depart;
The tribute of a sigh on us bestow;
And may our songs still echo in your heart,
When other classes rise like ours and go.

And we, in turn, shall pledge our faith anew
By far-off seas, beneath a distant star,
And send our thoughts across the world to you,
Whenever June returns, where'er we are.

(i) THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Our school days ended, life before us lies—
A great adventure. Cloudless are the skies;
Now time seems but a slave to do our will;
Endless to-morrows that with joy we fill.
Down unknown trails we'll journey far and free
And find the spring-green road to Arcady;
But never, never lonely shall we fare,
For you'll be in our dreaming everywhere.

The thoughts of school shall with us always be;
A true companion—happy memory.
Oh, may we dare to dream and dare to do,
Loving the truth, and to ourselves be true.
May we so work and live through all our days
That friends may love us, honest men may praise.
Of each misfortune make a sword to slay
The dragon worries that obstruct our way.

With heart that's strong to fight and never win
May we not falter when the storms begin;
For only fools contentment find and keep.
To him who would achieve, the road is steep.
The summit's ever farther on the way
And glory's but a sunbeam, soon to stray.
Still we must struggle till the day is gone
And look across the purple hills to dawn.
Be faithful to our work, respect its call,
And find it not too great nor yet too small;
Each task a blessing and for us the best;
We'll do it well and leave to God the rest.

COMMENCEMENT SPECIALTIES

I. THE CLASS WILL

(As read by the class lawyer)

My friends, I have called you to assemble here as a solemn duty, that you, the heirs and assigns of my respected client, the class of 19—, may hear her last will and testament, which, as her legal advisor, I drew, as directed by her, immediately prior to her passing from our presence.

It was her intention and would have been her great pleasure to present you personally with these tokens of her esteem, but, finding her possessions were even more extensive and valuable than she had thought, it was impossible, particularly as her last days were so occupied with social engagements and other dates not so social, but of great importance to the future, which she was obliged to keep with various members of the faculty. On these occasions, such weird and unexpected questions were addressed to her, an immediate answer in writing being required, that the strain left her too weary for additional effort.

Because of this, if any slight discrepancies or apparent injustice or partiality should appear to you in the distribution of her effects, we trust you will pardon it and realize it is caused, not by exhaustion of her brain, never over-robust.

May I, as well as my lamented client, entreat that you receive your respective legacies in the spirit of unselfish friendship with which they were given? I shall appreciate your courteous attention while I read this duly attested will.

(*Reads.*) We, the class of 19—, in the town of —, the county of —, and the state of —, being in as good mental condition as usual, and in much better temper than usual, do hereby make this, our last will and testament, rendering void and of no avail any former will or wills that may have been previously made by us during a period of temporary optimism.

Although, being as psychologically complex as benefits a Senior class, we consist of — (*gives number of class members*) separate and distinct entities, or what have you, we are in such complete accord, thinking alike, and seldom, that the editorial—now, alas, funereal—"we" will be used to denote our collective entity throughout this document.

We have no specific directions to leave concerning our funeral, but we do hope you will come prepared to praise as well as bury us, forgetting the trifling faults that may have been ours and remembering only our manifold and remarkable virtues.

We feel that our brilliant record and our unusual achievements will live after us, but, not wishing to take any chances, we suggest that a tablet, on which shall be inscribed our several names and a few of our most astounding deeds, be purchased and placed in the auditorium of the school in a position where it will strike the eye of all who enter.

And in this manner do we dispose of our possessions:

Item.—We give and bequeath, freely and without reservations or stipulations, to the Junior class, our rightful heirs, and to their heirs and assigns forever, our most important and valuable properties, viz., our self-satisfaction, our importance, and our wisdom, all of which we possess in enormous quantities, and we hope said gifts will be of use in overcoming their present inertia.

Item.—We also leave the Junior class our good luck. It made us what we are to-day, and it should satisfy them. In addition to this, all our privileges and rights as Seniors in classroom and chapel will revert to them, as well as any notebooks, pencils, fountain pens, unfinished lollypops, or unfinished business, including debts contracted while engaged in the business of being a Senior, also any boys or girls whom we may have left behind in our haste.

Item.—We give and bequeath to the Junior class our well-known nerve, which they will need next year, and all the examination questions we have been given during the past year. We believe that an examination, like history, often repeats itself. The answers, never owned in entirety, have long since been mislaid by us and are not included in this legacy.

Item.—To our good friends, the Sophomore class, we leave our patience. It will be found useful as the only means by which they can endure the Juniors.

Item.—To the young and unsophisticated Freshmen we leave a map of the school building, so that they will not get lost and roam about in everybody's way looking for their classrooms. We include with this map our little book entitled, "How to Tell the Teachers," a pamphlet compiled by us after four years of arduous study. The legatees will notice this book is not *what* to

tell the teachers but *how*. It contains specific information as to which teachers can be bluffed, which are easy and which are hard to please and those whom it is impossible to please. It tells who your favorite authors must be to stand well with the English department, which history teacher is especially fond of Napoleon, and what questions to ask to make the science teacher forget the lesson and be interesting. This information is invaluable to any wishing to make high grades in the subjects mentioned.

It will be noticed that, although we have left bequests to the Junior class, soon to be Seniors, to the Sophomores, soon to be Juniors, and to those who will, in the fall, become Freshmen, we have made no mention of the present Freshmen class which will be known as the Sophomore class in a few months. We have left them nothing, because by that time their self-valuation will have attained such heights that nothing in our possession would be regarded by them as worthy their distinction.

Item.—To our dear old school building itself, we leave the peaceful quiet caused by our absence and any apple cores, wads of gum, or crumpled notes we may have left about.

Item.—To our principal we give and bequeath a sense of relief that we have at last been graduated, pleasant memories of our four years together, and a feeling of pride in any great deeds or noteworthy achievements that our future may contain, realizing that such glories—if any—will owe much to his example and counsel.

Item.—To our teachers, the faculty of the ——— High School, we hereby give, free from all inheritance,

luxury, or income tax, our entire store of knowledge. From them it came and to them it should be returned, that others may be benefited by it as we have been. Along with this knowledge is bequeathed much additional information obtained by original research and contemplation. We feel that it will prove sufficiently startling to merit consideration and might even, with profit, be incorporated in the next course of study. We lack space for details, but shall simply state that our arguments against final exams., as well as those for bigger and better holidays, louder and funnier lectures, and no higher mathematics or school cafeteria, not to mention our shortened list of requirements for graduation, are of vital importance and should be familiar to every earnest student of education.

Item.—To our teachers we bequeath our valuable sense of humor, without which we should have found school life painful indeed and which will do much to make it endurable for them.

Item.—We also give and bequeath to the teachers our very kindest regards and our sincere gratitude for their unfailing kindness and aid.

Item.—To the history of the ——— High School we bequeath our illustrious deeds and our names as candidates for the Hall of Fame. We also leave the words and music of our class song which, though not beautiful, is very durable. Its sentiments and phrases have been in active use for the last hundred years and shows no signs of fatigue as yet.

Item.—To next year's class president we leave—with grave doubts as to his ability to use it—the stentorian voice of our good president, ———, which enabled him to overcome all opposition and to prevent others from knowing opposition existed. Also, we leave

his ability to keep on good terms with the faculty and still do as he pleases; in other words, his executive ability.

The smaller individual bequests are as follows:

Item.—To the football team of next year the privilege of gazing admiringly at the trophies our team won this year.

Item.—To the glee club and the orchestra our ability to watch the leader and the audience at the same time. We may have lost a measure or skipped a beat in the music occasionally, but we never missed anything—or anybody—in the audience.

Item.—To the dramatic club, our varied and surprising talent—a talent that could interpret a character with so much originality that its own author wouldn't know it.

Item.—To the undergraduate needing it most, we give ——'s supply of language, which will enable the recipient to talk more and say less than any other human being. Also, to the undergraduate who is most in danger of not passing next year, we bequeath ——'s store of information, which will make it easy for him to pass any test in any subject, at any time.

Item.—To the over-ambitious undergraduate—if such there be—we leave the perfect indolence of ——.

Some people sit and waste time. —— just sits. This indolence, properly used, will insure him against nervous breakdowns resulting from overstudy and fully qualify him, later in life, for the job of founding a phoney oriental cult, which specializes in relaxation and repose.

Item.—To the laziest member of the Senior class-to-be, we bequeath ——'s ambition. If it is combined

with the laziness previously mentioned, the result will be normal activity.

Item.—To the Junior class we give, reluctantly but of necessity, our mantle of dignity. We realize that the class can never fill it but, since it is expected of them, our advice is, “Grin and wear it.”

Beside these bequests, we leave our best wishes to any and all who may desire them.

Any property or personal possessions of ours that may remain in addition to the items specified we give and bequeath to the ——— Board of Education to use as it sees fit. We can think of nothing that we have forgotten except our old books, and we suggest that they be given to the Freshmen class, thus saving money which may be applied either to the teachers’ salaries or toward the purchase of mouth organs, ukuleles, and kazoos for the school orchestra. Of course, this is entirely a matter for the discretion of the school board.

Finally, we do hereby name and appoint as the sole executor of this, our last will and testament, our class advisor, Miss (*or Mr.*) ———.

In witness whereof we, the class of 19—, the testator, have set our hand and seal on this — day of June in the year of 19—.

II. CLASS EULOGIES

(a) A SHAKESPEARIAN EULOGY

(After Antony—a long way)

Friends, teachers, undergraduates, give ear.
I come to praise the Seniors, not inter them.
The foolish things we do are kept in mind;
Our worth-while deeds, alas, too oft forgot!
So be it not with Seniors. Their noble classmates
Have told you that they were ambitious,
And so they were—a virtue great, indeed—
And nobly did they realize their aim.
Here, under leave of all their loving friends,
Come I the Senior class to eulogize.

They have brought many honors to their school:
The spoils of sport, of contest and debate;
Their scholarship was high beyond compare.
Their records are a wondrous legacy,
Which they bequeath to you who follow them.
Their every breath was loyal, and their hearts
Beat warm and high with love for this, their school.
Their Alma Mater was a sacred flame
On which they poured the incense of their souls.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
For never more the Senior class shall shed
The radiance of their smiles upon your way;
Their brief existence here is past and gone.

The wide world beckons them to vict'ries new.
And what a loss is ours, my classmates all!
There you and I and all of us lose joy
And sweet companionship and faithful friends.

We must not weep but hide our sadness grave
And meditate instead upon their charm,
Their intellect, and all their gracious ways.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of misery.
They that have gone an inspiration high
Have left to us; their memory shall stay
And urge us on and up to better things,
To climb ambition's height, to grasp the stars,
And follow humbly in their upward path.
They were so fine, so wise, so honorable!
No wrong they did, no thought unworthy dreamed,
And theirs will be eternal, happy fame.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,
I am no orator, as they all were,
But, as you see, a simple student, who
Loves well his friends and does them honor here.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir your blood. I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know:
The virtues of the Senior class, their deeds
So noble, so unselfish, and so wise,
And bid them speak for me; but were I they
And they were I, there were an orator
Would agitate your hearts and put a tongue
In every Senior glory, that should move
The very stones to rise and weep for them.

Moreover, they have left to you their place
In classroom and on campus walks so green,
Their private honors, their authority
In hall and council; they have left them you

And to your heirs forever—sacred trust
To be by you in loving awe received!
Revere their names and spread their fame abroad.
Here was a class! When comes another such?

(b) A CLASS PAEAN

(*À la Paul Revere*)

Listen, my friends, the story I'll tell
Of this Senior class we know so well.
I really think it much completer
To tell their clever deeds in meter.
'Twas in ——— (*names year*) on a bright autumn day
They came to high school four years to stay,
And wonderful things to them here befell.

They said to themselves, "If students before
Have honors won or achieved renown,
We'll do all they did and a little bit more,
And some genuine scholarship show the town.
Classes may come and classes may go
But a class like ours they shall never know;
Ready to work and ready to play,
Ready for anything any day,
And we'll do our stuff in a great big way."

Then they said, "Atta boy," and with faces grim,
Studied and crammed with determined vim
Till they knew so much their brains grew fagged
And their eyelids drooped and their jawbones sagged.

Meanwhile, their friends in home and street
Wondered and watched with eager ear,
Worried with anxious, gnawing fear

Lest their talented schoolmates lose their looks,
For even the mentally élite
May find a life without laughter drear,
And beauty has value as well as books.

But the Seniors next turned to frivolity
And cut a dash in society;
Gave banquets and plays and sang and danced,
While the Juniors watched with awe, entranced,
And even—sadly, I confess—
Were filled with envy, more or less.

They were Freshmen when they came to us,
A bit too staid, inclined to fuss,
But they started straight their fine career,
And made their mark in one short year.

They were Sophomores ere the teachers learned
What joyous talent in them burned.
They were Juniors by the ancient rule
That governs every public school,
Before we realized, alas,
That here we'd found the model class.

You know the rest. To-night in state
With honors high they graduate;
A bit puffed up, it may be true,
But aiming now at glories new.
Now I have told you enough to show
The monstrous debt this school does owe
To the Senior class for their social light
And their mental workings erudite.

Yet not for their brains or their charm alone
Do we love to claim them as our own.

Though rich in wisdom's every part,
What we prize most is the friendly heart
Of each boy and girl who, from day to day,
Has let no cares fright or dismay.

Bringing to classmate and teacher the same
Their joy in living, their zest in the game,
So through our school went the Senior class,
And so through the world shall they proudly pass;
Quite pleased with themselves, and others as well,
Their cheery presence the gloom will dispel.

Thrilled with the annals of the past,
Through our school history to the last,
In the hour of worry or terrible test,
The students will tremble and murmur, "Alas!"
And sigh in vain for an hour of rest
And the pep and power of the Senior class.

III. CLASS OBITUARIES

(a) FOR COLLEGES

Died, on June —, 19—, in the fourth year of its age, the Senior class of the ——— College, from a rush of information to the head. The funeral services will be held in the auditorium on ——— (*give date of commencement*), and all friends are requested to attend, bearing flowers and gifts.

The death of this brilliant class, although not sudden, is still a shock to the entire community, particularly to the faculty of the college, who had thought it might linger for yet another year. However, the accu-

mulation of facts and fancies, information and ideals was too great for the immature mind of the Senior class, and it gave up the struggle gracefully, as it did all things, immediately after the final examinations.

The public record of this class has been extraordinary in many ways and will long be remembered. Among its best known achievements are: (*Name list of the class activities.*)

The loss of this class will be deeply felt in the community, and it will be difficult to assemble another with so much public spirit and power of accomplishment.

The Senior class is survived by a Junior class, a Sophomore class, and a Freshman class. The first mentioned will be appointed to the place left vacant by the untimely decease of the Senior class, but can in no measure fill the position, nor will it be expected to do so at first.

A great class has gone from us, and together we mourn its passing, consoling ourselves with this thought: *Quem di diligunt adolescens moritur*, which means, "He whom the gods love dies while a youth."

(b) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS OR ACADEMIES

It is with profound regret that we announce the death of the well-known and highly respected Senior class of the ——— High School. After its remarkable achievement recently with the examinations, which it passed with flying colors, the class was noticed to be growing perceptibly more and more changed. Upon skilled diagnosis, the trouble proved to be enlargement of the intellect which, after a lingering attack lasting four years, caused the demise of the class on ———. (*Mention date of last class assembly.*)

The Senior class was one respected and loved by all who knew it and will be greatly missed in the social, athletic, and educational circles of the school and neighborhood. Its qualities of industry, idealism, and charm endeared it to all who had the pleasure of its acquaintance, and it will be sincerely mourned by faculty, classmates, and friends.

Its place in the social life of the school was by no means small and in the field of athletics it was widely known. In its mental achievements, however, it attained its greatest distinction and gained high honors. (*Mention any medals or awards given in debating or other contests.*)

The passing of the Senior class leaves a void in the intellectual circles of the school that will long be marked.

Attendance to the funeral services will be by invitation only, and the obsequies will be held in the _____ High School Auditorium on _____. (*Mention date of commencement.*) *Requiescat in pace.*

IV. CLASS ELEGIES

(a) FOR COLLEGES OR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

(*After Milton's "Lycidas"*)

Yet once more, oh, ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles fair, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your blossoms, sweet and fair,
And afterward with tender loving care
Gather your leaves for this, the ending year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear

Compel me to disturb your season due.
The Senior class is dead—dead in its prime,
The Senior class, and hath not left its peer.
Who would not praise the Senior class? They knew
All wisdom's lore and virtue's joy sublime.
They must not leave us in this flow'ry June
Unwept, nor go to glories new,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, comrades of the loved of fate,
Who from our college (*high school*) now do graduate,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sing their praise;
Tell all the honor of their vanished days.
So may some gentle soul, as fond as we,
With loving words favor our destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to our memory.

The faculty say, a-weary from their toil,
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
But is an everlasting growth, a flower,
That lives not on the earth its little hour
But dwells in hearts of men eternally,
As those who pass stay in our memory."

Now, fellow students, sad with loneliness,
Let their frail thoughts return again to those
Whose cheery friendship used their lives to bless
And now are gone like summer wind that blows.
Each cowslip wan will hang its pensive head,
The daffodillies fill their cups with tears
To strew the path the Seniors loved to tread,
Down which they passed to meet the coming years.

Weep no more, woeful students; weep no more.
The Senior class, your sorrow, is not dead,
Passed though it be forever from our door,
Out in the world by proud ambition led,
And aspiration companied to find
The glories that await the noble mind.
It could not stay, the years of study through,
But passed, to find fresh fields and pastures new.

(b) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

(After Cowper)

Mourn for a class—

A class that ceased to be.

All graduated they,

From school and study free.

Just —— (*give number of members*)
in this class

Whose wisdom stood the test;

They were so fine and good,

Of all we knew the best.

Mourn for the class;

The Seniors wise are gone;

Their last big game is fought;

Their labors now are done.

Their minds were quick and keen;

Unrivalled was their art,

When the Senior class went out

And left us sad at heart.

And we'll forget them not
But in our memory
They shall forever dwell;
Our hearts their shrine shall be.

The Senior class is gone;
Their victories are o'er.
They and their loyal hearts
Honor our school no more.

V. CLASS EPITAPH

(After Goldsmith)

Here lie the good Seniors whose genius was such
We scarcely can blame it or praise it too much;
Who, born for distinction, perfected their mind
And, fraught with all learning, gave joy to mankind.
They were equal to all things, for nothing unfit.
They were pleased with their culture and proud of their
wit.

They are missed by their classmates, their teachers as
well,

Who their virtues and wisdom now tearfully tell.
They died of brain fever, brought on by delight,
In their fourth year of age on commencement night.
They are glad to be gone to a new world, alack!
If we could when we pleased, we'd not whistle them
back.

But let us be candid and speak out our mind,
Their equal as students 'twill be hard to find,
And in peace may they lie, our good Seniors, who now
Have taken their finals and made their last bow.

VI. CLASS SONGS

(a) COME AND SING

(Tune: "*De Camptown Races*")

In Learning's praise we sing this song;
Sing hey, sing ho.
We voice her virtues loud and long;
Sing high, sing low.
We came to school with an empty mind,
Sing hey, sing ho.
But wiser children now you will never find;
Sing high, sing low.

CHORUS

Come and sing all night;
Come and sing all day;
We'll sing the praises of the dear old school,
Whiling the bright hours away.

We've learned the longest words to spell,
Sing hey, sing ho,
And foreign languages as well;
Sing high, sing low.
With mathematics and isotherms
Sing hey, sing ho,
We're all on very familiar terms,
Sing high, sing low.

No more in ——— School we'll shine,
Sing hey, sing ho,
But soon we'll be alumni fine;
Sing high, sing low.

And even when we are far away,
Sing hey, sing ho,
We'll tell her virtues till we're old and gray;
Sing high, sing low.

(b) FARE THEE WELL

(Tune: "*Ah, I Have Sighed to Rest Me*")

Ah, we have tired of lessons;
Study has grown a bore;
We've sighed to rest us,
Rest where schools are no more,
So fare thee well, our Alma Mater, fare thee well.
Ah, we are sick of tests,
Weary of vain exams.;
All books are pests,
And final marks are only shams.

Ah, we're fed up with lectures,
Stifled by stupid rules;
We've sighed to rest us,
Far from the sight of schools,
So fare thee well, our Alma Mater, fare thee well.
We have been crammed with knowledge,
Stuffed till our heads are numb;
We've been inspired till we're so tired
Our intellects are out of plumb.
We can no longer bear it;
Heads from exhaustion swell.
Sad is the tale, sad is the tale we tell;
Sad is the tale we tell.
Dear school, dear school, farewell.

(c) GOOD-BYE, SCHOOL

(Tune: "Aloha Oe")

When we entered first these stately portals,
We dreamed not as terror overcame us
That we'd soon be numbered with immortals,
But to-night ev'ry one of us is famous.

CHORUS

Though hard to beat, we lack conceit;
We're the finest class that ever came to high school.
We're leaving you; and you will mourn, 'tis true.
We sing, "Good-bye, dear school, good-bye."

We're distinguished for remaining static,
While others improve each day their rating.
We're regarded now as most erratic;
Just the same, queer or not, we're graduating.

Mathematics caused us grief and groaning;
Theme writing exhausted our assurance;
Latin gave us misery and moaning,
But we won through it all by brave endurance.

(d) A SONG OF PRAISE

(Tune: "See the Conquering Hero Comes")

Let your happy voices raise
In a madrigal of praise.
Sing of her we hold most dear;
Alma Mater we revere.
Let your happy voices raise
In a madrigal of praise.

If her children win acclaim,
Hers the glory and the fame.
She has taught us how to live,
Of ourselves the best to give.
If her children win acclaim,
Hers the glory and the fame.

Brighter shall her glory grow
As the long years come and go.
Here forever shall she stay,
Resting in our hearts away.
Brighter shall her glory grow
As the long years come and go.

(e) A PARTING SONG

(*Tune: "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton"*)

We're parting to-night from the friends of our youth,
We part from the school that our valor inspired.
It quickened our zeal and our love for the truth,
And always our faint hearts to fervor it fired.
We shall ever admire, as this moment we do,
All the bounteous wisdom and worth of her name;
Her children will stay to her memory true
While deeds of devotion add light to her fame.

When worries and cares that the future may hold
Bring furrows of age and regret to our brow,
We'll come back in fancy to dear days of old
And smile at our dreaming as happy as now.
While the shadows of sorrow shall all fade away
In the light of our yesterday's radiant glow,
Down memory's lane in the cool twilight gray
Turn back to the school days of long, long ago.

(f) AWAKE, ÆOLIAN LYRE

(Tune: "Bonnie Doon")

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,

And tune to joy thy golden strings,
For melody is in the air,

And songs of youth the poet sings.
The earth shines in celestial light,

Transformed are meadow, wood, and stream;
All nature hails commencement day—

The glory of a longed-for dream.

Oh, sing, ye birds, a roundelay;

For thoughts that breathe and words that burn
Must fan the flame of hope in those

Departing, never to return.

Our hearts with purpose high are strong;

Fulfillment's years are on the way;

Oh, earth, be to our song attuned

And hail with joy commencement day.

(g) COMMENCEMENT HYMN*(Tune: "Softly Now the Light of Day")*

Alma Mater, deign to hear;

Bend to us a listening ear,

As we sing a hymn of praise,

In farewell our voices raise.

Long may all thy works abound

Where we inspiration found.

Great and lasting be thy fame;

Honored ever be thy name.

As the distant years go by,
For thy shelter we shall sigh;
Naught shall dim our loyalty,
Alma Mater dear, to thee.

VII. CLASS YELLS

Rah, rah, rah, blah, blah, blah!
Prunes and prisms, my, oh, my!
Whiz, whiz, whiz, sizz, sizz, sizz!
Three times three for ——— High.

Rackety, packety, zim, zam, zoom!
Seniors, Seniors, bim, bam, boom!

Wha-wha-wha-wha-what are we?
Seniors, Seniors! Can't you see?
Who, who, who, who, who are we?
Seniors full of dignity.
Class of 19—, ——— High,
Watch our dust as we go by.

Goggle, woggle, piggle, poggie,
We're the gang;
Nineteen ———,
Biff, bang, bang.

Hocus-pocus, dominocus,
Wicked words that almost choke us.
We're the Seniors, sweet and shy,
Pride and joy of ——— High.

Abracadabra, zibbety, zake,
 Hear the terrible noise we make.
 Are we happy? Ha, ha, ha!
 Seniors, Seniors, rah, rah, rah!

Cross your *t*'s and dot your *i*'s,
 We're the Seniors, big and wise.
 Sing our praises with a wow;
 We're the Senior class, and how!

Mathematics, hydrostatics,
 Algebra as well;
 Economics, anatomics;
 Everybody yell.
 ——— High School, ——— High School.
 ——— High School, a-a-ah!

S-e-n-i-o-r-s,
 Are we jolly? Well, I guess!
S-e-n-i-o-r-s,
 Seniors, Seniors, Seniors!

Ram it in; jam it in; Seniors' heads are hollow.
 Cram it in; slam it in; still there's more to follow.
 Sing with us; make a fuss. We are so elated,
 Say, "Good-bye, ——— High." Now we're gradu-
 ated.

What's the best school? ——— High School.
 What's the best class? Class of 19—.
 Who are the smartest Seniors? We are; we are; we are.
 Hooray for us! Hooray for us!

Who's erratic? Ecstatic? We are.
Who's humorous? Numerous? We are.
Who's just right? We are.
Seniors, Seniors, Seniors.

Are we clever? Well, I guess!
Mighty clever, we confess.
We're the pussy-cat's meow;
We're the Senior class right now.
Seniors of ——— High,
We'll be famous by and by.

Fiddle, faddle, diddle, daddle,
Siss, boom, bah!
High school, high school,
Rah, rah, rah!

——— is our date;
Seniors, Seniors, celebrate.
Pilly, willy, polly, wolly,
Piff, paff, puff!
Seniors, Seniors, do your stuff.

Couplets to be used at the end of yells, if desired,
giving the year of graduation:

Full of knowledge, pep, and fun,
Class of nineteen thirty-one (*forty-one*).

Most amazing things we do;
Class of nineteen thirty-two.

Look at us! We're gay, you see,
Class of nineteen thirty-three.

Let your voices rise and roar
To honor nineteen thirty-four.

We're the gayest class alive,
Class of nineteen thirty-five.

Seniors we, with crafty tricks,
Class of nineteen thirty-six.

Cutest class this side of heaven,
Class of nineteen thirty-seven.

Who are we? We beg to state
We're the class of thirty-eight.

Can't you see we're mighty fine?
We're the class of thirty-nine.

Knowledge great and manner sporty—
We're the class of nineteen forty.

Ever see a bunch so nifty?
We're the class of nineteen fifty.

VIII. QUESTIONS FOR THE CLASS DAY DEBATE

1. *Resolved*, That Jack Horner won more lasting fame than Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater.

2. *Resolved*, That it pays to try to bluff your teachers.

3. *Resolved*, That parents are people and should be treated as such.

4. *Resolved*, That no commencement is complete without a brass band.

5. *Resolved*, That exercise and diet are ruining the country.

6. *Resolved*, That a woman would make a better President of the United States than a man.

7. *Resolved*, That a college education may help a man get a job, but also can prevent him from keeping it.

8. *Resolved*, That unorganized charity is a menace.

9. *Resolved*, That consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

10. *Resolved*, That there is no such thing as an uneducated man.

11. *Resolved*, That good looks are of more value to a student than a college diploma.

12. *Resolved*, That it is necessary to build a road to sell your mousetraps.

13. *Resolved*, That he who hesitates is bossed.

14. *Resolved*, That to be great is to be misunderstood.

15. *Resolved*, That gum-chewing in class aids a student's mental processes—if any.

16. *Resolved*, That all men know more than one man.

17. *Resolved*, That a good memory is of more

service to a student than well-developed reasoning powers.

18. *Resolved*, That an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man.

19. *Resolved*, That the aim of education should be a sound mind in a sound body.

20. *Resolved*, That absence makes the heart grow fonder of somebody else.

21. *Resolved*, That a university should not be run like a foundry.

22. *Resolved*, That England is more of a democracy than the United States.

23. *Resolved*, That bridge has broken up more homes than any other one influence.

24. *Resolved*, That all roads lead to romance.

25. *Resolved*, That all colleges and high schools should provide bigger and better holidays for their students.

IX. ADDRESSES ON PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

(a) BY A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

Members of the graduating class:

To-day you are about to leave us. Henceforth greater responsibilities and more exacting labors await you. For years your parents and your teachers have guided or directed you. You have been given all the advantages within their power to bestow. At your disposal has been placed the heritage of the greatest in-

tellects of all time. You have learned where the wisdom of the world may be found.

In your years of study, you have been the recipient of intellectual benefits. In the years to come, it is your duty to give, rather than to receive, to share with others the bounty of your mind, and to make the world better and wiser for your having been in it. Remember that to him who uses his talent, more shall be given. From him who uses it not, shall be taken that which he hath.

Do not scorn a humble beginning or complain because you fancy you have but limited opportunities in which to display your talents or exercise your powers.

The famous Booker T. Washington, a perfect example of a man who made the most of limited opportunities, once told this story: A ship lost at sea for days signaled a passing vessel, saying, "Water! We die of thirst." The friendly vessel answered at once, "Cast down your bucket where you are." The first ship signaled again and was again told, "Cast down your bucket where you are." A third and a fourth time was it answered in the same manner. At last the captain of the distressed vessel, heeding the message, did cast down his bucket, and to his amazement it came up filled with clear, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. He and his crew had been suffering from thirst for days when right at hand was a limitless supply of water.

And so, to you I say, if the opportunity for which you are so eagerly waiting fails to appear, cast down your bucket where you are, whether it be into the stream of agriculture, commerce, or the professions.

We must dignify labor and use our mental powers and ability in all the occupations of life, even the commonest. We can seldom begin at the top, but must

climb slowly and often laboriously from the bottom of life. During the process, we must learn to draw the dividing line between the superficial and the genuine, the trivial and the great. There is as much dignity in being an accurate accountant as in writing an "Ode to Immortality," if it is done in the same earnestness of spirit.

Browning says:

"All service is the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work. God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first."

During the four years you have spent in study with us you have become an integral part of our college life, both social and educational, and have been a valuable addition to both. We shall miss you, but we know you have work to do in the world, and we bid you Godspeed.

And now, in the name of this institution of learning, it is my pleasure to bestow upon you these diplomas. With them go the hearty good wishes of us all for your success in life. May you toil bravely, undaunted by failure or defeat.

The British poet, Clough, wrote an excellent bit of advice for the young in these words:

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,

Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers;
And, but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

"And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look! The land is bright."

(b) BY A SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

It gives me a deep and sincere pleasure to-night to be present at these commencement exercises and share in the happiness of these young people who are about to leave us.

Under our direction, they have made a good beginning toward their education, which will continue throughout their lives, in their work and in their recreation. We have merely helped them until they are able to continue their own development; to maintain themselves in the best possible health; to appreciate the meaning of their home and social relations; to learn something from all with which they come in contact; to be faithful and responsible citizens; to learn a living well and happily in a situation that admits of growth and advancement as soon as deserved; to realize the necessity of ethical behavior in the maintenance of well-being of themselves and their fellow men; and to use this leisure in a manner that will be profitable both

mentally and artistically for their own development and for the comfort and pleasure of their associates.

That sounds like a large order, I know, but all those steps are indispensable to the beginning of real education which trains adequately for good citizenship.

It is our earnest hope that these boys and girls who are graduated to-night will become what we think they will be: our very best citizens.

Stoddard, the American poet, once wrote:

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again."

It has always seemed inexpressibly sad to me that dreams should depart with youth, or that youth should be regarded but as a pleasant dream. He who loses his dreams as he grows older loses much that makes life delightful. Our dreams are an essential part of our development; we must dream great things when we are young and hopeful. Then as we achieve maturity, we can translate those dreams into action. To dream and then to do constitutes the field of life's endeavor.

I hope that it will be possible for each of you to hold fast to your dreams and, with the passing of the years, to turn them into reality. Then the poet's feeling of "something beautiful that has vanished" will not be yours, but rather the joy of achievement and the satisfaction of ideals fulfilled.

To-night it is my pleasant task to present to you the diplomas for which you have striven so faithfully and which you have nobly earned. With them go the best wishes of the faculty and myself for your future.

(c) BY PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF EDUCATION

Parents, friends, and last, but by no means least, members of the graduating class:

When, as president of the board of trustees, I was asked to award the diplomas to the graduates to-night, I was both pleased and honored; pleased because it is always a pleasure to attend a gathering in which the entertainment is provided by a group of young people as talented and enthusiastic as these; honored because the presentation of the diplomas carries with it, in some undefined way, the assumption that he who presents them shares in the glory of those who have earned them.

Speaking for the board of trustees, I present my congratulations to the parents of these members of the Senior class. They may well be proud of their children. I felicitate the graduates upon the completion of their course of study in a highly praiseworthy fashion.

The efforts made by the board of trustees to provide for you the best possible educational opportunities are amply repaid when they see results as satisfactory as those presented by this class. We hope you will continue to work as diligently as you have worked in this institution, and that each succeeding year may find you farther on the road to success.

In this great country of ours no position is too high or no achievement too great to be possible for the humblest among us, but we must remember that patience and perseverance are essential to attainment.

“Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.”

And now, on behalf of the board of trustees and the faculty and the superintendent of the school, I am happy to present to you, my young friends, these diplomas which you have so ably earned. With them go our very best wishes and our warm congratulations.

X. COMMENCEMENT ADDRESSES OF WELCOME

(a) BY A COLLEGE PRESIDENT OR A DEAN

Ladies and gentlemen, members of the class of 19—:

This is an extremely pleasant occasion for us who are assembled here; for you, friends of the class, because your children and your friends are among those who are about to be graduated and you rejoice in their success; for the graduates themselves, because they are aglow with that delightful self-satisfaction which comes only from the consciousness of work well done; for us, the faculty, because we fully appreciate the excellent work and the sincere purpose of these students, and our regret at their approaching departure is overcome by our pride in their achievement.

In the name of this institution I extend to you all a cordial welcome to our gathering and trust you will receive from the hour spent with us both joy and inspiration.

To-night, for a moment, I wish to impress upon our young friends the necessity for self-reliance and the folly of placing responsibility for failure to become what we wish upon external circumstances or Fate.

Long ago, either Beaumont or Fletcher in the epi-

logue to their play, "The Honest Man's Fortune," expressed the same thought in the following:

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

And Shakespeare, that greatest of playwright-philosophers, has Cassius say to Brutus:

"Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

What you are, what you do depends upon yourselves. If you have convictions and the courage to uphold them, if you have the determination to do as well as dream, if you have the will to laugh at apparent failure or misfortune, then you have nothing to fear but the loss of your self-respect. With that firmly yours, you cannot fail. Your success may not be material, and you may not even recognize it as such.

Browning wrote:

"There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall
live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence, implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much
good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect
round.
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall
exist;
Not its semblance, but itself."

Who can deny that, just as beauty is in the eye of the observer, so success is in the heart of him who does his best? " 'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do."

Strive, then, with faith in your power and trust in the infinite good, to do the task that is assigned to you, ever keeping sacred the integrity of your own mind, and you cannot hope or dare too much. And never lose sight of the truth that no one has faith in the man who has no faith in himself. You must have self-reliance, for it is only the man that stands alone who is strong. No one can bring you success but yourself.

And now, it is but fair that this self-reliance, the virtues of which I have been bringing to your attention, be exercised, and that the ceremonies be given over to your charge. This I now do after again telling you how glad we are to have you with us to-night.

(b) BY A HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

Ladies and gentlemen, friends of the high school, and graduating class:

It is a privilege that I have been anticipating to address you to-night. We are all in a festive mood, befitting the completion of four years' hard labor on the part of our guests of honor to-night, and also the arrival at a worthy goal which has seemed, sometimes, long and difficult of attainment.

The class of 19— is now ready to begin its duties. Its members must assume the obligations of an active citizenship and we urge that they do this with a willing heart and an earnest mind. Public life should be among the highest and noblest ambitions. To promote the

general welfare is to achieve the greatest of all benefits to one's country.

There has been an unhappy tendency in late years for convictions to give place to expediency. There may still be many with the ability to guide and the courage to resist, but they seem to underestimate the importance of that ability and that courage, and fail to exercise either. The responsibility of leadership rests upon the liberally educated.

The civic consciousness of the country must be developed and exercised. Civic virtue should be a part of every creed and faith. If the honor and the safety of a community lie in the sense of obligation of its people, rather than in its avowed leaders or its statesmen, how very necessary it is that each of us awake to our duty to our community and to our country, discover what our convictions are, and have the courage to avow and uphold them, no matter how much we may be in the minority! No cause is a weak cause if it has the power to make its followers enthusiastic and unwavering. If it be right its strength is unmeasured.

As Wendell Phillips said, "One with God is always a majority."

Our government carries the hopes of the human race; let us not falter in the fulfillment of our civic duties. The greater our intelligence and the more profound our learning, the deeper our obligation, particularly if we agree, as we must, with Gamaliel Bradford, who said that sage government

". . . is that which tries
To teach distinction between good and ill,
To spread large knowledge of the past and fill
Men's minds with high, serene philosophies."

To-night our graduates bid us farewell, but we rejoice in the future that lies before them. What opportunities for self-expression, what chances for civic leadership are theirs, and how admirably will they improve those opportunities and utilize those chances!

I wish to thank you, on the part of the faculty and the board of education, for assembling here to-night to join us in wishing them the realization of all their aspirations and the coming to life of all their dreams. We welcome you most heartily.

(c) BY A TEACHER

Parents and friends of the graduating class:

On behalf of the faculty of our school and of the board of education, I bid you welcome. We are honored to have you with us on this most festive occasion. We of the school have always been appreciative of your friendly spirit and helpful attitude, and your kindly interest has been of great help to us. The closer the coöperation between the parents and the teachers, the more satisfactory will the work of the school become and the nearer we shall approach to our goal: that of giving to the youth of our town the proper training for highly qualified citizenship.

We realize that your interest in and affection for those who are about to leave us to-night is even greater than ours. We have known them for a few brief years, but you have cherished them from their infancy. Even so, you can be no more proud of them than we are.

They have worked diligently and well, and we feel that they are excellently prepared to join the ranks of the world's workers. We are confident that their

lives will carry out the lofty ideals with which they became familiar in their early days, and that their accomplishments in the future will merit your pride and ours.

Their joy will be increased to-night because of your participation, and your presence will inspire their speech and song. Again I bid you a cordial welcome.

(d) BY A CLASS PRESIDENT

In behalf of the class of 19—, of which I have the honor to be president, I am happy to welcome you to our ——— (*class day exercises, class banquet, commencement*) and hope you will enter into our celebration with spirits as joyous and hearts as light as ours.

Although we have completed our work and are about to begin a new and exciting life, there lurks in the background of our minds a doubt as to our ability to do all the noble things that are expected of us. Can we make the world any better for our having lived in it? We have dared to dream. But will we dare to do?

Our natural feelings of proud dignity and high self-esteem are becoming just a trifle less proud and less high. Not that we feel ourselves inferior or lack ambition, but that our kind friends, among whom you are all included, have such faith in our ability and such confidence in our future that we tremble lest we disappoint them, lest we fail to live up to their lofty expectations.

But, when we think of the words of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," we take heart anew and determine that all our aspirations and your hopes shall be made

real. Who could fail to find courage and inspiration in the following lines?—

“Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;
What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the last?
Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall outlive us—
Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune’s fickle
moon?
The little that we see
From doubt is never free;
The little that we do
Is but half nobly true;
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate’s contriving,
Only secure in every one’s conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
But stay! No age was e’er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our image still is shaped our fate.”

Remembering that “in our image still is shaped our fate” we shall attack the problem of living wisely and well with the same cheerful assurance and delighted anticipation that we are bringing to the festivities of to-night.

In the days past—I might say, very recently passed—I have frequently been admonished that the secret of good speech-making is to have something to say, to say it so it could be understood by all hearers, and to sit down when you have said it.

Now I did have something that I wished to say, and I hope you all understood it. But to make sure, I shall repeat it. It is this: We of the class of 19— are honored to have you with us to-night, and welcome you most cordially. After which, obeying the rules for good speech-making, I shall be silent, having tried not to mistake volubility for argument or repetition for eloquence, but merely to say that we are very glad you are here.

XI. TOASTS FOR THE CLASS BANQUET

(a) TOASTMASTER'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME

My friends, I am most happy to welcome you to our banquet to-night. No poet ever penned a truer line than the one who wrote:

“We may live without friends, we may live without
books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.”

He might have added a footnote commenting upon the benevolent and expansive frame of mind produced in civilized man by his indulgence in the cook's handiwork. If it is true that good cheer can make the simplest dish appear a feast, this should indeed be a festive occasion.

Now let us turn our attention from material enjoyment to a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." We have in our midst a number of people who are awaiting impatiently an opportunity to burst into eloquence, and I am confident we shall enjoy what they have to say. Indeed, a banquet without toasts is "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, or, at least, with Ophelia missing.

(b) TOASTS

1. TO OUR INSTRUCTORS

Years ago, the illustrious Mr. George Bernard Shaw said, "He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches."

Of course, Mr. Shaw said this for effect. He did not mean it, but, had he been acquainted with the faculty of the ——— High School, he would not have said it, even in jest. Every one of our instructors can do as well as teach. The fact that we are all to be graduated speaks well for their prowess, and the fact that some of us are to be graduated with honors speaks with eloquence. Here's to the faculty of the ——— High School, our teachers. May they continue their good work for many years to come.

2. TO OUR TEACHERS

To those whose services can never be overestimated: May the amount of salary they receive be equal to the vast amount they earn—our teachers!

3. TO OUR SCHOOL

From our play days in kindergarten to our hard labor in high school, the time passed has been as pleas-

ant as profitable and as profitable as pleasant. Now that our long association is now so near its ending, we realize more completely than ever before how delightful that association has been. Of all the excellent schools that fill our land there is none, we are sure, that provides better instruction or has a more sincere interest in the welfare of its students than ours. In the name of the class, I wish to our school an increased growth and prosperity. May all its graduates bring credit to its name and prove as faithful to the school as the school has ever been to them.

4. TO OUR ALMA MATER

Here's to our school whose slightest rule
We never broke or disobeyed.
Well, just a few, a time or two,
We bent or fractured, I'm afraid.
But even so, each heart's aglow
With proud affection, real and true.
We all acclaim your worth and fame,
And, Alma Mater, here's to you.

5. TO THE FINANCIAL GENIUS OF THE CLASS, THE TREASURER

I rise to propose the health of our treasurer. We have no doubts as to his prosperity. When a baby he refused to play with anything but quarters; and his first coherent words were, "Lend me ten?" He could compound interest and confound the unfortunate borrower at the age of eight. His entire school life has been a series of financial triumphs, and it is rumored that the authorities are relieved that he has not attached the school building for some fancied debt. When, later, he matures—at eight or nine per cent.—

we shall feel that our class has given to the world a financial genius who will gather dollars where only pennies grew. May his bank account blossom as the rose, and may he make so much money that he has to pay storage on it.

6. TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

To work without pay, giving unstintingly of time, experience, and wisdom, is rare in this land of industrious self-advancement, and yet every board of education for every school system in the land does this conscientiously and cheerfully, every year.

No group of public officials has more fault found with it or receives more unreasonable requests. To act as referee between teachers and angry parents who think their erring children perfect; to make of the poor taxpayers a scapegoat responsible for all shortcomings, financial and otherwise; to be always calm, judicial, and progressive, and to remain on speaking terms with other people—all this is a herculean task and deserves our highest appreciation. May our board of education, which has always consistently and admirably fulfilled its duties, find a reward in the achievements of the many boys and girls to whom they have made an education possible.

7. TO ONE WHO IS DESTINED TO BECOME THE WORLD'S GREATEST INTERPRETER OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

She's very fond of all things French,
And *vite* she *parlez-vous*,
But when she is embarrassed, oh,
The quaintest words she'll use!

She met one night a dashing chap,
Who said, in style *au fait*,
“*Je suis enchanté, Mademoiselle.*”
She answered, “*Consommé.*”

At teaching foreign languages
She'll be most hard to beat,
And if it's Spanish, Greek, or French,
We wish her luck, *toute suite*.

8. TO THE LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA OR GLEE CLUB,
OR TO AN HONOR STUDENT IN MUSIC

Oh, handmaid of Terpsichore,
You are the very sol of mi.
You'll change my theme song to a dirge
If you refuse the smile I urge.
My heart will beat the “Tearful Blues”
And not the jazz 'tis wont to use.
I'd even second fiddle play
In your orchestra, any day.
Oh, may you scale with restless feet
The measured heights of music sweet,
And never wander off the key
But keep life's tune in harmony.
May joys be *forte*, sorrow low,
And trouble *pianissimo*.
May not a discord harsh be made
And all your notes on time be played,
To bring you joy where'er you go;
So sound your A and get the do (dough).

9. TO THE TOWN

We are proud of our home town. It may not be
very large but it makes up in the quality of its citizens

what it lacks in quantity. They are intelligent, progressive, and prosperous, and, as the citizen, so is the town. ——— may not rank among the show places of the world, but to us it is beautiful because of its associations and memories. We are grateful to it for the advantages it has given us, of which we hope to prove worthy. To every good enterprise our town has given freely of money and support. Its law-making has been wise; its policies have been practical and far-seeing. ——— reflects the integrity of the state in which it is situated and the glory of the country to which it belongs. May its prosperity continue and its fame increase.

10. To Us

I have been asked to give a toast to the class—my class—and the fact that it is the class of which I am proud to be a member shall not dampen my ardor or temper my words of praise. I say, with all modesty, we are a class to reflect credit upon any school. Some of the faculty might question that statement, but I know it's true. On the athletic field, in the glee club and the orchestra many of our members have shone. In the classroom—well—in the classroom, some of us have shone. A few of us have even read four feet and seven inches of the famous five-foot book shelf so warmly recommended by the English department. There can be no doubt about our intelligence. And as for charm and personality, just look at us. There is no question that we have an abundant supply. Of course our being graduated may not seem so important to the city fathers that they will have a coin struck to commemorate the occasion, but to us it's a great event and must be properly recognized. Let us congratulate our-

selves warmly upon our achievement. There's a lot to be done in this world, and we'll do it. May we turn out to be as good as we think we are. Here's to us.

11. TO OUR CHAMPION CONVERSATIONALIST, WHO
SPEAKS NOT ALWAYS WISELY BUT EVER WELL

Our friend, ———, reminds one of Tennyson's brook, "for men may come and men may go, but she goes on forever." If there were ever an international speed and endurance speech contest, we should enter her, knowing that she would win without effort. She talks clearly and continually. She even knows what she's talking about—sometimes. And she never tires. A phonograph needs winding and the radio tubes blow out but nothing interferes with her efficiency. Her speech mechanism is perfect, proving that perpetual motion is not impossible.

Many of us owe her an immeasurable debt of gratitude. When in class we were called upon to discuss something about which our ignorance was prodigious, she always came to the rescue. She simply opened her mouth and the words flowed out in torrents. By the time the teacher succeeded in turning her off, the fact that we had failed was quite forgotten. We think ——— will be eminently successful as a radio announcer but, whatever profession she graces with her nimble and tireless tongue, she has our best wishes. May her friends be as numerous as her words and her luck be as constant as her conversation.

12. TO OUR FUTURE

At the present moment the most fascinating subject of our thoughts is the future—our future. What will

it be? We have striven to prepare ourselves for the duties and obligations that may await us. How well we have succeeded the years alone can tell. Whatever problems shall puzzle us, whatever difficulties confront us, may we always have the courage of our convictions, and the faith in ourselves that is so essential if we are to do as well as dream. May we remain true to our ideals and, so far as in us lies, make the world a better place for our having lived in it. Here's to our future. May it be as bright as we deserve.

13. TO THE BOY FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD—OUR LADIES' MAN

If ——— were to propose a toast it would be "The ladies, God bless 'em!" And there's a reason. Ever since his infancy, he has been irresistible to the so-called gentler sex. As he was trundled down the street in his perambulator, strange women paused to gaze in ecstasy upon his cherubic countenance. In kindergarten it was the same; all the pretty little girls cried to sit near him. And in high school, girls trampled on each other in order to be first to offer him their completed work that he might be spared effort.

He smiled at his teacher and got good marks on his report. "Why?" you ask. That's what we all ask, but we've had no answer up to date. Is it his fatal blond beauty? You can see for yourself it isn't. His brilliant conversation? As a maker of epigrams, he's a swell football player. It must be his personality; but even so, it's a puzzle to us. We've always regarded him as a good fellow, but we've never grown hysterical about him.

However, we look to him to make our class immortal—to go down in history as the irresistible personality,

and he'd better not disappoint us. May his success in the business world equal his popularity with the ladies. May he put the purse in personality.

14. TO OUR SILENT PARTNER, THE QUIET MEMBER
OF THE CLASS

A striking contrast to others of our number is ———. If it be true that speech is silver and silence is golden, then he is a veritable gold mine. When wildly excited, he has been known to utter three complete sentences in succession, but usually confines his remarks to "yes" and "no." If a nod of the head or a wave of the hand will do, he says nothing. He simply does not choose to converse.

It is a wonderful line. With practically less than no effort at all, he has made a reputation for himself as one of those strong, silent people. Strange that utter silence can gain such a reputation for wisdom. We might all be benefited by trying it—at least until we had something worth while to say. May ———'s silence continue to add to his distinction and may those of us who lack restraint profit by his example.

15. TO THOSE IN WHOM WE HAVE A CHARITABLE
INTEREST AND FOR WHOM WE FEEL A SLIGHT
RESPONSIBILITY: THE UNDERGRADUATES

To our successors! May they add a brilliant chapter to the history of our school, laughing as much, playing less, and working more than we did. May they profit by our errors, learn from our mistakes, and improve upon our successes. May their Senior year be as happy as ours.

16. TO OUR GOOD FRIENDS AND PREDECESSORS, THE ALUMNI

To those who went before us and by their accomplishments and example smoothed a way and set for us a standard of achievement, we have a feeling of good fellowship. Formerly this feeling has been shaded by a sense of our inferiority. Now, having ceased to be undergraduates, we are at last on an equal footing. We, too, are dignified alumni. No longer can you look down upon us from the height of your superior wisdom. You may still be superior but you can't prove it. And now that we are privileged to—metaphorically speaking—slap you on the back and say, "Hello, old man," we'll tell what we really think about you. You're an intelligent and charming group of people, and we're happy to become members of your society. May you continue to honor us by your friendship and to be an ornament to the school of which we are all proud to be graduated.

17. TO THE TEAM

Here's to the ——— team of ——— High School (or College). May its prowess on the field be equaled by its success in life and may the reputation of its members for perseverance, courage, and fair play never grow tarnished. Some people scoff at the emphasis placed upon athletics in our schools, denying the theory that it makes better citizens of our youth. They say making a record of sixty-two feet and eleven inches in a high running jump may help a boy to get a job as a window cleaner or a messenger boy, but it is no guarantee that he will reach the office on time every morning. It would equip him perfectly to hang draperies

and fix ceiling lights if he only stayed up longer, but coming down so quickly sort of spoils things.

Being an all-American halfback is no sign that a chap will keep the home fires burning or the snow shoveled off the sidewalk, so they say. But we know better. We know you're all bound to succeed in any field. We also know that half of any team's efficiency is due to its coach. So all the adjectives we have applied to the team, with a few additional ones for good measure, belong also to ——— (name coach) for his personal use. Here's to the team. May its strength never grow less.

18. TO THE GIRL WHO GETS WHAT SHE WANTS

We have all heard of the girl who wants what she wants when she wants it. We are privileged to have as one of our number a girl who does better than that. She gets what she wants when she wants it—and how! If she sees anything she likes—oh, no, she doesn't take it; but before he knows what's happened, the owner finds himself giving it to her. Her skill in getting others to do her work for her and provide her with the luxuries of life is unbelievable. It's a gift; she deserves no special credit for it.

I could name the classmates who did all her school assignments for her; but I won't. We're all too thankful to have her graduated while we still have something left that we can call our own. We know she will get everything she wants in this world, and she will doubtless slide into heaven on the merits of somebody else. But we do say, "May everything she gets prove to be what she thought it was when she wanted it."

19. TO ONE WHO SUPPLIES MUCH OF THE INTELLECT
OF THE CLASS AND NO LITTLE OF ITS BRIL-
LIANCE, THE HONOR STUDENT

We are very proud of ——— and his record. The combination of his brains and his industry produces wonderful results. If anything hard is assigned, he doesn't fret or worry. He just rolls up the sleeves of his mind and does it; and it is always right. And the things he does!

Some of us wouldn't know differential calculus if it came and laid an egg in our hat, but it eats right out of his hand. In any test, he is getting just nicely started by the time we are all out of answers and he always has some information left when the time is up. Think of that! He can do assignments that make us look like a limp—very limp—edition of Gunga Din and retain a cool and unruffled demeanor. What he knows about ancient history would surprise the people who made it, and he's so familiar with prehistoric affairs that he wouldn't be alarmed if an ichthyosaurus walked up the aisle and sat down by him. He'd just scratch its head and say, "Hello, Ikky." He has too much knowledge for one person, and we suggest that he incorporate. We'll all take shares in his company and get rich on his dividends of knowledge, so it will be profitable for all of us.

We wish for ——— opportunities in which to use his erudition. We think he'd make a wonderful lecturer, and hope that he may always have as appreciative and admiring an audience as we.

20. TO ONE WHOM WE ARE ALL DELIGHTED TO
HONOR, THE CLASS PRESIDENT

To ———, the president of our class, we wish to

make grateful acknowledgement. She has proved an excellent manager, an efficient director, and an inspiring leader. The spirit of loyalty, which is one of the most salient characteristics of our class, is due to our president's wisdom and to our implicit confidence in her judgment.

During this past year, our class has participated, with marked success, in many social, athletic, and educational affairs and has emerged with financial as well as artistic gains. (*Name list of events.*) For this we thank our president and the committees who carried out our plans. When in the future she becomes the president of some larger, more important association than ours, may she be as popular and as capable as she has been this year, and may her people be as loyal as we.

XII. ADDRESSES FOR THE CLASS REUNION

(a) FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS OR ACADEMIES

Fellow alumni and alumnae of the ——— High School and friends: As I look at all the happy faces here to-night, I remember a story that was told me when I was very small. May I tell it to you?

Once upon a time, years ago, a group of enthusiastic young men and women who had been busily engaged in educational work for a number of years, having begun it in their childhood, completed their work together. They then parted, and each went a separate way to seek his fortune, as they say in the fairy tales.

But before they parted, they made a vow that after five years they would return to the town in which they

had so diligently pursued their study, and meet again. At this meeting they would relate their adventures, their achievements, and their failures. It was agreed that to the one among them who had accomplished the most in the years since they had parted a banquet should be given and high honor accorded. Each one hoped to return with wealth, honor, and illustrious deeds as a result of the labor of the intervening years and thus win the reward.

As the time for the first reunion approached, those who had apparently done much were glad and rejoiced exceedingly, but those who were not satisfied with what they had accomplished grew more and more sad. They were filled with shame at the thought of appearing before their fellow-workers with so little to relate or to display.

The day of the workers' return arrived at last. Home they came, some grave, some gay, some confident, some despairing. One man, who had entered upon his work with high hopes and earnest purpose, sat silent and alone at the back of the immense banquet hall. Each of those assembled told of his own deeds and possessions, but the lone man said nothing. At last he was asked by the others to come out of his retirement and tell what he had done.

Slowly and sadly he rose and replied, "I have no wealth and no property. I have done no noble deeds. I have just worked and done the best I could. That's all."

There was a moment's silence. Then, here and there, from the throng rose a low murmur that grew in volume and spread throughout the hall. One by one, his old friends spoke. Each told of some kindly deed, some generous action, some friendly aid.

Then one said, "He always smiled. No matter how often he was disappointed or how many troubles he endured, he never lost hope. He always smiled."

Then the hall was filled with cheering, and the man who always smiled was made the guest of honor at the magnificent banquet and accorded great honor by his fellows.

We, too, have always kept smiling through high school and through life, through trials and through good fortune alike. What higher tribute could anyone receive than that?

We are happy to be together again, to greet old friends, and to talk about old times. Some one has said that the most fascinating words in any tongue are these: "Do you remember?"

A small boy once defined school as "a place you hate to go to when you're there, but like to come back to when you don't have to." While the first part of his definition may be a trifle exaggerated, the second part is certainly true. As we look back on our high school days, they seem just as delightful as our elders used to tell us they would appear. We didn't believe our elders then; they didn't expect us to believe them.

It is, indeed, a pleasure to be here to-night, and I hope each succeeding reunion may prove more delightful than the last, so that we may honestly say with Browning:

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made;

Our times are in his hand

Who saith, 'A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid.'

"Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold;
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame;
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old."

(b) FOR COLLEGES

As I look around at this assembly of old friends I find it difficult to make myself believe that ——— years have actually elapsed since we left the shelter of ——— College and started blithely out into the world to win fame and fortune for ourselves. You all look young and adventurous, just as you did then. Some of us have acquired a little additional adipose tissue and some a few gray hairs, but it's easy to see we are still young and charming.

We have distinguished citizens among us now—proof that ambitions have been realized and determinations carried out, just as was prophesied ——— years ago. I see before me a well-known physician; but to me he's just John Moore, who never finished his themes on time.

I distinguish Judge Clarke, the terror of evil-doers, but he couldn't scare me; I've helped him with his geometry too many times.

The famous author, Harriet Ware, honors us by her presence. I know she writes splendidly, but whenever I hear her name or see it on a magazine cover I think of the time she burned off her eyebrows in the chemistry laboratory.

And all you social leaders, you girls who married

our tired but prosperous business men, you're still the crowd that went to movies and dances and played bridge with each other; you aren't grown up and married at all—to me. As for the very dignified and mature gentlemen who are looking at me, you're just the boys. I spent hours yelling while you played football, and I wept bitterly on the few times you were defeated. You can't expect me to take you any more seriously than that now.

After all, we know that this seeming maturity, this dignity, and these high and noble callings are merely a masquerade we don for the eyes of the public and for strangers. Underneath these strange disguises, we are the same young people that spent a happy four years together in ——— College.

To others we may seem almost middle-aged, for they look at a few gray hairs, a line on the face, or even count the years since we left college. But to us, who regard only the spirit, we are as young as ever and shall always remain so. Ours is the perennial youth at which unbelievers scoff but which we know is easily retained if one but forgets to worry and remembers to work. We, as a class, were noted for our habit of not worrying. A few unsympathetic instructors even spoke of it as "lack of responsibility." But, call it what you will, we were always cheerful, and we still are. Life has treated us reasonably well. Why shouldn't we be? And we have remembered to work; most of us didn't dare forget that.

It affords us all extreme pleasure to see so many of our former instructors with us at this reunion. When we look at them, any feelings of self-importance any of us may have cherished just ooze away, and we experience that old, familiar sensation of being on our

good behavior; which, incidentally, may be a good thing, after all.

At any rate, we're extremely glad to see the faculty again, and we hope they are not too bored at seeing us. They, too, all appear as if time had been standing still. Perhaps the classes of to-day are not the care we were and cause less expenditure of nerve force. We hope so, but we are sure they are not more loyal or more ambitious than we.

It is good to meet after these years and take an inventory, not of each other, but of ourselves; to compare what we were on the night of our graduation and what we hoped to become with what we are now. I am not at all convinced that the result is discouraging. Speaking as a strictly disinterested observer, I insist that we were a fine class and we still are. Among our number we have bankers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, singers, authors—everything gratifying you can think of; and most of us are doing what we planned to do when we left college.

I am sure you will all remember how eloquently we vowed eternal devotion to our Alma Mater and promised that her memory would be forever enshrined in our hearts. That, also, has happened as we planned. Our lives have been busy, and the hours of the day have been crowded; but thoughts of our college days and our friends in ——— College have returned to gladden our hearts and renew our ambition. A strain of music, a flower in bloom, a line of poetry, or a face in the street has often awakened memories of the long ago, and in fancy we are again students, enthusiastically planning for our future. Those were happy days; but so are these.

May our fame and fortune increase with the years,

and may our ways remain as pleasant and peaceful as they are now, from one reunion to another until, our term in the school of life at an end, we all meet again in the great beyond to receive our last diploma.

(c) REUNION POEM FOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

'Twas yesterday we gathered here,
Aglow with eager youth,
Intent to learn at Wisdom's feet,
And find eternal truth.

Our pulses thrilled with thoughts of life,
And gallant dreams dreamed we
Of righting wrongs, of lifting high
Toil-worn humanity.

We planned to do such worthy deeds,
To win such lasting fame,
To bring new glory to our school
And honor to her name.

'Twas yesterday we went away
To make our dreams come true,
And journeyed past the hills of home
To mountains far and blue.

To-night the trails that led us far
Converge for one brief hour,
Drawn back to home and school again
By friendship's magic power.

And some of us have truly found
The path to wealth and fame;
While all of us are drawing near,
Yet are at heart the same.

The unknown roads enchant us yet,
Adventure calls as clear,
And dreams of beauty grow more sweet
With every passing year.

No matter where our feet may stray,
Our truant fancies roam,
The sunshine and the starry lanes
Are fairer here at home.

For friends of youth are best of all,
And memory still clings
To visions that restore the joy
Of far-off, happy things.

And every year when spring breaks through
The winter's sullen sky,
We'll come in spirit back again
To visit —— High.

We'll live again the dear old days
Till dreams shall be no more,
And hold our last reunion then
On time's celestial shore.

XIII. IVY ORATION

We, the class of 19—, have gathered here this afternoon for the observance of an impressive and time-honored ceremony—the planting of the ivy. For many years departing classes have planted on this campus a sturdy ivy to perpetuate their memory and to be a living memorial to their name.

The ivy is particularly fitted for such a purpose, as for centuries it has been immortalized in sentiment and song. In ancient Egypt it was a plant sacred to Osiris; the Greeks regarded it as a symbol of Dionysus; and the Romans mingled it with the laurel crown of their poets.

The qualities of the ivy, which make it so suitable a parting gift to the school, are well known to you. It is beautiful as well as strong, combining grace with power and perseverance. It has tenacity. It clings to the oak tree or to the stone wall so closely that it is almost impossible to detach it; once given a hold, it never lets go.

It is strong and sturdy. Through rain or drought, in heat of summer or snow of winter, in the pale June moonlight or under the sparkling Christmas stars, its green leaves never fade, but remain a symbol of strength, a living example of the power of nature. Nations may rise and fall, great works may disappear as the ages pass, the seasons come and go as they have since time began, but the ivy still spreads luxuriantly over the crumbling ruins of the past.

The ivy is not, as the term “clinging vine” connotes, a parasitic growth, taking shelter and support and giving nothing in return. On the contrary, it adorns whatever it touches. Ragged tree trunks, ancient

towers, and gray castle walls are made more beautiful by the ivy that hides the scars of battle and the ravages of time.

In the words of Bailey,

“For ivy climbs the crumbling hall
To decorate decay.”

People speak of the clinging vine that needs the support of the sturdy oak in order to exist. That is not an accurate idea. True, the ivy clings to the oak, but the oak is merely a convenience, not a necessity. If it were not there, the ivy would still grow and raise its glossy leaves and curling tendrils to the sky. If no lofty tree or wall is near, the persistent ivy spreads over the ground, making a luxuriant and far-reaching carpet of green leaves. Its arms reach outward instead of upward, and its leaves are far from the sun; but nevertheless the ivy continues to grow.

It spreads on and on over the monotonous level of the earth until it encounters something by which it can lift itself up to a place in the sun. It may be years, it may be centuries that the ivy trails its graceful length upon the ground, but at last it finds its opportunity and rises.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote,

“That headlong ivy! Not a leaf will grow
But thinking of a wreath.
I like such ivy; bold to leap a height
’Twas strong to climb.”

It is our hope that this ivy we plant to-day will send its roots deep into the soil and grow with a vitality that neither wind nor weather shall have power to dim. May it cover with a soft green mantle the walls which have sheltered us so long and for which we have so deep

and abiding an affection, protecting them from the sultry suns of summer and the icy blasts of winter.

May our Alma Mater grow in power and fame as the ivy reaches upward; her loyal students be as numerous as the leaves on the vine; her teachings as firmly rooted in the truth as the ivy in this soil. May her ideals and aspirations be as lofty as the tendrils that ever push their way upward and as the leaves that lift themselves to the blue sky. May she cling as firmly to her righteous convictions as the ivy clings to her walls.

We who plant this ivy to-day are common branches of one vine—our college. As we take our separate ways into the great world, may we show the tenacity and perseverance of the ivy branches, growing constantly, unchecked by adversity and reaching ever upward to the light. May we be as constant to our friends, our school, and our purposes, as the ivy to the oak. As the vine will adorn the walls of our Alma Mater, let us, the class of 19—, by the integrity of our lives, the quality of our achievements, and the earnestness of our endeavor, add a little to her honored traditions, and never detract from her fame.

So long as her walls shall stand, so long as her towers point to the sky, may this ivy that we plant to-day grow sturdy and strong and its green never fade. Long after we have departed, may it keep alive the memory of the class of 19—.

XIV. PLANTING THE CLASS TREE

(a) ADDRESS FOR CLASS TREE ORATOR

We, the class of 19—, plant a tree on our campus to-day as a parting gesture of good fellowship and loyalty. We have chosen to plant a tree because we believe with William Wordsworth, that

“One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.”

In many ways this tree will, when a little larger, remind the faculty and our faithful friends of us. Its fresh greenness typifies us, since we, who began as verdant Freshmen, have retained, in no small degree, that pristine freshness. At least, so it has been said.

Our tree will have many vigorous branches, but it is inevitable that some will grow to be stronger than others, just as we, who are all members of one student body, vary in scholarship and in intellectual power. To put it concisely, some of us please the faculty better than others.

If our tree should prove so unfortunate as to require surgery, it will be given a careful pruning and the dead branches will be cut off. Our class has, several times during its existence, felt the surgeon's knife, and much dead wood has been pruned away, making our happy group noticeably smaller. Alas for the prunes who fell before the pruning shears! But all hail the miracles of modern surgery—tree and otherwise.

The tree owes its vitality to its sap, which courses proudly through its branches and keeps life astir; while our class owes its vitality to its saps, which roar loudly

through its courses and keep strife stirred up generally in our midst.

The bark on the slender stem of this young tree is thin and tender, but it will soon become thick and provide protection for the tree. We, too, were thin-skinned and sensitive four years ago, but time works wonders in us all, trees and youth as well. We have become impervious to the stings of misfortune, and sarcastic and unsympathetic remarks leave us cold and unperturbed. Our bark is thicker than the faculty's bite.

In order that it may attain perfection, the tree requires the proper soil, the kindly rays of the sun, and the cooling moisture of the dew and the rain. We, in order to reach our present stage of intellectual pulchritude, required the proper scholastic soil in which to cultivate our minds and the dew of kindly understanding to nourish our timid souls. All this and more we received in ——— College (*or high school*).

In the years to come, when our names are forgotten and our class is only a vague memory, this little tree that we are planting will be tall and beautiful. It will be a home for birds in summer, a way station for icy winds in winter, and a cooling and grateful shelter for the unhappy student who vainly struggles to stock an empty brain with sufficient facts to carry him triumphantly through the final exams. However, in that happy future when our tree shall be grown, we hope all the students of ——— College will possess an intelligence as deep as its roots, minds as broad as the spread of its green branches, and ideals as high as its swaying top that nods to the skies.

When the classes that follow us shall plant their trees beside this tree and admire its stalwart beauty, may the breezes that caress its swaying branches mur-

mur the story of this long-vanished time and of the mighty class of 19—, who planted it on this day of June in the year 19—.

(b) STANZAS FOR A TREE-PLANTING CEREMONY

Eternal green, sky-towering pines,
Or lasting cedars high;
Immortal oaks or maples proud,
For honors each may vie.

But we who plant to-day a tree
Must choose with earnest care.
From all the stately brotherhood
The one we deem most fair.

So, Alma Mater, now to you
We bring this sapling fine;
To those who pass 'tis but a tree;
To us it is a sign.

The trees like stalwart sons of earth
Their parents' strength declare;
So may this tree to all your worth
A loving tribute bear.

The ——— (*name kind of tree*) is strong
and brave and kind;
It shelters beast and bird;
It sings a song of ecstasy
When by the breezes stirred.

A song of long-past braver days,
When all the world was new,

And men beneath the open sky
Like trees in vigor grew.

Dear Alma Mater, may we all
Be worthy of your name,
And make you proud, in years to be,
That from your halls we came.

May we, like trees that hail the clouds
And to the stars aspire,
Let high ambition fill our days,
Nor of the struggle tire.

But like the willow tree whose boughs
Droop down to earth below
While higher in the heaven's blue
Its soaring pinions go.

Or like this ——— that year by year
Shall lift its head on high
And spread its sheltering branches wide,
To watch the days go by;

To make a resting place for those
Who weary by the way;
A home for birds and roving bees,
Who to their shelter stray.

So may we, when success has crowned
Our lives, some far-off time,
Remember those who wait below,
And stoop to help them climb.

Unheeding censure's stormy winds,
True to a purpose vast,

Remem'bring that the tallest trees
Most feel the wintry blast.

Oh, little tree, grow tall and strong,
A sentinel serene,
While classes come and classes go
Beneath your branches green.

And guard our Alma Mater well
Through all the years to be,
That she may grow in fame and pow'r
And flourish like a tree.

XV. CLASS DAY CARTOONS

The class cartoons herein suggested may be drawn and published in the class magazine during commencement week, if desired, or they may be utilized by the class artist in a carefully prepared chalk talk, as a feature of the class day exercises. Or if preferred, they may be exhibited as pictures in an art gallery, while the speaker holds a book in his hand and reads descriptions of them from it, as if it were a guide book to a picture exhibition. In the cartoons the speeches are inserted in "balloons" issuing from the mouths of the characters.

If these cartoons are described, rather than exhibited, the speaker may preface his description by the following:

"Robert Burns said a mouthful years ago when he gave us these lines:

‘Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel’s as ithers see us.’

“Being of a helpful turn of mind, we have endeavored to make it possible for some members of our distinguished class to accomplish this feat—really to see themselves for a moment as we have seen them for four long years. We have made some cartoons which, in order that you may all— Shall we say enjoy? No, we shall not. In order that you may all get the benefit of them at once, we shall describe briefly to you. We trust you will have no difficulty in recognizing yourselves.”

The following members of the class may be featured in cartoons:

THE HONOR STUDENT.—A disheveled figure sits at a desk weeping bitterly. The clock on the wall points to 3:13 A. M. Before the youth is an opened volume of Sanskrit. In the door stands his mother in curl papers and a bathrobe. The youth says, “Mother, I have disgraced you. I got only 98 in my Sanskrit exam. yesterday.”

CLASS PRESIDENT.—A young man sits at head of a long table, around which members of the faculty stand in embarrassed silence. He is shaking his fingers at them reproachfully and saying, “This continual interference with the social life of the class must cease. Either give shorter assignments or carry your talents to another institution of learning.”

CLASS TREASURER.—A tragic figure, he sits surrounded by ledgers, bills, and receipts. Before him on the table are piles of bills, coins, and an empty cash box. He is saying, “I must have spent that nickel for postage.”

CLASS SECRETARY.—Various dignitaries are shown seated about a table, examining the secretary orally for his degree. On the door is a sign, "Oral Examination Room." The Professor of ancient history has just asked him, "Why was class distinction so strongly marked in Greece?"; and he is replying with a worried look, "I'm sure I put it down in the minutes somewhere."

HEAD OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL.—The young man, surrounded by a terrified office force, is crouched in a corner of his private office, while from the street machine guns are being turned upon him by a mob of racketeers. He is saying sadly, "I shall be compelled to call a meeting of the student council and give this matter serious consideration."

CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM.—Attired in a dingy sweater, old corduroy trousers, and angelic wings, the captain of the team is giving good advice to a celestial football nine. On the walls of the heavenly gymnasium are signs reading, "Line-up of the Celestial Cohorts," followed by the names of the team members, "Marathon runners report on the Milky Way at ten every morning," and "Beat Beelzebub." The captain says to his team, who wear white sweaters, trunks, and wings, "Beelzebub's team may be hot, but you guys ought to beat hell out of 'em."

PRESIDENT OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.—The scene is a crowded hall, and an orator is making an eloquent speech about the future of the race. He is saying, "What this country needs is a young man to lead it—a man of extraordinary intellect, courage, and insight." From a back seat rises the president of the Junior class, saying modestly, "I'll be with you next year."

MOST CONCEITED GIRL IN CLASS.—Seated at her

dressing table, holding pictures of Salome, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Venus, and the latest film favorite, she looks into the mirror and says, "They may have more charm than I, but when it comes to looks—!"

MOST CONCEITED BOY IN CLASS.—He is talking to a classmate, who asks him, "Who do you think is the most interesting man living?" He replies, "Well, I think I'd suggest the Prince of Wales as the other."

BOY LIKELY TO BE MOST SUCCESSFUL.—He sits in a luxurious office. Through an open window one sees money being wheeled up in barrows. In the waiting room, opening out of his office, are a crowd of bank presidents, financiers, big business men, and heads of corporations, each appropriately labeled. The successful one is saying to the office boy, "Tell them I can't be bothered. This is my afternoon for golf."

LUCKIEST GIRL IN CLASS.—The scene is an art gallery. On the wall hangs a hectic scene that looks as if a ripe tomato had hit it. The sign on it reads, "First prize for 'Sunset Scene,'" with the name of the artist, the lucky girl, prominently displayed on it. Among the spectators are a group of the artist's friends. One says to the other, "It was a meadow in the rain, but she spilled her nail polish on it."

THE UNSOCIABLE STUDENT.—The picture shows the entrance to a house. Above the door is a huge sign bearing the name of the student and the words, "No admittance." Instead of a door, there is a spiked portcullis, at one side of which is a skull and crossbones, at the other, a cage displaying the sign, "Beware the lion." On the mat before the portcullis are the words, "Pray as you enter."

THE MOST POPULAR STUDENT.—The picture shows

a huge egg with the features of the lad in question, and underneath are the words, "He's a good egg."

THE CLASS SNOB.—The scene is heaven. The girl is expressing her disdain to St. Peter, who listens gravely. In the distance are the angels, many of whom wear overalls or aprons under their wings. The girl says, "You're not exclusive enough. Some of these people aren't in our set at all."

THE CLASS DUNCE.—It is commencement day fifty years from now. The graduating class is filing upon the stage, and last in line is the class dunce, with stooped shoulders, a tottering walk, and a long gray beard. One young man in the audience says to another, "He started in grandfather's class."

THE PUGNACIOUS STUDENT.—This consists of the portrait of the pugnacious student, battered and worn. He has a cauliflower ear, a broken nose, brass knuckles, and a sawed-off shotgun. Under the portrait is his motto: "I will not be imposed upon."

THE FATTEST GIRL IN THE CLASS.—She reclines in an easy chair, surrounded by boxes of candy, plates of chocolate eclairs, glasses of malted milk, and lemon meringue pies. She murmurs languidly to herself, "I can't seem to lose a bit, and I exercised all last week."

THE BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE CLASS.—This presents a picture of the lad dressed like a fashion plate, but bareheaded. On his head are piled boxes labeled "shoes," "gloves," "ties," "shirts," "socks," and "hats." Underneath is the inscription, "He has so much on his mind."

MOST AFFECTED GIRL IN CLASS.—She is walking mincingly down the street. Two classmates, who have just met her, are talking about her. The first girl says,

"Did you see ——?" The second girl replies, "Yes. She's the most affected girl I ever saw. She says 'damn' with a broad *a*."

The foregoing are merely suggestions, to be used, improved upon, or discarded entirely for ideas better suited to the individual class.

Other persons to be honored by the distinction of being cartooned may be as follows: editor of the school magazine, the class's perpetual borrower, most refined member of the class, laziest member, youngest member, oldest member, teacher's pet, the goat, most literary member, most musical, most unsophisticated, most cheerful, most melancholy member, best orator, prize winner, best all-round athlete, and best all-round student.

XVI. BACCALAUREATE ADDRESSES

(a) THE RIGHT EDUCATION

TEXT: "When wisdom entereth into thine heart and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee."—*Proverbs 2:10-11*.

Few men ever attain to genuine wisdom—the wisdom of an Aristotle, a Newton, a Confucius, or a Solomon. But if we take the word "wisdom" to mean an approximate wisdom—that which results from a liberal education, then, indeed, we may qualify for discretion, and knowledge will be pleasant to our souls.

Right here, let us note the distinction between learn-

ing and education. The two terms are frequently used as if they were synonymous, but that is a grave mistake. Learning may have but little to do with education. A man may know Latin, Greek, mathematics, and music, art and literature, and be totally unable to cope with the problems that arise in life. He may be a slave to conditions and unable to master himself, not to mention others. He is learned but certainly not educated.

A man may know little Latin and less Greek, but he may have all his faculties and powers trained to their highest possible degree of efficiency. He may be absolute master of himself and of the environment which surrounds him. He is certainly not learned, but he is educated. His faculties and powers are so developed that he can deal with the problems of life understandingly and wisely. Education is not book learning; it is much more than that.

And just what is the education that brings wisdom to the heart and develops discretion and understanding? About this there have been and still are many opinions. Great minds differ largely as to their definitions of an education. But when their views are compared, the salient points noted, and the unimportant differences forgotten, they all mean practically the same thing.

Let us compare a few of the prevalent ideas as to what constitutes a liberal or good education. Of course, education changes with the times, and what was a perfect education for the sixteenth century would be totally inadequate for the present day. But every plan of education should have similar characteristics—should do certain things.

The early Persian educational ideal was, "To ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth." Undoubtedly to hunt for food, to protect oneself from the enemy, and

to live in peace with the community was entirely adequate preparation for that period.

Milton said, "A complete and generous education is that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

To be just and magnanimous implies a sense of values, a regard for the rights of others. To be skillful in the performance of all offices requires intellectual powers developed to their utmost capacity. It seems almost impossible that any intellect could be great enough to stand the strain of such an education. It is easy to see that the great Milton was not an apostle of specialization.

Francis Bacon, the well-known essayist, in his article on "Study," said, "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

Thomas Huxley, the distinguished biologist and essayist, said, "Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and forces but men and their ways; and the fashioning of their affections and of their will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. Those who take honors in Nature's

University and who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them are the really great and successful men in this world. That man has a liberal education who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work and to spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind—one who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself. Such an one has a liberal education, for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature."

At first reading, this program seems rather stern and forbidding. To speak of the intellect as "a clear, cold logic engine" sounds as if appreciation, beauty, music, and art were to have no place in a man's scheme of life. But when you read a little further on, "to spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind," you are reassured. The gossamers of the mind—those delightfully intangible but soul-satisfying and inspiring essentials—art, music, poetry, and beauty in any form are not to be neglected.

John Henry Newman, celebrated theologian, thought that the business of a university was to make intellectual culture its direct scope or to employ itself in the education of the intellect to reason well in all matters, to reach out to truth and to grasp it. He wrote, "Education is a high word; it is the preparation for knowledge and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation."

According to that dictum, the only genuine enlarge-

ment of the mind is the ability to view many things at once as one entirety, to refer them to their true places in the system of things, and to determine their respective values and mutual dependence. A retentive memory does not make a philosopher; much information is no assurance of culture. Thought or reason must be exercised upon knowledge to obtain true intellectual training. Your knowledge must not oppress you; you must be its master and make it work for your benefit.

A modern writer, Aldous Huxley, has said, "The ideal education is one that accurately measures the capacities of individuals and fits them by specially adapted training to perform those functions which they are naturally adapted to perform. A perfect education is one which trains up every human being to fit into the place he or she is to occupy in the social hierarchy but without in the process destroying his or her individuality."

It is plain that this plan would abolish the factory type of school and education, in which hundreds of young men and women emerge as near alike in their mental processes as it is possible for the system to make them. Any education that destroys individuality or tends to standardization is unworthy the name.

Observe that this writer says, "Fit him to perform those functions which he is naturally adapted to perform." The capabilities of the student are to be studied and his talents utilized. He studies what he needs to know and not what is beyond his grasp or of no value to his future. The introduction of vocational guidance into the public schools has prevented many a child, destined by nature to be a mechanic, from struggling through the study of law to please his parents or because it seemed a dignified profession. An education

should determine what a student can do and then fit him to do it.

Every person receives at least two educations: the first in school, from teachers; the second, and the only education of many, comes from life itself and from the necessity of earning one's living. This grave responsibility teaches caution, prudence, respect for the right, and self-reliance. When it is combined with the education received from schools, the result would be magnificent, if the wisdom obtained from schools were as valuable in proportion as that received from life.

If, from all the ideas of a perfect education that we have considered, we combine the essentials, we find that the ideal training is that which fits a man to take his place in the world, to use all of his abilities to the utmost, and to find that function of vocation for which he is best fitted. It teaches him to reason, to recognize the truth when he sees it, to love beauty and to hate evil, and to have an intellect that can spin gossamers, as well as forge anchors. Surely such an education would bring pleasure to the soul, and understanding would result from its possession.

Now, let us suppose that you of the graduating class have received such an education that it is available for all those who have perseverance and mental alertness. What is its value, aside from the personal pleasure it may bring? Of what real use should your education be to you?

The right sort of an education should develop man along three roads; moral, industrial, and intellectual.

It is worthy of note that every meritorious educational scheme through the ages has allowed for the inculcation of moral principles and for the development of the higher nature. In ancient Judea, the Hebrews

were taught their duty to God and to their country. Greek parents were more careful about the manners and the habits of the youth than about his letters and music.

Plato, the devoted disciple of Socrates and the founder of the Academic School of Greece, best known by his arguments for the immortality of the soul, said, centuries ago, "An intelligent man will prize those studies which result in his soul's getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will less value the others." Music, history, and philosophy were universally taught. Plato declared that the rhythms and harmonies had so refining an influence on the souls of the young that they became more gentle, and better men in speech and action.

The religion of the early Romans was commercial, being a bargain with the gods in which each was at liberty to outwit the other. But many of the early Roman writers had a strong moral influence. Seneca's teachings were remarkable for their moral purity and the Christian Fathers referred to him as "The Divine Pagan." The writings of Juvenal are unsurpassed in their scathing denunciations of vice.

It seems to be a generally accepted idea to-day that education is only guided growth, coming from within and intimately concerned with all of life. Because of this happy idea, there is growing up a closer mutual understanding between industry and schools. The education of to-day lays a foundation for life and trains a man to earn an honest living, his youth being spent in a sort of apprenticeship. The relation between money and labor is seriously considered. Students are urged to have convictions and to side with truth, whether it is fashionable and popular or not. One of the most im-

portant steps in the development of man and the country is the ability to have convictions and the courage to stand by them.

The influence of education upon the industrial life of the land is really immeasurable. Education rouses in man an intense desire to be successful financially; to do this he must economize. His ambition multiplies his wants and from the urge to satisfy these comes prosperity and progress. Increased knowledge makes us more careful of our health and thus preserves the race. Education is the greatest factor in the improvement of mankind and touches every point in the upward struggle of civilization.

The certainty of food and its variety and quality can raise one group of people over another. Through the study of agriculture and the understanding of diet, education can improve food and, through the food of the race, the race itself.

Education can improve clothing in production, suitability, and beauty. Schools of architecture and engineering have done wonders for the housing problem, and it is an acknowledged fact that the better sheltered a people are, the more rapid is their advance.

The right education teaches the dignity of honest labor. It should do not only this, but should make it possible for each of us to find and do the work for which we are best fitted. The secret of great work is harmony between man and his work. When the adjustment is perfect, work is as natural and instinctive as walking and breathing.

We who toil are only slaves. We who work, instead, find the surrender of ease and the exercise of power happy and natural. If our work reaches the height of creation, if it becomes distinctive and individual, it

is no longer work; it is art, and our constant joy.

An education should take man far along the road of the intellect. The requirements of a liberal education should be receptiveness to new ideas, freedom from prejudice, an ability to distinguish between appearance and reality, refusal to abide by traditions, and a skepticism of what some critic has called "all patent medicines of the mind." Education should provide a calm force with which to meet and conquer difficulties. It should give a man beliefs, not aptitudes for arguing or debating. It should develop accuracy of observation and earnestness of thought and purpose. It should foster the growth of independence of character.

Emerson wrote, "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of a crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

One of the greatest contributions of education to our lives should be the training of the judgment, that is to say, the application of a cultivated mind to the problems of living. Judgment is the power to see the truth, to appreciate it, and to apply it to the betterment of the world. A trained judgment must have discrimination, freedom, and toleration. By toleration I do not mean indifference, but ability to understand the point of view of others and to give to it the freedom you demand for your own.

The intellectual value of education should count for much in the government of our land. The schools and colleges should be the mainstay of our democracy. The principles taught to one generation should be practiced by the next generation. The more complicated the government grows, the greater need the country has

for educated men. They must teach people to live together in amity; they must promote good will.

The country looks to its educated men for leadership. It is the educated vote of the country that teaches vision in politics and makes strong the conscience of the average citizen. It may not win the election of to-day, but it will decide the policy of to-morrow. Democratic institutions can never function as they should unless we can secure an intelligent public opinion on public matters and willing service from responsible citizens.

An intelligent population that is capable of sustained thought on matters of importance to the country is essential to success in the modern world. William James said, "A college education should help you to know a good man when you see him." In a democracy the majorities should take their course of action from the intelligent man, and they should be able to recognize him when they see him. Upon the educated people of the country depend her future and the progress of civilization.

There has been an unfortunate tendency in the business world to regard college graduates—those presumably having an intellectual education—as more bookish than wise, more trained in observance than in observation. Years ago, in a western city there was a meeting of a church society devoted to the cause of missions. After the chairman had made an immoderately long speech, and one as dull as it was long, he introduced a Sioux chieftain as the representative of a people greatly in need of missionary attention.

The Indian said, "My people, it is true, are not like your people. You have books. You listen to what men said who lived long ago and far away. You see

what they saw; you do what they did; you hear what they heard; you think what they thought. My people cannot do this. We cannot read. We can only see with our eyes and hear with our own ears and think with our own minds."

Of course one does not lose the power of observation with the ability to read, and may peruse a book with a keen eye for reality. But it is true that reading is not a substitute for direct observation of nature or for meditation upon present problems. We must think with our own minds, and an education should teach us to do so; should make it impossible for us to do otherwise.

So far, thinking man has achieved but an infinitesimal portion of what he can really do. The great Newton, who accomplished such wonders for the advancement of his time and for generations to follow, said as he was approaching death, "I seem to myself to have been only a boy playing on the seashore, while the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before me."

There are two classes of men: those who have a definite scheme for their lives, and those who have none. Even a poor scheme is better than none at all. For those who have an ideal, it is not its attainment that constitutes success. The struggle itself is the reward, and none can fail who try.

Success is not an external thing, to be won by good luck or lost by chance. It is not something to be definitely enjoyed when gained. It is, instead, a growing life, spiritual rather than material. It reaches into infinity, beyond our knowing, even beyond our desire. If we strive, we succeed; we cannot fail.

The ideal man is he in whom every movement of his being is developed to the highest degree of which it is

capable and in harmony with every other endowment. The greatest glory of any era or any nation is its great men: its Shakespeares, its Luthers, its Washingtons, and its Lincolns—great not only by genius and daring but by excellence of character and nobility of purpose and deed.

The one great gift of education is that it gives us the torch of aspiration and the ambition to dream, to be, to do—the great incentives to progress—each according to his talents. It also gives us the will to continue the struggle, no matter how great the odds against us or how certain may seem defeat.

In the words of the poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar:

“There are no beaten paths to Glory’s height,
There are no rules to compass greatness known:
Each for himself must cleave a path alone,
And press his own way forward in the fight.”

May the education you have received and that which you are about to begin give you independence of character and an intelligently discriminating mind, and lead you far along moral, industrial, and intellectual roads.

When wisdom entereth into thine heart and knowledge is pleasant to thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, and understanding shall keep thee.

(b) THE SEVEN LAMPS OF WISDOM

TEXT: “Through wisdom is an house builded; and by understanding it is established.”—*Proverbs 24:3*.

You young people who have the good fortune and the honor to be graduated this June have already begun

the building of your house of life through wisdom, and you are acquiring the understanding by which it shall be established. You do not wish to make this house merely stable and strong; you wish it to be beautiful—an example of fine architecture that will be a joy to the occupant and to the beholder. To make it this you must impress on the form of the building unnecessary but beautiful features—those beyond the common use.

John Ruskin, the great English author and architect, declared in his book, "Seven Lamps of Architecture," that there are certain right states of temper and moral feeling—magic powers by which all good architecture has been produced. He then classified them as the seven lamps that give light to the way of the builder. They are sacrifice, truth, power, beauty, life, memory, and obedience.

In the same manner, we may discover and name the seven lamps of wisdom by which your house of life, when built, may be illuminated, and the way of your understanding made clear. We may not agree about these seven lamps, as there are so many that are greatly to be desired, but I have chosen those that seem to me to be indispensable to the establishment and maintenance of your house and without which complete understanding and fulfillment are impossible. They are as follows: courtesy, tolerance, loyalty, ambition, courage, a sense of humor, and imagination.

I wish to discuss briefly the importance of each and show its application to life and happiness. I hope to show you that they are indeed the right states of temper and moral feeling—the magic powers by which a successful life may be lived.

The first lamp is courtesy. Emerson said, "Life is not so short that there is not always time for courtesy,"

and Sir Philip Sidney spoke of "high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy." Nothing makes a more favorable impression than a courteous manner, a dignified and natural observance of the rules of good breeding and social usage.

In business, in the social world, in friendship, how much depends upon good manners, upon politeness, upon ease and poise! A calm and resolute bearing, a polished speech are of inestimable value to one's well-being and advancement. A scholar may be well-bred or he may not be, but others will be unable to perceive his brilliant mentality if his manners are so devoid of courtesy that they shun his acquaintance. Many a man's uncouth actions have lost him a position that his business ability and keen wit might have gained for him.

Emerson said, "What you are speaks so loudly I cannot hear what you say."

In ancient Athens, this fact was so completely realized that the study of manners formed a large part of a youth's education. In days of chivalry, which attained their height in the fourteenth century, the knight at his best was the embodiment of valor and gallantry, brave and generous in character and high bred and courteous in manner.

We have, in these busy days, drifted far indeed from the ways of chivalry—which may be just as well in many respects; but we should retain its virtue of courtesy always. A few centuries ago, a white-wigged gentleman in lace and brocade bowed low to his fair lady and murmured, "May I have the honor of this dance?" She made a sweeping curtsy and graciously assented. Nowadays a lad just seizes a girl by the neck and raps out through his teeth, "Come on, kid," and they're off.

Don't misunderstand me. I am not arguing for sweeping bows, affected compliments, and the stilted ceremony of the past. But I am pleading for a little politeness of the common, garden variety.

Manners have been defined, rather cynically, as a contrivance of wise men to keep fools away. They also attract the wise and the charming. True politeness is not an empty form; it comes from the heart. But better an artificial politeness than none at all. Even if it be entirely assumed, in so far as it gives pleasure, makes life more satisfactory, and smooths the roughness of our daily road, it is to be desired.

Courtesy breeds courtesy and those who practice it will always encounter it. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. An epidemic of courtesy would be a wonderful thing for the country. Ought we not to begin to scatter a few germs? Courtesy is one of the magic powers by which we win success and happiness. "Life is not so short that there is not always time for courtesy."

The second lamp I would mention is tolerance. By tolerance, I do not mean the excusing of conduct which by all accepted standards is unethical; rather the attempt to comprehend the beliefs of others and the motives governing their actions; freedom from condemnation of those who do not think or feel as we do. We seldom understand our own motives of behavior. How then can we presume to understand the causes that actuate the deeds or beliefs of others?

Burke, in one of his famous speeches on "Intolerance," said, "I may be mistaken, but I take toleration to be a part of religion. I will stand up at all times for the rights of conscience, as it is such, not for its particular modes against its general principles. One

may be right, another mistaken; but if I have more strength than my brother, it shall be employed to support, not to oppress, his weakness; if I have more light it shall be used to guide, not to dazzle him." In a country settled by fugitives from intolerance, these words should find an active response.

Wars are the result of intolerance. Crimes are caused by it. He who lacks tolerance makes no attempt to understand the point of view of others; to his mind all those whose manner of living, whose political and religious affiliations differ from his own are wrong, and must be taught the error of their ways; if not peaceably, then by violence. As Mark Twain said, "Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits." He also said, "It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse races."

Intolerance is not peculiar to any age or any class of people. It has existed from the days of the Pharisees, through the so-called religious wars, down to the present time. It is a vice of the cultured as well as of the ignorant. The familiar scriptural instruction, "Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye," seems so seldom to be considered as having a personal application. Chesterfield said, "I would have all intoleration intol-erated in return"—a dictum which is sound in theory but difficult in practice.

The poet, Joaquin Miller, offers a creed which seems most adequate:

"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot
I do not dare to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not."

A house in which tolerance has no part would be a most unhappy one, lacking, as it must, kindness, sympathy, and understanding. We must respect the beliefs and rights of others and accord to them the same respect and freedom we demand for our own.

The third lamp you must have in your house of wisdom is the lamp of loyalty. Loyalty to our country, to our friends, and to ourselves is essential; loyalty to ourselves most of all, as, in the words of the poet, "To thine own self be true."

We must be loyal to our ideals. By that, I do not mean an enthusiastic devotion, a willingness to brave danger, or sacrifice life, although in some cases that might be necessary. I mean, rather, a steady, quiet fidelity to all obligations—trustworthiness at all times. Loyalty, strictly speaking, is complete, voluntary, and practical devotion of a soul to a cause. Note the word "practical." It takes more devotion sometimes to live for a cause than to die for it. Scrubbing floors to earn money for an ideal is quite as loyal as writing a sonnet about its wonders, and, under certain circumstances, much more sensible.

Loyalty can solve many of the problems of human personality, and it can raise and glorify a government until the meaning of human existence is fulfilled.

The fourth lamp by which your house of wisdom should be made bright is the lamp of ambition. Without ambition we may sit and wait, serene in our wisdom, and do little to justify our existence or to make the world a better dwelling place. An ambitious person will rise early, sit up late, and pursue his fixed design with a constant, indefatigable will.

It is necessary that your ambition be a worthy one, and not for material benefits alone, not a selfish desire

that has no thought for others, but an aspiration that raises a tumult in your souls and makes you reach upward. The higher your ambition, the greater the development of your souls. True, you may never completely achieve your ambition, but

“A man’s reach should exceed his grasp
Or what’s a heaven for?”

Intelligence and ability without ambition are like a beautiful musical instrument, pure and sweet of tune, majestic in power, but upon which no one ever plays and from which comes no great music to delight the world. It has great possibilities, but no performance.

The pages of history are filled with striking examples of what ambition can do. A boy who from a humble rail-splitter rose to be “a man to hold against the world, to match the mountains and the sea.” Because of his valor, his tolerance, his love of truth and justice, and his boundless ambition as unselfish as it was mighty, Lincoln, the man of the people, proved the power of ambition and bore witness to its worth.

Do not sit at ease in your house of wisdom and shun ambition; but, if you have achieved in part your heart’s desire, like Alexander, seek new worlds to conquer. When the fires of ambition burn low, beware lest the flame of your spirit die, also. Keep the lamp of ambition burning brightly.

The fifth lamp you should have brightly shining is the lamp of courage. Since the days when Tacitus declared that the gods looked with favor on superior courage, down to the present time, courage has been considered the necessary attribute of a hero. There are as many different kinds of courage as there are

kinds of heroes, and physical courage is far from being the most important.

In the excitement of battle or the stress of great emergency, it is easy to be brave, for, as Shakespeare said, "Courage mounteth with occasion." But the quiet courage, never spectacular, never held up to admiration, that enables one to continue, day after day, in a situation that may be deadening to the higher sensibilities, revolting to the senses, but that must still be done—to continue without complaining, without self-pity, and without assuming an air of patient martyrdom—that is real courage.

It takes courage to be in the minority, to champion an unpopular or an apparently hopeless cause, to be in the right with two or three. It took courage to sail across a dangerous, unknown sea in search of a new commercial route that, after all, might not be there. It takes courage to leave friends and home and settle in a wilderness, far from human aid, and make it blossom like the rose. It takes courage to explore the frozen wastes of the polar regions.

But it also takes courage to hold fast to what you believe to be right, against the opposition of the majority and the pressure of circumstances. It takes courage to lose gracefully and to start again at the beginning, undismayed by defeat. It takes courage to be successful, without becoming arrogant and self-satisfied. It takes courage to remain in a humble position when others less fitted than you are taking command, and to remember that

"All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no first nor last."

Some people are so constituted that they have no fear; they do not recognize danger. They are not brave; they merely lack fear. He is brave who is tormented by fear, who knows his danger, and who still does what lies before him and to which he is impelled by his intellect rather than his emotions. Mark Twain said, "Courage is resistance of fear, mastery of fear, not absence of fear. Except a creature be part coward, it is not a compliment to say he is brave; it is merely a loose misapplication of the word."

In your house of wisdom, you need the lamp of courage—a courage that combines the spirit of a crusader with the soul of a dreamer. Its gleam should illuminate the path of duty and give to you an unfaltering will that acknowledges no defeat and wearies at no labor. You need the courage to stand or fall by your convictions, to uphold the right as you see it and to refuse to compromise for the sake of expediency.

The sixth lamp will do much to make your house bright and cheerful and will make it pleasing to others. It is the lamp of humor. Falstaff said to Prince John, "I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom." We cannot all have wit, but we all need a sense of humor. It will make life endurable for us and much more agreeable for those about us.

Shakespeare's wonderful sense of humor, which made possible his creation of the characters of Jaques, Falstaff, the motley-minded Touchstone, Quince, and Bottom, is one of the secrets of his immortality. When he held the mirror up to Nature he saw her humor as well as her beauty and her tragedy; and he always laughed with people instead of at them.

When I say you need a sense of humor, I do not mean you are to become like those odious persons who

go about telling jokes and being so annoyingly cheerful and optimistic that they make violent pessimists of all with whom they come in contact. But you should be able to appreciate the mirth of the world as well as its beauties, to enjoy

“Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, . . .
Sport that wrinkled Care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides.”

A sense of humor is necessary for many reasons. If you have it, you can the more easily endure hardships and discomforts. You can defeat your enemy by laughing at him rather than by fighting him. Nothing is so disastrous to pretension, affectation, or even real wickedness as hearty laughter. But the best thing about a sense of humor is this: It keeps you from taking yourself too seriously.

When a man gets an exaggerated ego, it is likely to become what you might term an ingrowing personality; and that is fatal to all advancement. The moment it occurs to a person, his growth ceases and he becomes merely a tiresome egotist—a bore to his friends and a burden to himself.

There was once a venerable dean who always gave this excellent advice to his graduating classes: “For four years you have been large frogs in a small puddle. Now, when you go out into the world, you will find it is a large puddle. You will be but ordinary frogs. Don’t try to fill the puddle; it can’t be done.” A sense of humor will keep you from trying to fill the puddle.

A sense of humor will keep you from growing too exacting or from demanding the impossible from life. It is very easy to find fault if one has that sort of dis-

position naturally. Mark Twain used to tell of a man who, not being able to find any other fault with the coal the dealer had sent him, complained that there were too many prehistoric toads in it.

You must have the lamp of humor in your house of wisdom to make life more enjoyable for yourselves and for others, and to prevent you from taking yourselves too seriously.

The last lamp, and in some respects the most important of all, is the lamp of imagination. The ancients symbolized learning by a torch passing from hand to hand down the generations. That lighted torch is imagination.

The proper function of a college or secondary school is to awaken the imagination and discipline it through the acquisition of facts and necessary habits. An atmosphere of enthusiasm transforms knowledge and changes plain facts until they are illuminated and invested with magic possibilities. Education is discipline for the great adventure of life. All research is intellectual adventure of the highest type. Schools and colleges should be the starting points of adventure. Imagination is the soul of thought. Youth is naturally imaginative, and if the imagination be strengthened by discipline its energy may be preserved throughout life.

The discoverers and explorers, the inventors and adventurers of the world are those gifted with superior imaginations, which directed their lives. You remember Kipling's explorer who heard the voice—

“A voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes

On one everlasting whisper day and night repeated
—so:

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges;
Something lost behind the ranges—lost and waiting for you. Go!"

Commerce and imagination thrive together. This may be clearly seen by reviewing the ancient days of Venice, of Holland, of England. Masefield, in his poem "Cargoes," gives us a glimpse of the imaginative adventurers who roamed the seas centuries ago:

"Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedar wood, and sweet white wine."

The Puritans of New England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were, strange to say, intensely imaginative people, but so restrained in outward expression and so fearful of symbolism by physical beauty that their lives were governed by intense spiritual truths intellectually imagined.

The tragedy of life is that most of those who are imaginative have but slight experience, and those who have experience are but slightly imaginative. Some one has said that fools act on imagination without knowledge, and pedants act on knowledge without imagination. The task of education should be to weld together imagination and experience.

The problem of all intellectual education is, of course, controlled by time. Methuselah should have been a remarkably well-educated man. If not, the fault was his own, unless he had very poor teachers.

Imagination is a matter of daily exercise. It can-

not be acquired like a fur coat and put in storage to be produced when there is a change in the weather. Imagination is as contagious as courtesy. So you should always color your learning with imagination and thus do your share toward ridding the world of that stolid matter-of-fact-ness which makes days monotonous and work toil rather than adventure.

Imagination has made possible all progress, all advancement. It has given to the world its great literature.

Shakespeare, whose imagination was beyond compare, said:

“The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.”

and

“As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

Imagination is a source of joy to its possessor. Those who are unable to adventure in actuality may, through visions of the mind, behold the

“cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself.”

Like the woman who was so temperamental that she had more fun being miserable than other folk did being happy, he who possesses a vivid imagination may travel farther at home than the unimaginative soul who roams the globe, sees nothing, and fumes because he misses the comforts of home.

An adventurous soul, brightened by the lamp of imagination, is a great gift. It changes life from a

drab design to a bright-hued pattern and makes it "bliss to be alive and heaven to be young." Unless your house of wisdom be adorned with the lamp of imagination, it will be dark and cheerless. It will be a shelter, rather than a home where dreams grow real and fancy reigns.

Let us again enumerate the seven lamps of wisdom. They are the lamps of courtesy, tolerance, loyalty, ambition, courage, humor, and imagination. In these seven are included many others, and all are interdependent. Ambition without courage is of little avail, and courage needs ambition to make it active. Courtesy and tolerance are needed to make human relationships endurable, and each connotes kindness and sympathy. Loyalty presupposes courage and is often its stimulus. A sense of humor gives one a true perspective of relative values and keeps one from taking one's self too seriously. From the lamp of imagination comes the fuel that feeds the flame of all the other lamps, that keeps them brightly burning to illuminate the dark corners and the dull vistas of life. Imagination is the magic that transmutes life's leaden metal into gold.

With these seven lamps, you should see into the future with faith and hope, remembering that "Through wisdom is a house builded and by misunderstanding is it established." While by the seven lamps of wisdom it is illuminated, so that the higher things of the spirit are revealed clearly, and understanding and fulfillment are secured. May they ever burn brightly in your house builded through wisdom.

CLASS DAY MONOLOGUES

(a) THE MAIN EVENT

(For a boy)

BOB NELSON, *the sports announcer, enters the broadcasting room of Senior Station with the station manager, all primed to broadcast the commencement exercises. If preferred, the monologist may assume the parts of the station manager and the valedictorian, which are very brief, instead of using two assistants, taking care, however, to change his voice and manner for each impersonation. The station manager comes to the microphone, which may be an imitation one mounted on a standard, and makes the preliminary announcement.*

STATION MANAGER. Ladies and gentlemen: Tonight the Senior Station has the honor to broadcast the commencement exercises of the ——— High School. Because of the unavoidable absence of our regular announcer, Mortimer M. Montmorency, your announcer will be Bob Nelson, the famous sports broadcaster. I will now turn the microphone over to Bob.

(*The station manager retires, and BOB, a sporty-looking individual with a ring-side manner, speaks into the microphone.*)

BOB:

Good evening, folks. Here we are, right by the ring

side in the Senior Station, all ready to witness the big event of the season, and one of the greatest attractions ever given in this auditorium. Huge crowds are storming the doors and even using the emergency entrances. It sure promises to be the battle of the century.

(Chimes are rung off stage.)

Here they come, folks. Here they come—all the contestants. They're marching in. (*Grows more and more excited.*) They're taking their seats in the ring. A fine brawny gang they are, too, with a high amateur standing. Before the action begins, I'll try to describe them to you. After a long indoor campaign and a severe spring season, coached by that perennial promoter, ———, (*names principal or superintendent*) they are all ready to join the major league and try for the big time.

They appear to be in the pink of condition. The boys are in the well-known soup-and-fish, and the girls look pretty enough to win a decision from any referee.

(Chimes are again rung off stage.)

They're off! They're off! Now, folks, some chap's making an address of welcome. If I'm not mistaken—and no doubt I am—it's the class president, John Doe. (*Localize name.*) He looks sad, as if the mortgage would be due to-morrow; but it may be just his natural expression.

Now, folks, keep your eye peeled and your ear distended. There is a treat coming. Miss Jennie Jones (*localize*) is going to recite, and it looks as if she'd make a touchdown. Now she's bowing to the audience. They're going wild with enthusiasm. Now she's reciting. (*Pauses to listen.*) It's a poem called "Tam o'

Shanter." It's about a young Scotchman who got on his horse and rode off in all directions. He finally made a home run.

Next we have an oration by Frank Forman, a young oratorical middleweight. (*Localize.*) His subject is "Why Is Democracy a Failure?" Don't ask me why. I'm all out of answers. He's getting off to a fine start, folks. Nice even gait—good speed. A-ah, he's faltering! He can't remember his speech. He's thinking. He's thinking hard. He's gritting his teeth. (*In a burst of enthusiasm.*) Oh, he's getting it! His expression brightens. Just one more spurt, brain, and you'll be there. Atta boy! He's got it! He's finished his speech. He's told the world why democracy is a failure. Not that it matters, but an orator has to have something to talk about.

Now, all you chronic tune-inners can keep your own scores in this series, but I'm betting heavily on the little girl who's next on the program to win the pennant. It's Miss Rose Roland. (*Localize.*) She's the valedictorian, and she's due to make one of those "Friends, Romans, and relatives from the country" speeches. Sure enough. She's looking them right in the eye and talking about loyalty, the betterment of the world, and idealism. It's funny how the crowds fall for that uplift bunk. Some game, folks! Three runs and no errors.

What do you know, folks? Here comes the president of the board of education. He's a genial guy with the general shape of an electric light bulb. He is about to award the blue ribbons—the diplomas, I mean. Not an entry was scratched. There's a record to be proud of, friends, and one that's unusual in the history of the sporting—I mean educational—world. The winners,

trying to look modest, are receiving the congratulations of their loving friends, and everybody's happy, even the umpire.

Wait a minute, friends. I'll ask the champ—I mean the valedictorian, to say just a few words to the radio audience. (*Calls to off stage.*) Miss Roland, won't you say just a few words over the air? That's the stuff.

Enter MISS ROLAND in great embarrassment.

MISS ROLAND (*coming to the microphone*). Hello, everybody. I'm very happy to have won the—

(*Her voice is drowned out by loud music and cheers off stage.*)

(b) THE POINT OF VIEW

(*For a girl or a boy*)

The older I grow, the more firmly I am convinced that everything in life depends upon one's point of view. What one woman regards as a pleasure is a bore to another, and one man's genius is another man's moron. Stop and think for a moment of the varied opinions your friends have about you yourself.

The marks your teachers give you depend upon their reactions to your individual peculiarities. Your basket ball game was good, so the physical training teacher spoke of you as an excellent pupil. Your geometry just wasn't; and the mathematics teacher thinks of you as "that dumb-bell, William Jones."

Your mother thought that you were a little gentle-

man, while all the time the neighbors were calling you "that terrible Jones boy." Yet you did not change your mentality or your behavior for any of them. You were always you. It was simply their point of view.

Let me illustrate. Suppose the old familiar nursery rime of Jack and Jill were told by widely differing people. Do you think it would be the same story? Not at all. As you remember, Mother Goose, whose veracity we have no cause to doubt, said:

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after."

There doesn't seem much opportunity for any point of view there; does there? But wait a bit. A ballad writer, living in the period when Sir Patrick Spens was the latest literary sensation, would have thought it happened like this:

The king sits in Dumferling towne,
Drinking right heartily.
"Oh, where shall I find a water boy
To fill my pail for me?"

Up and spake an eldern knight
Sat at the king's richt knee;
"Oh, Jack and Jill are the very ones
To climb the hill for thee."

"Oh, woe is me," cried bonny Jack.
"Me, too," cried bonny Jill.
"Oh, wha hath done this wrong to me
To send me up the hill?"

“Late, late yestreen I had my shoon
Both rubber-soled, I did,
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That on the hill I’ll skid.”

The king a royal frown he frowned,
Though tears were in his ee,
So Jack and Jill the pail uptook;
In vain their timid plea.

Oh, lang, lang may the old king sit,
His glass held out to fill,
Or e’er he sees the two return
With water down the hill.

For rough and rocky is the spot
Where hill and valley meet,
And there the two lie cold and dead,
With the tin pail at their feet.

Then, a few centuries later, our own Robert Louis Stevenson would have immortalized the unhappy pair as follows:

Up the steep and slippery hill
Who should climb but Jack and Jill?
They held a pail in both their hands
And searched for wells in foreign lands.

Soon their pail of tin was filled;
Not a drop of water spilled.
And upon their homeward way
Down they started, blithe and gay.

But, alas, the feet of Jack
Stumbled on a stone, alack!

So he fell and broke his crown,
And Jill beside him tumbled down.

Little Jack and little Jill,
Sad you tumbled down the hill!
Your misfortune makes me blue,
But, oh, I'm glad that I'm not you!

A very modern poet of to-day would say it in free verse like this:

Jack and Jill climbed up the hill
Of high ambition, and aspired
To reach the stars.
They took with them a silver pail
In which to gather golden stars—
Bright stars of fame and wealth and love—
Pale stars of tender hopes and dreams—
A galaxy of loveliness.
They struggled bravely up the steep ascent
Through storm and disappointment drear,
And almost gained the top.
But, as with eager hands they reached
To touch the heavens blue,
They fell. They did not fall alone,
But dragged each other down—down into the
depths—
The depths of black despair.

But, as they lay amid their ruined hopes,
They turned their faces to the sky
And still could see the stars.

And this is what any conscientious hygiene instructor would think about the unlucky pair:

Jack and Jill went for water one day
To the top of a very high hill,
But the pail was so heavy they let it fall
And the nice cool water spill.

They made no effort to lift the pail
But looked at the wreck with a sigh,
For Jack was careless with calories,
And Jill was vitamine-shy.

They both were as weak as kittens, you see,
For they didn't exercise,
And they never slept ten hours each night,
As children do who are wise.

Of course their muscles were not like iron,
But soft and useless as silk,
For Jack would never eat spinach, alas!
And Jill wouldn't drink her milk.

Very poor poetry, as you see, but chuck-full of practicable health hints. Then it might have been done in prose. In the days of chivalry, we would find an account of the story written like this:

When the Michaelmas Moon came in with warnings of winter the Queen Gawainette bethought her full oft of a spring of magic water upon a distant hill and asked of all King Gawain's knights who would fare forth to bring her a pail filled with crystal water from that secret spring.

Then up spake handsome Sir Jack, "I beseech ye, my liege sovereign, let this venture be mine, and if I fail or bear myself ungallantly then let all this court blame me."

A maiden fair to look upon and comely of voice spake to Sir Jack, "I ask thee, knight, what is thy name?"

"In faith," quoth the good knight, "Jack am I, and I go alone in search of water for my liege sovereign."

Then the maiden made him great cheer and spake gayly, "Nay, forsooth, good sir, thou goest not alone for I, the Lady Jill, shall travel with thee."

Sir Jack, nothing loath, answered her, "If ye list to do so, it liketh me well."

So together they searched through heath and holt till eventide, when they came to a great hill which they climbed apace. On its summit was hiding a spring of crystal clear water from which Sir Jack filled his pail to the brim.

Then did he and the Lady Jill descend but with so much haste that his golden spur caught in a jagged rock. The brave knight fell heavily to the bottom of the hill and would have lost the precious drops from the pail but that the fair Lady Jill, who tumbled after, caught the pail and so saved the water, and the unfortunate knight's self-respect. She bound up his head with her white kerchief, and they came in safety to the court.

Joy awakened in the palace of the King Gawain and the Queen Gawainette when it was known that the brave Sir Jack and the fair Lady Jill were come. And when they did see the wound in Sir Jack's head and heard of the amazing presence of mind of the Lady Jill, they honored them greatly. And all made accord that the lords of the King's Round Table should each, like Sir Jack, wear bound about his head a band of white linen to do him honor.

Here is the tale, decked out as a news item in a present day tabloid:

Suicide Pact. Jack and Jill Kill Each Other. Double Murder in the Park.

The body of Jack, a millionaire man about town, was found at the foot of the ski jump in Stuyvesant Park this morning. Death was due to a blow on the head from some blunt instrument, possibly a lead pipe. By his side, also dead, was found Jill, a beautiful blonde of about eighteen, attired in a coral chiffon morning dress. Her death was the result of a sprained ankle, and it is believed by the police that she fell or was pushed down the hill. All evidence points to a suicide pact. Did Jack push Jill down the hill to her death and then hit himself over the head with the lead pipe? Between the bodies, at an angle of $45\frac{1}{2}$ degrees was an ordinary tin pail, containing an envelope addressed to the National Broadcasting Company. The note had been removed, but no doubt it said, "We die to prove our love and that the names of Jack and Jill may be immortal." An early arrest is promised by the police.

Then we have it dressed up as fiction in a pulp magazine of to-day:

The powerful engine of the huge red roadster gurgled despairingly and went into a silence at the foot of a steep incline.

"Well, for cryin' out loud! What's the matter with this boat now?" ejaculated Jill, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Boiled dry. No water, old dear," answered Jack.

"Not old and not so dear," said she. "Anybody but an idiot's understudy would have seen there was water before starting out."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Say, baby," muttered Jack, "cut out the snappy come-backs."

"Remember, boy friend, the judge is to hand me a nice new divorce at five. Do something, can't you? You're about as helpful as a cold in the head."

Jack gazed longingly at her profile. "The chin I'd love to touch," he said softly.

Just then, at the top of the hill, they saw a sign—a rapidly revolving ham sandwich.

"Hot dog!" yelled Jack. "A refreshment stand! We'll get a drink for the car there," and, pulling Jill from the car by the left ear, he started up the hill, yanking her along.

Unable to get any water, they bought four bottles of ginger ale and hurried down again.

"Some dump!" growled Jack. "I was sure they'd have water there."

"Never jump at conclusions," giped Jill, "or you'll have baggy knees in your trousers."

This remark irritated Jack, and he playfully tapped Jill over the head with a bottle. She returned the tap with enthusiasm and another bottle. As Jack rolled down the hill, she threw another bottle after him.

Fortunately it did not break, and after she had bound up Jack's head with the spare tire, they gave the car a swig of ginger ale and went up the hill at ninety miles an hour. They reached the courthouse in time to receive Jill's divorce and Jack's ticket for speeding at precisely the same moment. They were married next day and lived sappily ever after.

As you see, it all depends upon your point of view.

(c) YOU DON'T MIND; DO YOU, DEARIE?

(For a girl)

ELSIE, who is beautiful, and the gold-digger of the class, sits in the choicest seat in the study hall. There is no teacher to urge the courtesy of silence, consequently ELSIE holds a long and profitable conversation with as many of her classmates as can be of service to her.

ELSIE:

Hello, Annette. I'll be glad when it's three. Won't you? I'm terribly tired, too. I was up until two o'clock last night. Yes, I went to the dance with Fred. No-o-o, not so thrilling. He has just an old flivver. I was furious when he drove up.

I said, "For goodness' sake, Fred, why didn't you borrow your cousin Joe's new six-passenger limousine? I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

And, do you know, my dear, Fred didn't like it; he actually had a grouch on the whole evening. He didn't even buy me a box of candy. Yes, Annette, I know he brought me a five-pound box on Sunday; surely, but that was Sunday, and last night was Wednesday. I don't think I'll waste much more time on Fred if he can't do better than that. I wouldn't for the world want you to think I'm selfish, Annette, but I do think a fellow ought to give some evidence that he appreciates a girl when he takes her out. Don't you?

Oh, do you really have to study? I don't seem to find time to do my work, so I try to look awfully interested in class. I positively lean forward and act fascinated when a teacher's talking, and it works every time. Why don't you try it? Of course it takes some one with very expressive features.

Oh, just a minute, Annette. Is your French translation done? May I see it a minute, please? No, you can't compare it with mine, for I haven't done any. Don't you remember? I went to the dance last night. (*Takes paper from an imaginary classmate.*) My goodness! I didn't know she gave us as much as that to do. I do wish, Annette, you'd write plainer. I can hardly read this. (*Reads.*) "A husbandman who was at the point of death wished to teach his children that labor is—is—oh, yes—that labor is a treasure." Well, believe me, it's not my idea of a treasure.

I'll just keep this a few minutes, Annette, and copy it. You don't mind; do you, dearie? Good-bye. (*To herself.*) She acts as if she didn't want me to have it. Some girls are so selfish. I'd be ashamed to be like that.

No, Mary, I'm sorry. I'm using my pencil. I can't spare it. Borrow one from somebody else. (*To herself.*) The idea of her not bringing a pencil!

Hello, Grace. Loan me a sheet of paper, will you? I forgot to bring any. Annette insisted that I copy her French, and I didn't want to hurt her feelings. Maybe you'd better give me two sheets of paper, Grace; the lesson is so long. You don't mind; do you? Yes, thank you, I have a pencil. (*To herself.*) Now, I wonder, did she mean that for a dirty dig? She saw I had a pencil. Oh, I'm too tired to copy this French now. I'll take it home and copy it to-night. Annette won't notice that I haven't returned it.

Hey, Bert, what's the rush? You don't have to study. You were born knowing all the answers. By the way, Bert, have you any extra trips on your school ticket? Mine's all used up. Let me ride out on your ticket to-night, will you? I might come in with you in

the morning, too, if you don't mind. That's fine. I'll see you at the station.

Hello, Dan. Where have you been all this week? Of course I wanted to see you. I always want to see you, Dan. Oh, Helen, get another chair. Can't you see I have my feet on this? There are lots more over there on the sunny side of the room. Pull down the shade, and you won't mind, dearie. Can you beat that, Dan—taking the chair right out from under my feet?

Oh, Dan, I've been working so hard I've got a headache. Over this awful geometry, of course. Here are five pages of theorems or equations or whatever you call 'em, and I can't do one. Oh, Dan, I hate to bother you, but you're so clever, you don't really mind. Now do you? If you'll just do them for me—oh, Dan, that's so sweet of you! No, Dan, don't bother to explain them to me; just do them. I'll go over them to-night. Besides, I don't think it's really fair for me to let you do all that for me. You just put the work on the paper. I won't let you do another thing.

Oh, look, Dan! Do you see that nice cool corner over there? Why don't you sit there and work so you won't be disturbed? Of course I don't want to get rid of you, Dan. How can you ever think such a thing? I'll come over and get them at a quarter of three. That's so sweet of you, Dan. You don't mind; do you?

Hello, Bertha. Loan me your poetry book for to-night, will you? I haven't bought mine yet. You loaned it to Jane Jordon? Well, can you beat that? That girl never buys a book when she can borrow one. Who else has a copy? I've got to borrow one before I go home.

Oh, Tom, Tom, come over here and talk to me. What's this I hear about your having a new roadster?

Honest? Oh, how perfectly lovely! I don't think there's another car that can compare with a green roadster, especially a green roadster trimmed with black. I'll bet you are taking some lucky girl out for a ride every night.

Oh, yes you are, too. Don't tell me that, Tom. Why, Tom, any girl would be delighted to go out in such a wonderful car and with such a charming chap as you. I know one who would, anyway. Of course I mean it. There's a lovely dance out at the country club to-morrow night, Tom. I suppose you're going. I? Oh, no. (*Sadly.*) No one has asked me to go. Oh, Tom, how perfectly delightful! I'd love to go with you. Oh, Tom, I do hope my talking so much about your car didn't make you think I was hinting for an invitation. I wouldn't do anything like that for the world—not if I never got anywhere. You didn't think for a minute that I was hinting. Did you, Tom? Oh, I'm so relieved! Yes, it's about ten miles.

That perfectly adorable new restaurant, the Purple Chicken, is just halfway there. One of the girls was telling me that every time she and her boy friend go to the country club they stop there for dinner. They serve the most wonderful chicken dinner there. Of course it's awfully expensive.

Oh, how perfectly sweet, Tom! I'd just love to start early and have dinner there. I can be ready any time. It will be just heavenly! Now you must run along and let me study. You don't really mind; do you? See you at eight to-morrow night. Good-bye.

(*To herself.*) My heavens! What shall I wear to that dance? I haven't a thing. (*Looks hungrily around and spies another imaginary classmate.*) Marian dear, where were you this afternoon? I've been looking

for you everywhere. I just sat down here a few minutes ago. How are you, anyway? You always do such lovely work.

I was just saying to Tom, "There isn't another girl in this high school who does such lovely work as Marian."

He agreed with me. No, indeed, I'm not flattering you. That's one thing I never do. That's a sweet dress you have on. Where did you buy it? You did? It looks like a French model, honestly. I just adore that green evening gown of yours. Green is my favorite color, and it looks so sweet on you. What slippers do you wear with it? Silver? I might have known; you always dress in such perfect taste, Marian. I'll just bet you have a green and silver evening wrap to wear with it, too. I knew it. Oh, you lucky girl! (*Sadly.*)

Oh, Marian, I'm so miserable. You don't realize how lucky you are—all those lovely things to wear. I haven't a thing and to-morrow night I'm going to a swell dance at the country club. Tom asked me to go in his new green roadster. Tom's just crazy about me, Marian. I wouldn't breathe that to a soul but you. I know you won't tell. Well, of course I want to look nice and make him proud of me. I thought I could wear my old green organdie, but it's all faded and it's too short. I just can't wear it. I'll have to tell Tom I can't go.

If I were like some girls, I'd borrow a dress from one of my friends, but I couldn't do that. Somehow borrowing seems so—so—unrefined. I just can't do that.

What, Marian? Yes, I wear size sixteen and a four and a half shoe. What, Marian, you want me to wear your dress? Oh, you darling! But no—no. I couldn't think of it. No, really I couldn't. I adore that dress,

and I do look awfully well in green, but no—no—Marian. I can't do it. I have never borrowed, and I shan't begin now.

You really wish me to? Marian, I hope nothing I said made you think I was hinting for your dress and shoes—and wrap, because I could never look you in the face again, I'd be so humiliated. You're sure you didn't? Well, Marian, I couldn't do this for anyone but you. I just couldn't. But I've always been so fond of you and admired you so much. I'll be proud to wear your dress.

It will be the first time in all my life I've ever borrowed anything, but, Marian darling, somehow, since it's you, I don't seem to mind it at all. Yes, I'll get them to-night, and a thousand thanks. Good-bye, dear. Oh, Marian, I'll just take your crystal beads, too. You don't mind; do you, dearie?

(d) I'M LEAVING

(For a boy)

JOHNNY, *the dumbest boy in junior high, speaks his mind.*

JOHNNY:

I'm going to leave school. It's too bad, but I just can't stand things any longer.

I heard one of the teachers say last night, "His mind has just one dimension: thickness."

It's not fair. I know a lot of things but they never ask me the things I know. They all hurry me, too, especially Miss Jones.

She looks at me and says, "Do you know?" and then, under her breath, "No, you wouldn't," and doesn't give me a chance to think at all.

Of course I never do know, but how can she be so sure I don't? Tell me that.

I can tell all about the birds in the woods and the flowers in the meadow. I can fix a leaky pipe and raise a garden or even paper a room, if I don't have to use the rule in the book to find out how much paper I need. Honest, I know lots about such things, but I can't spell and the best mark I ever got on a composition was D minus. I usually get an E in red ink. But I'm awful good at straightening up the rows of desks and changing the water on the goldfish and going for the janitor when the pipes don't get hot.

Teacher said to Miss Green, "Thank goodness there's something he can do!"

So I guess she'd miss me if I left, even if I can't pass the geography tests.

When she takes the class out into the country—she calls it a hike, but, goodness, it's just a little stroll!—she has to ask me about all the birds and flowers and bugs. She doesn't know one from the other, and she's almost thirty years old. Seems to me I get most as much fun knowing what I know as she does knowing what she knows. Political parties and present participles and x plus y don't sound half as exciting as woodchucks and blue gentians and treetoads.

It's a funny thing how teachers always act different when there's company. You know: Their voices get so sort of soft and kind—not a bit like what it is when we're alone and nobody knows the answers. The superintendent was in our room yesterday, and I raised

my hand for every question, but she never called on me. She never does when there's company.

She said the other day, "How can you get along in business, Johnny, when you can't even add?"

And I said, "I ain't going in business, Miss Jones. But if I was, I'd get an adding machine and a book-keeper."

She thought I was fresh, but I didn't mean to be.

I don't see any sense wasting so much time reading things in books. By the time you get something learned, somebody else writes a new book and proves all you learned was wrong. You can't believe all you read, especially what's in the papers.

I did like the poem the teacher read to us the other day, though, about trying to do hard things. It said folks should hitch their wagon to a starfish and try to get up high and be somebody. Seems a funny thing to do, but she ought to know. I haven't any wagon, but I could borrow Jimmy's, I suppose. He never uses it.

Jimmy's a friend of mine, and we often talk things over. He studied to be a moron, but he couldn't pass the exams. He's a fine chap; you'd like him. His face doesn't fit, and he's sort of slow, but he's a mighty good fellow. Jimmy says the reason the teachers don't like me is because I ask so many questions they can't answer. They think I just do it to be smart, but I don't; I want to know.

I thought that was what teachers were for, but Jimmy says, "No, they're to ask questions, not to answer them."

They all think I'm stupid and won't ever amount to anything but I won't be discouraged. I'll just hitch my wagon to a starfish and show 'em what I can do. But I'll have to leave school, for I'm just wasting my

time there. Jimmy says they'll be glad to get rid of me, but that's O. K. The pleasure is municipal.

(e) SAMMY GRADUATES

(For a girl)

MRS. BROWN *meets Mrs. Smith on the corner as both start out to do their Friday morning shopping. MRS. BROWN is in a talkative mood.*

MRS. BROWN:

Good morning, Mrs. Smith. Nice morning, isn't it? Yes, Sammy graduates to-night. Am I proud? Well, I can't exactly say that I'm proud, but I'm certainly relieved. You see, education's sort of running wild just now, and you can't tell where it's going to fetch up. I'm glad to get Sammy out of it before something permanent happens.

Oh, no; I can't tell what he'll do now. Him? He hasn't an idea in his head. Why, he can't put on a necktie in the morning unless he has a conference with himself and plans which one to wear that day.

You see, Mrs. Smith, you can't understand how I feel unless you hear about Sammy's school life from the very beginning. Ever since the day I took him to kindergarten, it's been just one thing after another, till I'm all worn out. But, thank heaven, it's over now! Senior high school? Only over my dead body. I can't stand another four years of Sammy's education.

The day he started to school, I had to fill out a long card telling all our family history; whether Sammy's pa had a job and why; whether we were citizens or not

—and Mr. Brown's father the first settler in the state! And then, because I'd lost his birth certificate, they wouldn't let him in the kindergarten till I'd got a certified statement from the board of health. Seems to me they could tell by looking at him that he'd been born; but they said, no, that wouldn't do at all.

Well, from kindergarten Sammy went to transition class. At least that's what they called it that year. They change the name every year so folks won't feel so bad when their children don't get promoted. Well, Sammy just sat in the transition class and waited to be mature enough to go on to first grade. The kindergarten teacher said he didn't hold his scissors right when he did his paper cutting and his clay modeling wasn't very good, either, so he couldn't go to first grade.

In the third grade, his report cards got awful. His reading was poor, and his conduct was poorer. He just wouldn't sit still and pay attention. His marks got lower and lower, so they put him in the opportunity class. Opportunity for what? For the teacher to get a rest, I guess. Sammy did carpenter work in the opportunity class. Every night he came home with a mashed thumb or his coat torn on a nail or something, but I just tied up his thumb and mended his coat and said nothing. Sammy had to be educated.

Just about this time something called tests and measurements and case studies struck the school; and, believe me, hit it hard! Every child had an achievement test, an intelligence test, a blood test, a Schick test, a comprehension test— My land!

Every night when Sammy came home he'd say, "Ma, I had another test to-day."

I'd say, "What about, Sammy?"

"Oh, I dunno," he'd answer. "We made circles around pictures and put crosses on top of 'em if we meant 'yes,' and lines under 'em if we meant 'no,' and then the teachers said, 'Now, darn it, we've got to sit up all night to mark these papers!' I dunno what the test was about."

Well, Mrs. Smith, after my Sammy had taken all these tests, they discovered he was very bright—almost a genius, they said. I was so scared when they called me to come to school. I thought he'd done something awful.

The principal said, so solemn-like, "Mrs. Brown, Sammy has a very high I Q."

"I'm very sorry, Professor Green," I said with tears in my eyes. "There was never anything like that in our family before."

Then he laughed and said Sammy was going to be put into an accelerate class. No, I didn't know either till they told me. It meant he'd skip a half year every few weeks.

Well, the funny things they had that boy do! The children worked in groups. Six or eight of 'em got off in a corner and talked about the last movie or football or something like that.

Then when the work wasn't done, the leader would say, "The others don't coöperate, Miss Jones." And they'd all get the dickens for not coöperating.

Sammy painted pictures. My land! He brought one home. I thought it was a head of cabbage, and he got awful cross. He said it was his idea of a cow eating clover in June.

"Well," I said, "Sammy, it may be your idea, but it isn't mine, and I'll bet it isn't the cow's, either."

He had a movable seat and desk now. As far as I

could tell, he spent half the day shoving his desk around from one group to another. But Sammy enjoyed school that year; he certainly did.

Then they got to having weeks. You know—weeks for special things to do: Book Week when they read books and made believe they were Peter Pan or William Tell or something like that. I asked Sammy who he was, and he said he was Robin Hood. I asked him who Robin Hood was, and he said he didn't know, but his teacher asked him didn't he want to be Robin Hood for Book Week, and of course he wanted to please the teacher so he said yes, he did; and he was. They had Safety Week, when they crossed the streets at the crossings and didn't hang on behind cars and ice wagons.

Then there was Home Week, when they appreciated their homes, and School Week when they sang songs about their school and made speeches about how wonderful it was, and Health Week when they promised not to get sick, and Thrift Week—Sammy saved a quarter Thrift Week. They even had Education Week. I should think every week would be Education Week, but Sammy said, no, that wasn't the way they did things now. I told Sammy he needed a Learn-Your-Lessons Week and a Wash-Your-Neck Week, but they never had 'em.

They had pageants and plays that term, and Sammy was a fried egg in a health play. I sat up till twelve one night to make his suit. He looked more like a scrambled egg, I thought; but the teacher seemed satisfied.

They had what they called after-school activities, too. Personally, I'd have liked him to be a little more active in school. He had a conference with his teacher every morning that term and planned his work for the

day. Sammy was always long on planning, but awful short on doing. The teacher said he planned the best of anybody in the class, but when I asked her how much he got done, she sort of changed the subject. The best conferences Sammy ever had took place with his pa in the woodshed.

They wrote poetry a lot—that is, they called it poetry. It didn't sound like it to me. Sammy wasn't very good at that, but the teacher said he must express himself in poetry, so he tried, but it wasn't his best form of expression.

Just as the spell of poetry was beginning to die down, the teachers got to using a new kind of report card. They didn't have any marks for reading or arithmetic or geography or spelling or history; no, indeed. Sammy was marked for health habits. Did he brush his teeth three times a day and have oatmeal for breakfast?

Then he was marked for after-school activities like playing basket ball or attending a meeting of the Good Citizens' Club. Of course Sammy'd rather do that than come home and do errands for me. He got marks for politeness and honesty and patriotism and coöperation and aspiration.

I asked his teacher how he was in arithmetic, and she was shocked—honest!

She said, "My dear Mrs. Brown, we're not teaching subjects now; we're teaching children."

"And what do you teach Sammy?" I asked, polite but firm.

"Oh," said she, "to express himself, to react properly to the group."

"That's just fine," I said, "but how does he react to long division?"

She didn't like it much, but I kept on till I found out that when Sammy had his morning conferences he just hadn't planned any arithmetic, so he hadn't done any all term. He hadn't felt the need of it yet, the teacher said.

"He will before six o'clock to-night," said I. And he did.

The next year Sammy's reports were not so good. I was disappointed, for I thought after such fine records in health, attitudes, and after-school activities he'd probably win a scholarship or something. But you can't depend on education, now'days.

I went to every P. T. A. meeting. Didn't you ever hear of them? The parents go to school every month, and the teachers tell 'em what's wrong with their children. They're awfully instructive. You wouldn't believe the things we mothers find out.

Well, the last P. T. A. meeting I went to, the teacher said she was disappointed in Sammy. He didn't show any initiative; he just sat still and didn't talk. I told her I'd give a lot if he'd act that way at home, but that wasn't her idea at all. You see, it's fashionable now to have freedom; children mustn't be repressed, she said. I just laughed at that.

"Try and do it," I said.

What do you think she told me, Mrs. Smith? That to make a child do his arithmetic and spelling because she said so was wrong. It injured him. I told her she had my permission to injure Sammy that way all she wanted to, but she said even if she wanted to, it would make the superintendent angry if she did.

I remember I went to school one afternoon to take Sammy to the dentist. He hadn't chosen to go, but I decided for him, even if it wasn't right. I took a chance

on injuring him. Well, I saw this freedom you hear so much about. The children were all talking at once and shoving their desks around. Some of them were writing a play, some singing. Two boys were quarreling over a game of marbles, and some others were hammering on a squirrel cage they were making for the kindergarten.

The teacher sat at her desk holding her head. I couldn't make her hear me till I banged on the desk. She said she had a headache.

"My land!" I said. "Who wouldn't in this place?"

"Oh," says she, getting all red, "the supervisor says my room has the best atmosphere of any in the city—so informal and free."

"I believe it, sister," said I, as I yanked Sammy off the top of another boy. They were fighting about which one coöperated best.

Not long after this, the superintendent heard of some new tests they'd just invented in a teachers' college, so he got a set and gave 'em to the children. And what do you suppose? This time they found that Sammy wasn't an accelerate at all, but just normal. I asked what about his high I Q, but the superintendent said this test had nothing to do with I Q's.

So Sammy got put back into the normal class. Yes, "normal" means like anybody else. He didn't do much of anything after that. You see if you're poor in your work, you get in the opportunity class, and you get a lot of attention. Then if you have a high I Q, you get put in an accelerate class and there you get lots of attention, but if you're normal they just sort of let you sit.

About all Sammy did was sit and wait for the bell to ring. He did do some arithmetic by himself while

the teacher heard the smart ones plan the day's work. He got marked mostly for attendance, and he didn't miss a day, so he got through.

Yes, Mrs. Smith, Sammy graduates from grammar school to-night, and I'm glad of it.

Yes, I do wish he knew what he wanted to do now. They teach vocational guidance in the high school, and they could tell him what he'd better do to earn a living, but I can't afford to have him spend four years finding out.

My sister's girl Ella took vocational guidance when she was in high school. She spent six months learning to be a rural mail carrier. Seemed kind of too bad, for Ella lives in the city and she never cared much about delivering things, anyway. Then she took up managing a truck farm, but she isn't very strong, and as I say, she lives in the city, so she really hasn't got any job yet.

Do you know, Mrs. Smith, I often have to laugh about Sammy's education. When he was in the first grade, his teacher said he hadn't done the right work in kindergarten. In the third grade they said he'd never learned his number facts in the second. In the fifth grade the teacher said the fourth grade teacher hadn't done her duty by him; but here in this grade they found the real trouble.

Yes, indeed, Mrs. Smith. The school psychologist studied him, and he says the trouble with Sammy is, he didn't have the right kind of grandfathers. I told him it was too late to do anything about that now. He said it wasn't too late to see that Sammy's grandchildren had the right sort of grandfather, but looking ahead so far as that seems like tempting Providence to me, and, anyway, Sammy doesn't seem so interested in being an ancestor. He's all taken up with football.

Of course I think our public schools are wonderful, Mrs. Smith. I'm very grateful to them. They took Sammy out from under my feet for eight years, and that's something, even if I did have to spend a lot of time running to school to answer questions.

Of course Sammy didn't learn very practical things, but if he can coöperate with a group and if he's learned to aspire, what more can a mother ask? I know he has a high I Q, even if he can't use it, and there's a job down at the corner garage, washing cars, that I'm planning he's to ask for next week.

Good-bye, Mrs. Smith. Do come to the graduating exercises to-night. Sammy's got a new blue suit, and he's going to be the fourth torch-bearer in a pageant called "Youth Triumphant."

(f) MY COLLEGE CAREER

(For a boy)

HAROLD, *having just been graduated from high school, sits right down and maps out his course of action in college for the benefit of his friends. He expects to enter Princeton in the fall, and he knows just what he's going to do when he gets there.*

HAROLD:

Well, fellows, after September, this one-horse town will just have to struggle along without me. Yeah, I'll be gone all right. Huh? Rutgers? I should say not. I did think about Yale but they say the social life there's not so hot. Harvard isn't bad, but the way I look at it, why go so far away from home that you

can't run in for a good feed once in a while or to borrow twenty bucks from the old man? Yeah, me for a place nearer home. Princeton's where I aim to hang out for the next four years.

Homesick? Say, fellows, don't make me laugh. Did you ever know Harold Smith when he wasn't surrounded by girls? What I mean is, in a town like Princeton there must be lots of good-looking janes, and you know they always fall for me. Not that I intend to waste my time on them, at that. I aim to make a name for myself in Princeton, and I've decided just how to go about it. I shan't waste any time or get in the wrong frat., as some fellows do. Not me, boys.

Yeah, I've got it all figured out. Of course I'm not unreasonable. I know it will take me maybe a couple of months before I'm as popular and outstanding a figure there as I am here. College is quite a bit bigger than high school, and I suppose they're more formal. The thing to do, the way I dope it out, is to make myself as conspicuous as possible right away. There's no sense in wasting time, and I want to be well established by Thanksgiving.

Princeton's exclusive? Sure it is; that's why I picked it out. What's the use of a fellow's getting famous in a college that hasn't any social standing? The way I figure it out it would be just a waste of time. The more exclusive it is the more important I'll be when I *get* important. See?

Opportunities? You know me, fellows. I don't wait for opportunities; I make 'em. That's me, every time. First, I'll get on the *Clarion*. To get in soft with the literary guys, you've got to be on the school rag. Sure I can write. Why not? Of course I'm not so dumb an egg as to think I'll be editor-in-chief the

first year, but I certainly aim to be on the staff by spring. And who knows what may happen the next year? Then if I don't find a job that just suits me when I'm through college, I can always go in a publishing house or work on a city paper for a while, after the experience I'll have on the *Clarion*.

But to get really known, the way I figure it out, you've got to be an athlete and a darned good one at that. And there's where little Harold shines. Oh, boy, when they once see me in action on the track! And as for football, well, I'll just show the coach what the *Smithville Record* said about my brilliant plays in the game with Tubbs Corners last fall. When he lams those words he'll fall on my neck and beg me to be on the team. And once I'm on, you can see for yourself I've got a swell chance to be captain; not right away, of course, but after I've done my stuff for a few games. The way it seems to me, a guy with pep and personality and one who delivers the goods besides just can't help getting into the middle of things. Yes, sir.

And by my Junior year I'll have the college just eating out of my hand. They'll realize they can't afford to pass up a sure thing like me. No, sir. I honestly expect to be president of my class in my Junior year. You may say I'm too modest and ought to count on it for the Sophomore class; but you know me, fellows. I won't go around and act like a politician just to get favors from the boys. I'd rather wait and be elected just on my merits instead of pussyfooting around and trying to make myself popular. Anyway, if I take up glee club and basket ball and debating in my Sophomore year, I'd just as soon some one else was president of the class. I'd be pretty busy.

Oh, sure, that's a dumb question. Of course I'll

join a fraternity, but I haven't decided which would be best yet. I don't want to make a mistake on that. Of course with my athletic reputation and my literary work on the *Clarion*, I'll be so well known that I'll get bids from all of them, but a fellow can't be too particular about his fraternity. I'd be ashamed to ask a girl down for the prom. if it wasn't the swellest fraternity in the college. A fellow has to be careful about those things if he's going to get the most out of life; you know that. Do you know, I may decide to go in for culture in a big way and join Phi Beta Kappa. There are a good many things about it I wouldn't like, but after all it has its points.

Yeah, I've got my arrangements all made and my line all planned out. I know just what I want and just how I'm going after it. And you know me, fellows; what I go after I get. My college career's all set. Princeton can depend on me.

(NOTE.—*The name of any other university or college may be substituted.*)

(g) THE GREAT AMERICAN DRAMA

(*For a girl*)

BETTY, *a shining light among the class's intelligent-
sia, meets her chum Mabel in the high school corridor
and outlines her future career for her friend, on pre-
tense of asking advice about it.*

BETTY:

Hello, Mabel. I'm so glad to see you. I wish to ask your advice. Now that I've finished my education and

am graduating from high school, I must settle down to my life work. I've always had better marks in English than anything else, so I shall be an author. Miss Payne told me, herself, that my imagination worked overtime, so that gives me practically no choice as to my future. I must use the talents given me.

A poet? Oh, no, Mabel, not a poet. There's so little money in poetry. Not that I intend to commercialize my art, but typewriting paper is expensive.

Yes, newspaper work pays well, but there's so little chance for originality. You have to tell the truth—approximately. I suppose magazine editors make a lot of money, but they're never famous. I'm sure you couldn't tell me, offhand, Mabel, who is the editor of *Life* or *Scribner's* or the *Saturday Evening Post*. What? Benjamin Franklin of the *Post*? That's not fair, Mabel. You saw his name on the cover. (*She ponders.*) I don't think that can be right, after all, Mabel. Franklin's been dead a long time—I'm sure of that. Don't you remember? He was a general in the Revolution. I think it was he who said, "Don't give up the ship," though I can't remember any naval battles in the Revolution. Anyway, nobody ever knows the names of editors.

No, Mabel, I don't think I'll write novels, either. I have a bigger, better plan. It takes so long to write a novel, even if you are a fast worker. Plays are shorter—just dialogue and no description. Isn't that a great idea, Mabel? Think of the royalties! Oh, no, Mabel, not farces or comedies; they are suited only to hoi polloi. I shall write better plays for better people, not stuff for anybody—plays that have a message.

Surely, Mabel, you must realize the deplorable condition of the theater. Some one especially fitted must

write the great American drama. I never shirk my duty. I shall do it. Yes, the play must be a tragedy. I looked over all my drama notes last night. I found that the emphasis of tragedy is shifted from what men do to what they suffer and that tragedy arises from the pressure upon the striving will, of outworn custom, of unjust law, of inherited instinct, and of malevolent circumstance.

You don't know what it means, Mabel? Nonsense! It just means—er—it means—that—er—that the hero never gets a break. The public must be uplifted and purified. Does it want to be uplifted? Oh, I never thought of that.

My play must be very symbolic; but it must please everybody, and it must have thrills. I have it! I shall write a mystery play, and I shan't be old-fashioned and have just one climax. I shall have just one climax after another all through the play, and the suspense will be practically unbearable. I'll make it so thrilling that women will faint and strong men shriek in horror.

The plot? Oh—yes—the plot. Don't you think it's best to get the name first and then make the plot fit it? You do? I'm so glad you agree with me, Mabel.

The name must be short and intriguing. (*She ponders.*) "The Gray Ghost." No, too common; and gray is such an unbecoming color to most people. I must keep little things like that in mind. "The Clue of the Crooked Finger"—No, clues are ordinary. "The Creaking Stair." That's my title. You don't think it's very original, Mabel? Well, I assure you my treatment will be most original.

Now I'll tell you the plot. The scene is a huge old house in a lonely forest. Everything will be covered with cobwebs to symbolize the immutability of time. A

man and his wife, the old, old caretakers, are waiting for the arrival of the owners. There is a terrible storm—thunder and lightning and maybe a flood. The wind is howling like a lost soul. As the curtain rises, two shots are fired, a shriek is heard, and across the dark hall moves this figure of an insane woman carrying a bloody dagger. I know I said the hall was dark, but you can see by the flashes of lightning. Don't be stupid, Mabel.

On the floor lies the body of a man, stabbed to the heart. In his hand is the revolver that fired the shots. The caretakers rush in and turn on the lights, and the woman rushes up the chimney. How can she get up the chimney? How should I know? That's up to the stage manager.

The caretakers hide the man under the settee and the old woman wipes up the blood stains with her white apron but (*dramatically*)—all the time they never say a word. Why? That's part of my clever idea. Everyone in the audience will wonder why. I don't know yet myself.

Then the owner, Horatio De Gold, enters. He has stolen money from the bank and hides it in the chimney. As he goes out, the woman comes down the chimney, takes the money, and goes out into the storm. A beautiful girl comes. They find the dead man, and she says he is her husband. They roll the dead man back under the sofa, and all go upstairs to bed.

Then the caretaker lets the crazy woman in, the stairs creak loudly in the darkness, there is a shriek, and a body rolls downstairs. When they turn on the lights, they see it is De Gold. His wife comes down and telephones for the police. No, Mabel, the wires are *not* cut. This is no common mystery play. The sheriff

comes, and a doctor from the lunatic asylum. As they all stand in the room, they hear footsteps above, then the stairs creak. They all look off stage into the stairway and scream as the curtain falls.

Does it really make your blood run cold, Mabel? I'm so glad. How is it going to end? Well—let me see. I'll have the crazy woman kill them all because her money was in the bank that was robbed. And the pretty girl was going to elope with the first dead man. He was a doctor. And the old caretaker and his wife are bank detectives. I thought that would surprise you. De Gold wasn't really killed, and his wife wasn't really his wife—just another robber.

Don't you think it's delightfully original to have the hero and heroine dead when the play ends? No other playwright has done that. Shakespeare? I'd like to know when. "Romeo and Juliet"? Oh, well, that's not a mystery play.

Complicated? Of course it's complicated. I'm going to have one scene played on the roof at midnight and the next in a secret dungeon in the cellar. And all the time, the storm will be growing worse and worse. The creaking stair? Oh, yes, the creaking stair. (*Ponders.*) In the last scene the sheriff rips up the creaking stair and gets an electric shock from a death machine inside, but he isn't killed. Somebody ought to be alive at the end of the play to take the curtain calls, don't you think?

And that's my great American mystery play, "The Creaking Stair." I'm so glad you like it, Mabel. I always find your advice so helpful. I really couldn't do anything unless I talked it over with you first. Don't you just love horrible things, Mabel, like bloody knives and grinning skulls and shots in the dark? Mysterious

noises at midnight just thrill me, and I'm crazy about savage wild beasts. I think my next play will be about a lion tamer, and I'll have a real, live lion on the stage.

(Looks toward corner of stage in terror.) Mabel, Mabel, look! What's moving in the corner? Yes, it is. It is, too, something, Mabel! Look! Mabel, Mabel, run! It's a mouse!

(BETTY squeals and runs wildly off stage, leaving the great American drama in the lurch.)

COMMENCEMENT PLAYS

(a) CHOOSING THE CLASS MOTTO

(Humorous skit for senior high schools)

FOR FIVE BOYS AND FIVE GIRLS

CHARACTERS

Boys

CLASS PRESIDENT
JOHN THOMPSON
WILLIAM BLAKE
CHARLES CLARKE
MEMBER OF JUDGES' COM-
MITTEE

Girls

MARY SMITH
LILLIAN GREEN
EFFIE JAMES
TWO MEMBERS OF JUDGES'
COMMITTEE

SCENE: *Platform of the high school assembly hall. In a semicircle on the platform are seated ten members of the graduating class facing the audience. In the center at a small table, one of them, the CLASS PRESIDENT, presides. Four of the speakers sit to the right of him and the other two to the left. At a little distance from the speakers, at extreme left, sit the three judges.*

At rise of curtain, the PRESIDENT rises, advances down center, and addresses the audience.

PRESIDENT. Ladies and gentlemen, friends, and fellow students: We are met to-night to decide upon a class motto. So many different mottoes have been sug-

gested that we have been unable to choose ourselves. We have asked these three learned friends (*indicating the judges*) to act as strictly impartial judges. Members of our class will expatiate upon the suitability and superiority of the mottoes they wish the class to adopt. Each speaker will be limited to two minutes, and if he can say what he has to say in less time, there will be no complaints. When all have spoken, the judges will announce their decision, and we shall abide by it cheerfully. The first speaker will be John Thompson. (*Resumes seat at table.*)

JOHN (*advancing down center pugnaciously*). Mr. President, honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen: I insist that our class motto must be "*Wie die Arbeit, so der Lohn*," which is in the vernacular, "As the labor, so the reward," or, "The better you are, the pay is worse." And that, explained so even a judge can understand it, means that if you work hard all the time, you just get through your exams. by the skin of your teeth, but if you wait till the night before the test, cram till morning, and then throw a good bluff, you have one chance in ten of passing. When the unusual members of this unusual class go out to improve the world, they must be careful about the way in which they undertake the improvement. Be a plumber or a railroad president, if you want to get a cash reward. Be the president of a college or a bank cashier, if you want to be poor but respectable. Look the job over before you invest your charm and personality. Remember: "*Wie die Arbeit, so der Lohn*." "As the labor, so the reward." (*Returns to his seat.*)

PRESIDENT (*rising and announcing*). Miss Mary Smith. (*Sits.*)

MARY (*comes down center and speaks languidly*).

Mr. President, honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen: I would like to suggest as a motto worthy of so remarkable a class as ours this one: "*Speude bradeos*," which, translated for the benefit of the unlearned, means "Make haste slowly." Most of us have unconsciously been making this the rule of our lives, anyway, so let's all do it. Literature bears us out in this as famous authors say such things as, "Haste makes waste" and "Heaven is not reached at a single bound," though some awful bounders do seem to get into high places. The great curse of this modern age is hectic haste. Friends, let's take our time. If Rome wasn't built in a day, why should we try to build up a name in a decade? More people have died of overwork than of acute inertia, so, classmates, for our own safety let us take as our motto these noble words, "*Speude bradeos*"—"Make haste slowly." (*Bows, returns in leisurely fashion to her chair, and sits.*)

PRESIDENT (*rising and announcing*). Mr. William Blake will be our next speaker. (*Sits.*)

WILLIAM (*coming down center and speaking in an earnest oratorical style*). Mr. President, honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen: I wish to propose for our motto these good old Anglo-Saxon words, "Nothing succeeds like excess." If we apply that wise saying to our daily lives, we shall be successful in every sense of the word. Did you, honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen, ever hear moderation applauded? Of course you did not. It is the richest man, the fastest horse, the worst criminal that gets the headlines and the interest. Does the public notice a modest, unassuming gentleman? It does not. It falls for the loud speaker with a check-and-double-checked suit, who freely admits his superiority. We must advertise ourselves loudly

and constantly. So, for the motto that is to guide our brilliant futures, I propose this, "Nothing succeeds like excess." (*Bows in a self-important manner and returns to his seat.*)

PRESIDENT (*rising and announcing*). And now Miss Lillian Green will advocate her choice. (*Sits.*)

LILLIAN (*comes down center in lively fashion and speaks very cheerfully*). Mr. President, honorable judges, and friends: "*Je vis en espoir*"—"I live in hope." That motto will radiate sweetness and light into the darkest recesses of the saddest soul. Away with puny pessimists and gloomy grouches! Let us all live in hope. Remember the eminent example of the immortal Mr. Micawber. He waited in hope all his life for something to turn up. Of course it never did, but he never lost hope. Was he downhearted? No. Mr. Micawber just boarded around with his friends and kept on waiting. He lived in hope. So, my friends, let us adopt this noble motto. No matter what misfortunes may assail us, let us never lose our courage. Something will turn up. When skies are darkest let us say together, my classmates, "*Je vis en espoir.*" (*Bows and resumes her seat.*)

PRESIDENT (*rising and announcing*). Mr. Charles Clarke. (*Sits.*)

CHARLES (*rises and comes down center, glowering at LILLIAN and continuing to give her dark looks throughout his speech whenever he gets a chance*). Mr. President, honorable judges, and audience: The most fitting motto for this intelligent class, if it is an intelligent class, is "*Graviora manent*," which means "The worst is yet to come." This may seem to the sentimental and over-optimistic to be a somber belief but, mark you, it is the truth. Some classes have the motto, "The best

is yet to be." My friends, those classes are cowards, afraid to face the stern realities of life. They evade the issue and turn their faces away from the truth. From our days in kindergarten up to the present, the task of being educated has grown yearly more strenuous. Our home life has gained in hardships. The older we get the more we have to do. When our school days are over we shall have more liberty, it is true, but we shall also have more responsibility. We'll have to work. If we can't get a job, we'll worry because we haven't one. If we get one, we'll worry for fear we'll lose it. If a rich maiden aunt leaves us a fortune we shall have to pay income tax. If we reach the heights of fame, we'll be afraid of stubbing our toes and falling; and the higher you go the harder you fall. The poet says, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," but he meant the adversity of some other fellow, of course.

Every day we shall be growing older. Now we are too young for good positions, and in a few more years we shall be too old for them. Day by day, in every way, we'll find life more difficult. If we're well, we worry for fear we'll be ill. If we're ill we worry for fear we shall not get well.

No matter how we look at life, we're bound to be out of luck. So let us ever keep in mind this noble truth: "The worst is yet to come." Life has more troubles than a cracker has crumbs. "*Graviora manent.*" (*Returns gloomily to his seat.*)

PRESIDENT (*rising and announcing*). Lastly we shall hear from Miss Effie James. (*Sits.*)

EFFIE (*rises and comes down center*). Mr. President, honorable judges, friends, and classmates: I have found the perfect motto. I make the statement unhesitatingly. "*Ignoti nulla cupido,*" or, "Our wants are in-

creased by knowledge." The truth of this is plain to see. Look with me down the winding path of history. Mark the contentment of the early people and contrast it with the dissatisfaction found to-day in our best families. The tree-dweller Beau Brummel never had nervous prostration because the tailor didn't send his new dress suit home on time. Our cave men ancestors never longed for bath salts or caviar. The cave women didn't fuss when the dampness took the curl out of their hair. When Hannibal crossed the Alps, did he grumble about the traffic laws? He never dreamed of 'em. When Nero did his famous violin obbligato while Rome burned, was he worried for fear the morning papers wouldn't put him on the front page? Not Nero! When Columbus discovered America was he mad because the reception committee didn't give him Florida keys or throw ticker tape and telephone books at him? Of course not.

All these famous people were satisfied with what they got, and some of them thought they were darned lucky to get anything. Why was this? Because their knowledge was limited. They knew of nothing else to want. If a Robinson Crusoe were to be shipwrecked to-day, he'd write or telephone to the papers, complaining because the radio reception was poor or the cocoanuts were not ripe enough. The more we know the more we want, and alas, we don't get it! We are merely made discontented. In order that we may be perpetually warned of the dangers of wanting too much, let us be slow to acquire more knowledge and ever keep in mind these words: "*Ignoti nullo cupido*"—"Our wants are increased by knowledge." (*Returns triumphantly to her seat.*)

(During the speeches, the judges have been taking copious notes and now, in pantomime, seem to be having

a serious controversy. The PRESIDENT, after an anxious pause, rises to receive the decision. If desired, this interval may be filled in by a short musical number, announced by the PRESIDENT.)

PRESIDENT (*rising and addressing audience*). And now, ladies and gentlemen, we are ready to hear the decision of the judges, whose impartial minds have solved our difficulties for us.

(After a pause, the boy member of the judges' committee rises in embarrassment.)

JUDGE. Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I regret to say that we judges have been unable to arrive at any agreement. The two ladies are firm in their opinions, and neither will compromise. I agree with neither of them. Consequently we are all placed in a most difficult position. However, I have a suggestion to make. Having listened with eager admiration to the six eloquent speeches, I have decided that none of the advocated mottoes do the class justice. I should like to propose one of my own, more suited to your versatility and abilities. May I be permitted to do so?

PRESIDENT (*after a brief pantomime conference with the six speakers*). Certainly, sir.

THE TWO GIRL JUDGES (*in concert*). We agree to accept your suggestion, sir.

JUDGE. You are all familiar with the popular expression, "*Multum in parvo*." It seems to me that those words, transposed, form a perfect motto for you budding geniuses. Allow me to propose as the ideal motto for an ideal class: "*Parvo in multum*," or freely translated, "Little in much." I thank you.

(The PRESIDENT and the speakers gaze at one another

in blank, open-mouthed astonishment, while the two girl judges, overcome, collapse in each other's arms. The masculine judge poses proudly, well pleased with himself.)

CURTAIN

(b) THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

(Morality play in verse for junior or senior high schools)

FOR TEN BOYS AND TEN GIRLS

CHARACTERS

<i>Boys</i>		<i>Girls</i>
PASSPORT AGENT		GRADUATE
TOLERANCE	} <i>Guides</i>	EDUCATION
COURTESY		GENEROSITY
INDUSTRY		CHEERFULNESS
HONESTY		FRIENDSHIP
LEARNING		SYMPATHY
LOYALTY		TRUTH
AMBITION		IMAGINATION
COURAGE		FAITH
SUCCESS		HAPPINESS

COSTUMES—Graduate wears a white commencement gown and carries a small suit case. Passport Agent wears a plain dark suit. Education, Happiness, and Success all wear white collegiate caps and gowns, each

with his name in gold on a broad red band passed over the left shoulder and under the right arm. The guides are dressed in black caps and gowns, each with his name in gold letters on a red band passed over the left shoulder and under the right arm; or the caps and gowns may be done in the class colors.

SCENE: *The only scenery required is a dark velvet curtain across the rear of the stage, to provide background. There are two entrances, at right and left respectively.*

At rise of curtain, PASSPORT AGENT is alone on the stage, sitting behind a small table down left, on which are piled a number of diplomas, each tied with the class colors.

Enter GRADUATE at right. She pauses at right center and addresses PASSPORT AGENT.

GRADUATE.

What grandma called, in days gone by,
"A sweet girl graduate" am I,
And here, a suit case in my hand—
It suits the case, you understand—
I'm waiting for a passport signed
And stamped and sealed and underlined
By all the faculty, who know
Full well if I'm prepared to go
A-traveling on Life's highway,
Far from the scenes of yesterday.
Each sunny hour I long to seize;
So may I have my passport, please?

(Comes up to table.)

PASSPORT AGENT.

Because so long and faithfully
You have endeavored, we agree
Reward awaits you; work well done
Has always recognition won.
So we deliver, sealed and signed,
This emblem of a furnished mind.

(Gives her diploma.)

'Tis your diploma; guard with care.
'Twill be your passport everywhere,
And gain admission, any day,
Where wit and wisdom hold their sway.
From ill or trouble to defend you
'Twere well our guardians should attend you.
Through weal or woe they'll safely guide you,
And let no evil days betide you.
If to their counsel you adhere,
You'll find the skies for you are clear,
That folks are friends when understood,
That work is joy and life is good.

GRADUATE.

This passport I shall cherish well.
As for these guides of whom you tell,
Who are they, pray? By whose command
Lead they the travelers through the land?

PASSPORT AGENT.

Let Education answer why
She chose each guide as her ally.
Without them, she is incomplete,
Nor fit the tasks of life to meet;
But with their aid she is supreme,
Her power beyond a mortal dream.

Enter EDUCATION at left.

EDUCATION.

Who seeks for wisdom or for fame?
Who calls on Education's name?

PASSPORT AGENT.

Oh, Education, from whose store
Of precepts wise and age-old lore
Young students ever seek to find
Strength for the soul, food for the mind,
Give to this traveler the light
Of wisdom's lamp to guide aright
Her footsteps. Send your counselors
To chide her folly if she errs;
To teach her all the pleasant ways
Of busy hours and well-spent days.

EDUCATION (*to GRADUATE*).

Speak, traveler. To what far height,
What distant clime plan you your flight?

GRADUATE.

I seek what all desire—success;
The hidden road to happiness.

EDUCATION.

The way is steep and long that leads
To great success; who climbs it needs
A dauntless will and tireless feet,
For courage wanes and time is fleet.
The road to happiness winds far
O'er sands that burn and rocks that scar;
And those who seek it lose the trail,
While ideals vanish, fortunes fail.

Success and happiness, my friend,
Lie hidden at a rainbow's end—
A rainbow spanning youth's bright years,
A rainbow made by smiles through tears.

GRADUATE.

The way, I know, is hard and long,
But I am young, ambitious, strong.
Grant me the counsel of a guide
And I shall win, whate'er betide.

EDUCATION (*advancing to center and speaking to*
GRADUATE).

My guides are many, known to man
As worthy aids since time began,
And each in life's necessity
Will gallant friend and comrade be.
My ally, Generosity,
Will give you good advice and free.

Enter GENEROSITY at right.

GENEROSITY.

In days when men to Janus prayed
Their gifts could even gods persuade,
But gifts without the giver seem
As but the shadow of a dream.
Be generous; give of your heart;
Sincerity is more than art.
Give of your time, give of your power;
Be generous in life's brief hour.

(Goes up right.)

EDUCATION.

Next Tolerance, who understands
The freedom every soul demands.

Enter TOLERANCE at right.

TOLERANCE.

Be tolerant of race and creed;
Judge not another's speech or deed,
For prejudice is ever strong
Where judgment's weak and feeling's wrong.
Respect what others may believe;
You, too, shall tolerance receive.

(Goes up right and stands beside GENEROSITY.)

EDUCATION.

And Cheerfulness, whose happy smile
Can lighten many a weary while.

Enter CHEERFULNESS at left.

CHEERFULNESS.

The heavy load that tests our might,
When borne with cheer, will soon grow light.
A cheerful yesterday of laughter
Brings confident to-morrow after;
So greet the shower with a smile;
A rainbow's coming after while.

(Goes up left.)

EDUCATION.

'Tis Courtesy will win you friends;
A kind word often trouble mends.

Enter COURTESY at right.

COURTESY.

As genial as the light of day;
As gentle as a breeze in May;

As welcome as the first spring flowers;
As sweet and gracious as the hours,
Of kind repose is courtesy—
The language of humanity.
Be courteous in word and deed
And win true friendship as your meed.

(Goes up right and stands beside GENEROSITY.)

EDUCATION.

No guide like Friendship has the art
To stay the soul and warm the heart.

Enter FRIENDSHIP at left.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is love without its wings;
Light to adversity it brings;
It brightens our prosperity
And cheers our hearts with sympathy.
As yellow gold by fire is tried,
So friends are proved if ill betide,
And one who friendliness would know
Must friendliness to others show.

(Goes up left and stands beside CHEERFULNESS.)

EDUCATION.

The tender voice of Sympathy,
In grief or in felicity,
Is sweetest music to the ear,
And held by all men prized and dear.

Enter SYMPATHY at right.

SYMPATHY.

Though joy and sorrow seem as far
Removed as earth from distant star,
They have a common boundary;
It is the love of sympathy.
Life's secrets only are made known
Where fellowship and love are shown.

(Goes up right and stands in front of TOLERANCE.)

EDUCATION.

The greatest gift from God to man,
Through all the years since time began,
Is work. Let Industry be praised
For all the good that crowns our days.

Enter INDUSTRY at left.

INDUSTRY.

None ever in this world was born
Whose work was not born with him. Morn
Should see our toil, night our repose,
From day to day until life's close,
For honest labor ever wears
A lovely face, and honor bears.
'Tis industry supports our days;
Who labors counts as one who prays.

(Goes up left and stands between CHEERFULNESS and FRIENDSHIP.)

EDUCATION.

What greater virtue can there be
Than simple heart-felt honesty?

Enter HONESTY at right.

HONESTY.

Life's measure is not length of days,
But honesty in words and ways.
No legacy so rich could be
As simple worth and honesty.
And he whose heart the truth will dare
A kingdom owns beyond compare.
So be to others ever true,
And they will keep their faith with you.

(Goes up right and stands at left of SYMPATHY.)

EDUCATION.

'Tis truth that makes and keeps us free,
The pioneer of liberty.

Enter TRUTH at right.

TRUTH.

The highest thing that one may keep
From birth to death's last gentle sleep,
Is truth, the power of honest men,
So far beyond our human ken
That, like a sunbeam in the air,
No touch can soil its visage fair.
Eclipse may dim its light a bit,
But never can extinguish it.
Stand on its vantage ground and be
A freeman whom the truth makes free.

(Goes up right and stands at left of HONESTY.)

EDUCATION.

If Learning guides your wandering feet
Down quiet lane or crowded street,
The way will never lonely be;
You'll walk in noble company.

Enter LEARNING at left.

LEARNING.

The best of all the precious things
That life to youthful valor brings
Is learning. Labor without thought
And thought less learning come to naught.
And we should boast, each setting sun,
Some wisdom gained, some knowledge won.

(Goes up left and stands in front of CHEERFULNESS.)

EDUCATION.

Take loyalty, for that alone
Ensures a state, maintains a throne.

Enter LOYALTY at left.

LOYALTY.

Be known to all the world as one
Who's ever constant as the sun;
Who serves with joy the cause of right,
And battles wrong, with virtue's might.
Let loyalty rule all you do;
To God and to yourself be true.

(Goes up left and stands near LEARNING.)

EDUCATION.

Without ambition, life were vain;
With naught to lose and naught to gain.

Enter AMBITION at right.

AMBITION.

Build not too low beneath the stars,
But raise the battlements and bars

Of each dream castle till on high
They touch the blueness of the sky.
Let no ambition be too great
To test your power or challenge fate.

(Goes up right and stands in front of HONESTY.)

EDUCATION.

Here's one who changes gray to gold,
And many wonders can unfold;
Makes daily toil adventure gay:
Imagination—great her sway!

Enter IMAGINATION at left.

IMAGINATION.

Imagination rules the race,
Transforming by its boundless grace
Prosaic deed and circumstance
To bold adventure and romance.
It lifts the dullest thoughts on wings
That rise on high to braver things.
Imagination has the power
To glorify life's crowded hour.
Our aspirations and our dreams
Are but imagination's gleams.
Keep burning bright that magic flame
That leads to happiness and fame.

(Goes up left and stands between LEARNING and LOYALTY.)

EDUCATION.

A comrade for your journeying
Is Courage; confidence he'll bring.

Enter COURAGE at left.

COURAGE.

Be steadfast in the right, be brave,
But always have compassion. Grave
This motto on your heart: "Be bold,
But not too bold." Let reason hold
Its sway supreme o'er act and thought,
For might with mercy must be fraught.
Fear not to stand for truth; be strong
To fight oppression and the wrong.
With courage, lo, you shall be free;
Fare boldly forth to victory.

(Goes to left and stands near PASSPORT AGENT.)

EDUCATION.

And lacking faith, all else is vain;
It calms our fears and soothes our pain.

Enter FAITH at right.

FAITH.

The evidence of things not seen
Is faith. 'Tis always calm, serene;
It makes the darkest pathway bright.
His faith is true whose life is right.
Hold high Faith's torch, nor let it dim;
Who breaks faith kills all faith in him.
Be in your life and thought sincere;
Faithful in act, in honor clear.

(Goes up right and stands in front of SYMPATHY.)

EDUCATION.

True bliss is craved by all on earth,
But none who have it know its worth
Until it's gone. Who seek it far
In lands beneath an alien star

Shall seek in vain and fruitless roam,
For Happiness dwells close to home.

Enter HAPPINESS at right.

HAPPINESS.

Not what you feel but what you do
Will bring true happiness to you.
And those alone are fortunate
Who hours of toil may contemplate
Each night. For happiness we sigh
And bear to live or dare to die.
We seek abroad its joy to meet,
But find it growing 'neath our feet.
Then work in hope, and smile each day,
For Happiness shall cross your way.

*(Goes down right and takes position in front of rows
up stage.)*

EDUCATION.

Success is always just ahead,
But by these guides so powerful led;
You'll reach it if you persevere,
Nor count each hour, each day, each year.

Enter SUCCESS at left.

SUCCESS.

Success comes not at your command.
Deserve it! Try to understand
Its secret. Not in fortune's prize
But in the struggle virtue lies.
They never lose who struggle on
In some great cause till strength is gone.
If hope still fills the heart, 'tis well;
The outcome only God can tell.

(Takes position down left.)

EDUCATION *(to GRADUATE)*.

For you, oh, traveler, each word
That from these kindly lips you've heard
Should hold in store rich food for thought,
By which the best of life is taught.
So as you journey on your way,
Cherish the wisdom gained to-day,
For Education, with her friends,
A hope to all the future lends.
Truth and Ambition guide your feet,
And all shall make your life complete.

GRADUATE *(taking position down center)*.

If to succeed means to aspire,
To keep alive youth's fervent fire,
To be an honest, loyal friend,
With courage, virtue to defend,
From wisdom's path I will not swerve.
Success I may at last deserve.
To dream, to work, and to aspire—
What greater joy could I desire?
I'll find a smile for every tear
Until the rainbow shall appear.
I'll have no need afar to roam,—
But find my happiness at home.

*(As the pianist strikes up the melody of "The Lore-
ley," all are grouped in the following positions:)*

TOL.	GEN.	COURT.	CHEER.	IND.	FRIEND.
SYM.	HON.	TRUTH	LEARN.	IMAG.	LOY.
FAITH	AMB.	EDUC.	COUR.	PASS.	AGT.
HAPPINESS		GRADUATE		SUCCESS	

ALL (*singing to tune of "The Loreley"*).

Oh, traveler o'er life's highway,
The journey may be long,
But hope lights every byway,
And merry hearts are strong.
With Wisdom's lamp to guide you
Your feet shall never stray;
With loyal friends beside you
What matter skies of gray?

What if the rainbow's ending
Seems dim and far away?
Remember God is sending
Each morn another day.
Time was not meant for sighing
And life's too short to roam;
Success is found in trying,
And happiness at home.

CURTAIN

(c) ON THE CAMPUS

or

AN HOUR IN THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

(One-act comedy for senior high schools)

FOR SIX BOYS AND SIX GIRLS

CHARACTERS

MISS BLAKE.....*The registrar's secretary*
BENNY.....*The office boy*
MARCELLA MILLER.....*A prospective student*
MR. HENRY MILLER.....*Her father*
MRS. MILLER.....*Her mother*
DORINDA DAY.....*Another prospective student*
MR. DAY.....*Dorinda's father*
MRS. DAY.....*Dorinda's mother*
JACK HUGHES.....*A third promising prospect*
MR. HUGHES.....*Jack's father*
MRS. HUGHES.....*Jack's mother*
REGISTRAR.....*The goat at Gryn Mwor College*

TIME—*The middle of September.*

PLACE—*The registrar's office at Gryn Mwor College.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Twenty-five minutes.*

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS—Miss Blake is a quiet, dignified girl wearing a plain dark tailored suit. Benny, a freckled boy of sixteen with plebeian tastes, wears a dark suit. Marcella is a studious-looking girl of twenty-one, wearing tortoiseshell spectacles, a plain hair cut, a severe dark suit and hat, and sensible, low-heeled shoes. Mr. Miller is middle-aged and has an impatient, abrupt manner, being always in a hurry. His wife bores him, but he treats her politely. Wears a well-cut dark suit and carries his hat. Mrs. Miller is a pale, languid middle-aged woman, who specializes in semi-invalidism in order to get the attention she craves. Wears a lavender dress and hat, both rather unbecoming. Dorinda is a pretty and frivolous girl of eighteen, very slangy but attractive, wearing the latest thing in sports model suits in a loud color, with hat to match. Mr. Day is middle-aged, with a terrible grouch, wearing a neutral-tinted business suit and hat. Mrs. Day is fat and elderly and talks loudly, cheerfully, and continuously. She wears too much make-up and is overdressed, wearing a dress too tight for her in an extreme style and a brilliant color, with conspicuous jewelry and an overdone hat. Jack is a large, brawny boy of nineteen, whose sole interest in life is football until he sees Dorinda. He is carelessly dressed in a light suit, with cap. Mr. Hughes is a thin, unobtrusive elderly man who talks in a stilted fashion and wears eyeglasses. He is dressed in a plain black suit, with a black hat. Mrs. Hughes is a timid matron, dressed in a fashionable dark costume that is rather depressing. The registrar is a tired-looking elderly man, with a polite but firm manner, dressed in a plain business suit.

SCENE: *The combination waiting room and office of the registrar of Gryn Mwor College, a coeducational*

institution. It has a door at right leading to the street and another door at left leading to the registrar's private office. A window, with its shade, is up right. Up center is a large desk, with a swivel chair and a stool behind it facing the audience, and a typewriter on it, with typewriting supplies, letters, and papers scattered about on top of it. At right of desk is a wastebasket, and there is a filing cabinet in the upper left-hand corner of the room. Down center is a small table on which are several college catalogues, a pile of magazines, and some typed letters ready to be put in envelopes. Two settees are down right and left respectively, while arm-chairs and straight-backed office chairs are placed at convenient intervals around the sides of the room: two up left between the filing cabinet and the left door, three standing against the wall up right near the window, and one at left of small table down center. On the walls are various signs and notices, among them being dates for entrance examinations and advertisements for room and board. There is a gay college banner on the wall up center behind the desk, and elsewhere the walls are adorned with pictures of graduating classes, buildings, and athletic teams. Painted on the outside of the right door are the words, "Registrar's Office," which may be read backward from the stage side of the door. It is afternoon of a fine day in September.

At rise of curtain, MISS BLAKE is seated at the desk typing rapidly and noisily, while BENNY sprawls on the settee down right with a Sunday comic supplement spread out before him, chuckling over it.

BENNY (*laughing loudly*). This is the funniest one yet. Gee, Miss Blake, Harold got hit in the nose with a blackberry pie! And he had on a white suit, and he

was goin' to see his best girl! (MISS BLAKE *pays no attention but works right on.*) Oh, can you beat this? Jiggs tries to sneak in at night and knocks over the furniture. And what his wife can do with a rolling-pin—gosh!

MISS BLAKE (*sharply*). Benny, what did the Dean tell you about reading the funny sheet in the office?

BENNY (*crossly*). Aw, what does he want me to do? Read Shakespeare?

MISS BLAKE. Put that paper in the wastebasket. If you must read, there are magazines on the table.

BENNY (*strolling from settee up to basket, in which he throws the offending paper*). Oh, yeah, magazines on the table. And such magazines! *Journal of Psychology, Literary Digest, The Forum*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Why don't you keep something with some pep?

MISS BLAKE. Benny, don't be so stupid. Imagine parents coming in to register their children and seeing the *Police Gazette* or *Cowboy Stories* on the table! I suppose those magazines would suit you.

BENNY. Sure; they're swell! (*Begins to whistle "Yankee Doodle" loudly and off key.*)

MISS BLAKE (*in an agony*). Benny, help me get these letters out, won't you?

BENNY. Sure. What'll I do?

MISS BLAKE (*indicating pile on small table*). Bring those over here and put them in these envelopes.

BENNY. You've written to a lot of folks to-day; haven't you? (*Goes down to table and picks up pile of letters.*)

MISS BLAKE. Just printed forms, that's all. To tell people— Oh, dear, here come some people! The Dean's out, the registrar's out—everybody's out but me.

They'll wait here and talk all the afternoon, and I did want to get my work done early.

BENNY. I'll help you, Miss Blake. (*Brings stool back of desk near Miss BLAKE's chair.*) I'll lick the stamps 'n everything.

Enter MR. and MRS. MILLER and MARCELLA at right. They look about uncertainly. BENNY rises and crosses right to greet them.

BENNY (*politely*). What can I do for you?

MR. MILLER. I want to see the Dean.

BENNY. The Dean is not in, sir.

MR. MILLER. When will he be back?

BENNY. To-morrow, sir.

MR. MILLER. Then I'll see the registrar.

BENNY. He won't be in for an hour.

MR. MILLER (*testily*). What is this, anyway? Everybody's afternoon off? I'll wait right here till some one comes.

BENNY. Very well, sir. (*Goes back to work.*)

MRS. MILLER (*dropping into armchair at right*). I feel faint. I should never have undertaken this long trip in my state of health.

MR. MILLER (*growling*). Poor management. If I ran my office as this college seems to be run, I'd have been bankrupt long ago. Why you had to pick this college, Marcella, I can't see.

MARCELLA (*as she and her father seat themselves on settee, down right*). I have already explained to you, father, that Gryn Mwor has the best course in paleontology of any college in the United States. I am sorry it is a coeducational institution, as that always induces an atmosphere of frivolity and festivity poorly suited to scientific research. However, Professor Grae-

felton gives six points in paleontology that I can't afford to miss. I can only hope no young men will take the advanced work.

MRS. MILLER (*fretfully*). Marcella, it makes my head ache just to hear you mention such subjects. I really think I'll have to have another aspirin. Henry, they're in your pocket. (MR. MILLER *grunts and, taking the box of pills from his pocket, gives them to her.*) Oh, dear me! I can't take this without some water. (TO BENNY.) Boy, boy, will you bring me a glass of water, please?

BENNY. Sure. (*As MISS BLAKE glares at him.*) Certainly.

Exit at left, returning at once with a glass of water. MRS. MILLER takes her pill, drinks the water, and gives him back the glass. He goes up center, sets glass on desk, and resumes his seat and his work.

MRS. MILLER. Thank you, boy. (TO MARCELLA.) I should think they'd have ice water. He got that from a drinking fountain.

MARCELLA. Don't fuss, mother.

MRS. MILLER. Marcella, you know I never fuss—never, but I do think they might have had ice water. Oh, my poor head!

MR. MILLER. Ice water! They haven't a dean or a registrar. Don't expect ice water.

BENNY (*to MISS BLAKE*). They don't like the service here; do they?

MISS BLAKE (*exasperated, jerking a sheet of paper out of typewriter*). If they'd only keep still! I've spoiled three letters already.

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY and DORINDA at right,

leaving the right door open. BENNY rises and goes to meet them.

BENNY (*to MR. DAY*). What can I do for you, sir?

MR. DAY. I want to see the Dean at once.

BENNY. Sorry, sir. The Dean's out of town.

DORINDA. Nonsense, father, you don't need to see the Dean. The registrar will do as well, if you must see somebody.

BENNY. Sorry, miss, but the registrar won't be in for an hour.

MR. MILLER (*to MRS. MILLER accusingly*). He told me that half an hour ago.

MR. DAY (*testily*). Registrar should always be here. That's what registrars are for.

MRS. DAY. Now, papa, don't get excited. We can just as well wait as not.

MR. MILLER. You'll wait, all right.

MRS. DAY. We can all have a nice talk while we are waiting. (*Crosses to left and sits on settee down left. MR. DAY and DORINDA follow her, and MR. DAY sits beside her, while DORINDA sits at left of small table.*)

MRS. MILLER (*to MRS. DAY confidentially*). This is a very uncomfortable place to wait. They have no ice water. I took a headache pill—

MRS. DAY (*eagerly*). Oh, do you have headaches? You poor thing! I never had a headache in my life.

MR. DAY (*to MR. MILLER*). My wife never uses her head for anything, not even an ache.

DORINDA (*to her mother*). Let's go home. I can't see why I have to go to college, anyway. It's all foolishness. (*To MARCELLA*.) Don't you think so?

MARCELLA. Certainly not. I hope to get a doc-

tor's degree. The courses in paleontography here are wonderful.

DORINDA. Just for the sake of argument, what is it?

MARCELLA (*puzzled*). What's what?

DORINDA. The wonderful course—pal—pal—something? Never mind. I won't take it, anyway. Do you know what sort of boys come here?

MARCELLA. The usual sort, I suppose. The only thing I do not like about Gryn Mwor is that it is co-educational.

DORINDA (*amazed*). My heavens! That's the only decent thing about it! (*Confidentially*.) You see, I want to go into the movies and father won't let me even have a test. He says I've got to have an education. Imagine, when I might be making money in the movies! He wants me to graduate and by then I'll be too old to get into the movies. I'll have to just sit down and listen to my arteries harden. I want to be amused, not educated. Maybe I can stand it here if they have swell dances.

MR. DAY. If I sit here much longer, somebody'll come in and hitch a horse to me. This is ridiculous.

DORINDA. The whole thing is ridiculous. You know I don't want to go to college. What do I care about logarithms and dead languages and all that blah?

MR. DAY (*to MR. MILLER*). Every time I listen to the conversation of the younger generation, I'm convinced that we're descended from monkeys and are slowly climbing back.

(MARCELLA takes a notebook from her hand bag and peruses it earnestly. DORINDA watches her curiously, then opens her vanity case and reinforces her make-up with a heavy hand.)

BENNY (*in a whisper, pointing to DORINDA*). Betty Coed herself, in person.

MISS BLAKE (*crossly*). Sh-h!

MRS. MILLER (*continuing the conversation with MRS. DAY that has been going on in pantomime*). And ever since then, I've suffered tortures with my head. I'm really very delicate. I shall miss Marcella terribly, but the dear child is so interested in her work. She wants to be a scientist. She's very intellectual.

MRS. DAY. Now isn't that just too sweet? I wish Dorinda would be like that. Just now she's set on being a movie star. She spends hours in front of the mirror registering expressions, as she calls it. She makes the most awful faces, and she gets so cross with me when I can't tell whether she's expressing disgust or remorse or joy. I don't suppose it matters much since we have talkies now and she could just say what she felt and not try to look it. Her father insists she's got to have four years of college. Dorinda's just like me; she likes life, not books. But she'll be a sensation anywhere.

MRS. MILLER. Do you suppose we could have that door closed? I seem to feel a draught. John, John! Push the door shut, will you? I feel a draught. You know how easily I catch cold.

(MR. MILLER *shuts the right door, and MISS BLAKE and BENNY glare at him.*)

BENNY (*sotto voce, to MISS BLAKE*). I hope they suffocate.

MISS BLAKE (*sotto voce, to BENNY*). I hope we don't.

DORINDA (*to MARCELLA*). What in the world are you doing?

MARCELLA. Reading over the notes on a philosophy course I took this summer.

DORINDA. Heavens! Can't you wait till you're registered, anyway?

MR. MILLER (*rising and going to desk*). Young woman, do you think the registrar is really coming back?

MISS BLAKE. Certainly. He's just gone to town on business.

MR. MILLER (*returning to others*). He's probably a boy scout out doing his kind act for to-day.

Enter JACK HUGHES at right. The visitors all spring to their feet.

MR. DAY, MR. MILLER, DORINDA, and MARCELLA (*in concert*). Are you the registrar?

JACK (*amazed*). Me? Guess again. (*Pauses at right center, grinning, then glances at DORINDA with interest.*)

MR. and MRS. HUGHES *enter at right.*

MR. HUGHES (*going to desk*). Pardon me, miss, but I desire to speak to the Dean, or to the registrar immediately.

MISS BLAKE. The Dean's out of town. The registrar will be back very soon. (*Types noisily and in an annoyed manner.*)

MR. HUGHES (*to his wife*). We shall await his return.

(MR. and MRS. HUGHES and JACK sit, up right.)

MRS. HUGHES. We should have come last week. I'm afraid we're too late to get a good room for Jack. He must be on the campus.

(*The other women lean forward eagerly, and Mr. and Mrs. HUGHES continue to talk in pantomime. DORINDA gazes coyly at JACK, who leans toward her confidentially.*)

JACK (*to DORINDA*). I didn't want to come to college, but things look brighter since I've seen you.

(*MARCELLA turns to them and listens with disapproval.*)

DORINDA. What did you want to do?

JACK. Be a professional ball player.

DORINDA. But you can play on this team. I suppose they have one.

JACK. Yeah, it's good practice, but I want to be paid for it. See? The old man says I've got to have a college education, but just as soon as I can scrape through here—

MARCELLA (*coldly, to JACK*). I don't think a college education will do you any good.

JACK (*turning to her and grinning broadly*). We agree on that point, sister. I'd rather kick a goal any day than be elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

MARCELLA (*shuddering*). How can you say such things?

DORINDA (*mockingly*). Now you've shocked our little student. She's all hot and bothered about some fool course in paleontography. Imagine!

JACK. I hate mathematics myself.

MARCELLA. But— (*Stops short and shrugs, as if deeming explanations useless.*)

JACK. I hope I don't have to take many English courses. If I do, I'll never get through. Poetry just about slays me. I never know what it's all about.

MARCELLA (*stiffly*). A poet's talent is a great gift.

JACK. Yeah, the kind of gift you get on the first of April.

DORINDA. Gee, I can't sit around here all the afternoon. I begged father to let me come alone, but of course he had to be here to boss the job. There's a movie company on location near here. He knew he couldn't trust me.

MARCELLA. I wished to come alone, also, but father got so eloquent with reasons why I couldn't that I didn't argue with him. Poor father! His matter is never up to his manner.

DORINDA. I can't sit here another minute. I'm going down town and eat hot dogs in a lunch wagon. That's probably being very dissipated in this town. Who's coming with me?

JACK (*springing up*). Me, of course. I could eat a pound of dogs. (*Rises.*)

MARCELLA. I'd like to see the town, too. (*Rises.*)

DORINDA. Come on. We'll find out just how moth-eaten the burg is.

(MARCELLA, DORINDA, and JACK, *with one accord move up to the desk.*)

MARCELLA (*to MISS BLAKE*). On which street are the laboratories and the library?

MISS BLAKE. On the campus, two blocks down.

DORINDA (*to MISS BLAKE*). Is there a beauty parlor on the campus?

MISS BLAKE. Just off the campus, past the library.

JACK. And a place to eat?

MISS BLAKE. Dozens of them, in every direction. (*Returns to her typing in exasperated fashion.*)

JACK. Thanks. That's encouraging.

MRS. MILLER (*as MARCELLA, JACK, and DORINDA*

cross to right door). Marcella, if you pass a drug store, just step in and bring me some spirits of ammonia and some aspirin. Will you? And you might get some bicarbonate of soda, too. I may need it any moment. I'm feeling worse.

MARCELLA. Yes, mother.

MR. MILLER. Don't be gone long. Just as soon as I get you properly entered, we must start home.

MRS. DAY. Dorinda darling, while you're out just go and look at the rooms. You must have a nice one, right on the campus, so you can entertain your friends properly.

MRS. HUGHES. Jack, do be careful with the car. Drive slowly.

DORINDA (*to JACK, with new interest*). Oh, I didn't know you had a car.

JACK. Sure. I'll skid you down town in a hurry.

DORINDA. Is it a sport car?

JACK. It's a sporty car. Only six years old and well broken. The engine knocks, but not so much as the people who are riding. I don't attempt to make any speed records with it, but I guarantee we'll be back in time to greet the registrar.

(As the young people go out, the others settle themselves more comfortably in their chairs. MISS BLAKE types viciously for a time, while BENNY licks stamps and sticks them on letters.)

BENNY (*confidentially, to MISS BLAKE*). I've got a yearning that can be heard in the next room. I yearn for some peppermint gum.

MISS BLAKE. Benny, don't you dare.

BENNY. I'll never work in a dean's office again.

You might as well be in a morgue, except for the chatter.

MISS BLAKE. Keep still, Benny. Maybe they'll go to sleep.

MRS. HUGHES (*pleasantly, to Mr. Day*). This getting one's children settled in school is quite a task; isn't it?

MR. DAY. Getting them settled anywhere is an accomplishment.

MRS. MILLER. And young folks nowadays are so independent. Marcella didn't want us to come with her. Of course I'm delicate but I never consider myself. I always do my duty. I want to see Marcella comfortably settled in a nice room in a house on the campus before I leave. She is so interested in her work she doesn't even take any interest in her surroundings.

MRS. HUGHES. It must be lovely to have a daughter like that. I wish Jack took a little interest in something beside football.

MRS. DAY. I'm so glad Gryn Mwor is a coëducational college. I feel somehow that Dorinda will be better satisfied because of that. She wants to go in the movies, you know, but my husband objects. He'd like her to be something more dignified—if you get what I mean. I think she has wonderful talent. I'm sure in a year she'd become very famous. She photographs very well. Of course she might not get to be a star at once, but I'm sure she'd go far in a year.

MR. DAY (*tartly, to his wife*). I'll tell you how far she's going in a year. To the end of this campus and no farther. Some one in our family must have an education. She may not be able to use it. Sometimes I think she's educated beyond her intellect already; but

I'll expose her to college, anyway. If it doesn't take, at least my conscience is clear.

MR. HUGHES. It is most regrettable that the cost of an education is so great. It will make me economize carefully to pay my son Jack's tuition.

MR. DAY. Yes. Most of us were born fifty cents short and never got caught up.

MR. HUGHES. It grieves me deeply to think that Jack should have so great an interest in athletics. He has always displayed brawn rather than brains. When I was his age, although denied the opportunity he is now receiving, I improved my leisure moments. I used often at night to sit alone under the stars and cogitate on the complexity of the cosmos. (*Seeing the looks of boredom on the faces of the others.*) Do you understand what I'm talking about?

MR. MILLER (*crossly*). Does anyone?

MRS. MILLER (*fretfully, glancing toward Miss Blake*). I do wish that girl would stop making such a clatter with her typewriter. It annoys me so much. My head feels so tired. And this chair is so hard. I never can understand why waiting rooms have such uncomfortable furniture.

BENNY (*hoarsely, sotto voce, to Miss Blake*). Miss Blake, shall I run out and get her a pillow?

MISS BLAKE (*bitingly, sotto voce, to Benny*). You couldn't find one to suit her.

MRS. HUGHES (*to Mrs. Miller*). Of course I'm very proud of Jack's football playing, but I always worry for fear he'll get hurt. Last year when his high school played against Milford, there were the roughest boys in the Milford team. They hackled Jack—

MR. HUGHES (*interrupting her mildly*). Tackled, my dear. "Tackled" is the term, I believe.

MRS. HUGHES. Yes, James, that's what I said. Five of them hackled Jack. He was so brave. He broke the biggest one's collar bone, sprained another's wrist, and knocked out the last two. Imagine! The fifth one ran away. Poor Jack might have been killed.

(MR. HUGHES goes to table down center, picks up school catalogue and becomes absorbed in it.)

MRS. MILLER. My Marcella never goes to ball games. She just studies all the time. When she gets to be a famous scientist, I shall be so proud. If only I live to see that day! For the past ten years I've been dangerously ill most of the time. Nothing but my great will power keeps me up. My doctor—that is my last doctor; I've had dozens—says, "Mrs. Miller, in all my practice I've never had a patient like you."

MRS. HUGHES. You don't tell me! What did he say was the matter with you?

MRS. MILLER. He said I had the worst case of acute inertia he had ever seen.

MRS. HUGHES. You poor thing!

MR. HUGHES (*looking up from catalogue*). This school devotes too much time to mathematics, I think. Were I the dean of a college as large as this, I should see that more emphasis was placed upon political economy and astronomy. I'll speak to the Dean about it, if he ever returns. I wish to make several suggestions concerning the curriculum. Jack needs much more English than is outlined here. He hates it, but he needs it. I want him to show to the world that athletics and scholarship are not necessarily incompatible. (To MR. DAY.) Sir, I should like to expound to you my theory of the relative importance of athletics and philosophy.

MR. DAY (*rudely*). Go ahead. I'll try to keep awake.

MRS. HUGHES. Dear me! It's time our children were back. Do you think anything has happened?

MRS. DAY. Don't worry. Dorinda's probably met some friends. She's so very popular! You'd be surprised at the number of dates that child has.

BENNY (*sotto voce, to MISS BLAKE*). If she (*nods toward MRS. DAY*) kept still, the conversation would be more intelligent.

(MISS BLAKE *types loudly, and all the visitors turn and look at her in startled disapproval.*)

MRS. MILLER. This is the noisiest office I ever sat in.

MRS. HUGHES (*to MRS. DAY*). Do you suppose it's possible that all the rooms on the campus are engaged?

MRS. DAY. Oh, no. It's almost a week before college opens. We'll find something good, I'm sure. An attractive girl like Dorinda must have an attractive setting. Perhaps she can get some one to trade rooms with her, if she doesn't get what she likes at first. Dorinda has a way of getting what she wants.

MR. DAY. But she won't get her way about one thing. She won't go in the movies. I've put my foot down this time.

MRS. DAY. Girls are so much more trouble than boys, especially good-looking girls. Some people say I look as young as Dorinda. (*Simpers.*) I'm often taken for her older sister.

(MISS BLAKE *throws her a savage glance, and BENNY titters.*)

MR. DAY. It's funny how women always fall for that older sister bunk. Women with a figure like an

electric percolator and a face like a street before they put the asphalt down just drink in flattery as a kitten laps cream.

MRS. DAY (*indignantly*). Now, David, you know perfectly well that the man from the Super-Film Company said I could get into the movies, too.

MR. DAY (*testily*). And you know, my dear, that you might as well make up your mind—if any—that you're not going. Remember: He didn't specify the parts you could play. Grandmothers and maiden aunts, no doubt. However, all this is neither here nor there nor anywhere in particular. Where in blazes is that registrar? (*Looks around the office belligerently.*)

MR. HUGHES. If he is not here in five minutes, I shall place Jack in another college that is better organized.

MRS. HUGHES. And Gryn Mwor will lose a wonderful football touchdown.

MR. HUGHES. Quarterback, my dear, is what you are thinking of.

MRS. HUGHES. Why, James, the idea of Jack being only a quarterback! He is an entire back. You know what I mean—a fullback, surely. Why, you talk as if he were an ordinary athlete.

MR. HUGHES. I am more interested in his scholastic attainments, which have, so far, been of rather a disappointing quality.

MRS. HUGHES. Why, James, there's nothing the matter with Jack's scholastic entertainments.

MRS. DAY (*to MRS. HUGHES*). But don't you think scholarship is almost out of date? We live in a most exclusive district—in fact it's so exclusive almost nobody lives there; and all the people do by way of amusement is play golf and tennis and swim and hunt. They

never do things requiring any intellect—if you know what I mean.

MR. MILLER. I like a good game of golf, but the game is overdone nowadays.

MRS. MILLER. Maybe that's where the registrar is: playing golf.

MR. MILLER. He ought to lose his job. Here we've waited for an hour.

MRS. HUGHES. I'm so afraid Jack's had an accident.

MRS. MILLER. Don't even mention such a thing. It makes me feel so faint. I just can't bear to be worried.

BENNY (*sotto voce*, to MISS BLAKE). These folks were born crazy. They just don't make sense.

MISS BLAKE (*sotto voce*, to BENNY). Keep still. I'm getting a headache, too.

MR. HUGHES (*pompously*). When that registrar comes, I shall tell him that Jack must have more political economy and mathematics, and I do not want him made captain of the team during his Freshman year; that would be poor psychology. I shall also complain about our long wait and demand the best room on the campus for Jack. I've earned it sitting here.

MR. MILLER. Well, just as soon as Marcella gets back, I'll write a note explaining what we want and go. I can't waste a whole afternoon like this. It's absurd. (*Gets up, shakes himself impatiently, strolls over to table, picks up catalogue, and turns over its pages idly.*)

MRS. DAY (*with dreamy rapture*). When I shut my eyes I can just see Dorinda on her commencement day, four years from now. I think white chiffon, made very plainly of course, will be very becoming to her.

Just like a wedding dress, only of course very different, really, if you know what I mean. No veil and no bridesmaids, you know. (*Laughs.*) I suppose you think I'm foolish, but if you had a child like Dorinda (*conscious of glares*)—not that your children aren't quite all right; we can't all be the parents of future celebrities—then you'd realize how glad I feel at the prospect of seeing her as valedictorian of her class. Do you know, I shouldn't be at all surprised if Dorinda were to be made president of her class; she's very popular, especially with boys. My, she'll be a picture when she makes the valedictory address!

MRS. HUGHES (*whose anger has risen during this speech*). Really, I must say you're taking a lot for granted. You talk as if your Dorinda had all the good looks and charm in the college. I'd have you know my Jack is very popular, and after a ball game or two he will be everybody's choice for president of the class. As for being valedictorian, he's just as good a chance as anybody else. Anyway, he'll probably receive so many medals and athletic awards on commencement day that he couldn't be bothered with the valedictory. But I'm sure he'll be the most famous and popular student on the campus. (*Pauses, quite out of breath.*)

MRS. MILLER (*quivering with indignation*). If I didn't have such a headache—in a place where one can't get even a drink of ice water—and if I weren't a delicate woman, I'd give you both a piece of my mind. (*To MRS. HUGHES.*) The very idea of you with a son who knows nothing but a lot of silly games, even dreaming that he might be the valedictorian or the most famous person in the class! It's absurd. And as for you (*to MRS. DAY*), your daughter belongs in the movies. All she cares about is boys; you said so yourself.

(*Witheringly.*) After all, even if you are popular with the boys, you must pass a few examinations to be valedictorian. My Marcella is smart; she cares nothing for men, and certainly not for a bunch of half-baked college boys; she has brains! Four years from now she will be valedictorian and president of Phi Beta Kappa. Your children, indeed! A factory girl and a ditch-digger! That's what they remind me of. (*Bursts into hysterical tears.*)

MR. MILLER (*turning to her*). For heaven's sake, what's the matter now?

MRS. MILLER (*sniffing loudly*). I won't hear my Marcella abused by anybody.

MRS. HUGHES (*impatiently*). Nobody mentioned your Marcella's name. (*To the others.*) Oh, dear, I hope she isn't going to have hysterics. I knew a woman who broke a blood vessel having hysterics.

MRS. DAY. The woman's crazy. We didn't say anything about her daughter.

MRS. HUGHES (*turning quickly*). No, but you insinuated that my son and her daughter were not as smart as your Dorinda. You can't deny that.

MRS. DAY. Well, I don't think they are, but that's nothing to have hysterics about. It's just their misfortune.

MRS. HUGHES (*tartly, to Mrs. Day*). It's all your fault. You talk too much, anyway.

MRS. DAY (*indignantly*). The very idea! I'm really most shy and retiring. David, are you going to sit there and let your wife be insulted?

MR. DAY. That's no insult; it's the truth. I've always told you you talk too much.

(*Mrs. Miller is still sobbing but wants more attention. She redoubles her efforts and sobs lustily.*)

MRS. DAY (*with very bad grace*). Oh, well, I'll apologize. I'm very sorry you both got mad so easily over nothing at all. Nobody blames you for your children. (*To MR. MILLER.*) Now why don't you get your wife some water?

MRS. MILLER. Oh, dear me, there's no ice water! (*Wipes her eyes and sits up.*) Such a place! (*MR. MILLER fans her with his catalogue.*) I'll be all right, but I'll never sit all day in an office again with just anybody.

MRS. HUGHES (*timidly*). Well, really—

MRS. DAY (*angrily*). What do you mean—just anybody?

MR. DAY. Now don't begin all over again. Who cares what anybody means?

MR. MILLER (*resuming his seat in exasperation*). Thanksgiving holidays will be here before we see that registrar.

(*The next six speeches are spoken in confused chorus.*)

MR. DAY. It's an imposition—

MRS. MILLER. If I could only have some ice water—

MR. HUGHES. All the rooms on the campus will be taken—

MR. MILLER. Wasting time like this—

MRS. DAY. It isn't courteous—

MRS. HUGHES. I'm so worried about Jack—

MISS BLAKE (*in desperation, rising, standing by her desk, and addressing the visitors*). I'm sorry, but I must ask you to be more quiet, please. We have our work to do. (*Sits.*)

(*The visitors forget their anger at one another and concentrate it on MISS BLAKE. They say nothing to her as she resumes her work, but growl to one another.*)

MRS. DAY. Well, of all the nerve! This is a waiting room; isn't it?

MR. MILLER. If the registrar tended to business, we wouldn't be here.

MRS. MILLER. Does she think I want to stay here and suffer, with not even ice water or comfortable chairs?

MR. HUGHES. Madam, we are all to be pitied.

MRS. MILLER (*whimpering*). I know I shall pay for this. I shall probably be in my bed for the rest of the week. If I gave way to my illness, as many women would, I should be confined to my room most of the time.

BENNY (*sotto voce, to Miss Blake*). I wish she'd give way. Don't you, Miss Blake?

MISS BLAKE (*sotto voce, to Benny, in smoldering manner*). I certainly do, Benny. I'm going to give way in a minute.

MARCELLA, DORINDA, and JACK *rush in at right*.

ALL THREE (*in confused chorus*). Hello. Here we are.

MRS. HUGHES. Jack, I was getting fearfully worried. I thought you'd had an accident or something.

JACK. All we had was a hot dog apiece and a very interesting time.

DORINDA. Has that human error, the registrar, arrived yet?

MRS. DAY. Not yet, but you really shouldn't call him names in his own office, Dorinda.

DORINDA. I'll call everybody names if I feel like it. I'm so happy! I'm not going to college, here or anywhere, my dear parents.

MR. DAY. You certainly are.

DORINDA. Now, darling, don't make a noise like an angry parent, just because you think you should. I've got a job and a darned good one, if I do say it myself.

MRS. DAY. What is it? It isn't—?

DORINDA. Of course it is. They're making a college picture *here*, right here, and I saw the casting director. He said I could begin to-morrow. I'm to play a girl just like Marcella, but she gets over it—her scientific ambition, I mean—and elopes with a professor in the last reel.

MR. DAY (*in disgust*). Any professor who eloped with you *would* be in his last reel. How much salary do you get?

DORINDA. He said thirty dollars a week, but I said forty, so that's what it'll be.

(MR. DAY *throws up his hands in resigned fashion and goes up left.*)

MRS. DAY. Oh, how perfectly lovely, Dorinda! After all, papa, Dorinda is better suited to dramatics than mathematics; you must admit that. Maybe there'll be small parts for me after you're a big star, Dorinda. Not comedy, though. I couldn't bear to do comedy.

DORINDA. This picture is a comedy. It's called "On the Campus."

JACK. College sounds sort of stupid now.

MARCELLA (*to JACK*). If you'd only sign up for the paleontography course, I'm sure you'd feel differently about it. Professor Graefelton is so wonderful.

MR. HUGHES (*to JACK, coaxingly*). A nice room on the campus—

MRS. MILLER (*whining*). Marcella, I think I'm get-

ting a fever. Feel my pulse. I should never have come to-day.

(A buzzer sounds, off left. All jump up. Miss BLAKE rises and goes hurriedly off at left.)

MR. HUGHES. At last. Wait till he hears what I've got to say.

MR. MILLER. Very incompetent. People should never be kept waiting.

MR. DAY. Of course I don't need to see him now; but having waited so long, I shall give myself the pleasure of telling him what I think of him.

MRS. MILLER *(faintly)*. And not even ice water!

MISS BLAKE *returns at left, followed by the REGISTRAR, who carries a half-open newspaper.*

REGISTRAR *(to the visitors)*. You wished to see me.

(The following six speeches are spoken in a confused chorus.)

MR. MILLER. While you've been playing golf, we've waited—

MR. HUGHES. Before my son enters your college—

MR. DAY. While we've been waiting here, my daughter has become a movie star and with no undue haste, either.

MRS. MILLER. No ice water—and so noisy—

MRS. DAY. So sorry my daughter—

MRS. HUGHES. I wish to tell you—

REGISTRAR *(holding up a hand to quiet them)*. Please, just a moment. And do you mind speaking one at a time? My single-track mind cannot comprehend you when you speak in concert. Do these young people by any chance wish to enter Gryn Mwor this fall?

DORINDA. I did, but I've changed my mind while I waited.

JACK. I don't wish to, but my parents insist.

MARCELLA. I wish to. (*Sees paper in his hand and snatches it from him to read the headlines aloud.*) "Professor Graefelton resigns from Gryn Mwor to go to Swarthless College." Oh, no, no, indeed! I'm going to Swarthless. Come on, father. We've got to attend to it right away. (*Thrusts paper back into REGISTRAR's hands and drags her astonished parents to the right door.*)

REGISTRAR (*amazed*). I beg your pardon.

MRS. MILLER. Don't rush so, Marcella. I can't stand being hurried.

MR. HUGHES. My boy Jack is a famous athlete. At least he will soon become one, and he wishes a nice big room on the campus.

REGISTRAR. But, my dear sir, didn't you see the sign just outside?

ALL THE VISITORS (*stupidly*). Sign? Sign? What sign?

REGISTRAR. A sign saying in nice black letters a foot high, "Registration Closed." There are no more vacancies until September of next year. I'm sorry.

JACK. Hurray! Then I'll give up college, father, and be a professional football player. You needn't have the course of study made over for me.

REGISTRAR (*ironically*). That's a great relief to me.

MRS. MILLER (*turning at right door to look back*). I feel sort of sad to think you'll never be valedictorian here, Marcella.

MR. MILLER. They still have valedictorians at Swarthless, my dear.

MARCELLA. And I'm sure the campus is nicer; not that it matters about the campus, if Professor Graefelton is there.

(The Days cross to right door and join the Millers. Mr. DAY is elated but tries to hide it.)

DORINDA *(gleefully)*. Isn't this fun? I do love it when things happen so differently from what we feared—expected, I mean.

MR. DAY *(grimly to DORINDA)*. I always expect the worst, as far as you are concerned.

MRS. DAY *(reproachfully, to MR. DAY)*. I'm sure you've no call to talk that way. Dorinda'll be earning more money than you ever did in a short time.

MR. DAY *(sadly)*. Yes, that's the worst that I feared. It will be such a fine thing for you to reproach me with when you get mad about nothing.

DORINDA. Don't you care, daddy. I'll make you my business manager, and we'll all get rich.

(The Hughes family cross to right door and join the group.)

JACK. Let's all ride down town and eat hot dogs to our success. What do you say?

MRS. MILLER. I do feel a trifle faint. I need nourishment, I'm sure.

MRS. DAY *(sotto voce, to DORINDA)*. After you're a movie star, you can't do such plebeian things as this, but it won't matter to-day. We may as well go.

(DORINDA nods assent.)

MARCELLA. Hurry up, then. The Miller family has to get to Swarthless before its registrations close. I insist upon being educated.

DORINDA. By Professor Graefelton. Gee, when I think what I'm missing I'm so happy! (*Jigs a few steps.*)

MR. HUGHES (*as they start to go out, he last of all*). This was sort of a non-start flight, wasn't it, if I may be permitted to speak in sporting terms?

DORINDA. I'll say it was.

(*Exeunt all but MISS BLAKE, REGISTRAR, and BENNY at right.*)

(MISS BLAKE *and the REGISTRAR look at each other and solemnly shake their heads. BENNY leaves his stool behind the desk, takes his funny sheet out of the wastebasket and begins to read it all over again. Finding himself unobserved, he takes packet of gum from his pocket and chews with gusto.*)

MISS BLAKE (*in a tone of emphatic disgust*). Well!

REGISTRAR (*sinking into a chair at right and holding his head*). And to think it happened here—right on the campus!

CURTAIN

(d) STATION S O S

(Farcical sketch for senior high schools)

FOR FIVE BOYS AND FOUR GIRLS

CHARACTERS

SMITH.....	<i>Official announcer for Station S O S</i>
JIMMY BROWN.....	<i>The Senior class president</i>
MARY GRAY	<i>The class poet</i>
JANE DUNN.....	<i>Author of the class song</i>
JOE GRAHAM.....	<i>The cut-up of the Junior class</i>
ANNA GREEN.....	<i>The Senior class essayist</i>
DORA WHITE.....	<i>The valedictorian</i>
POLICEMAN....	<i>Sometimes needed in an inter-class fight</i>
J. H. BLACK.....	<i>President of board of education</i>

All remaining members of the graduating class—any number.

NOTE.—*Anna, Black, and Policeman have no lines to speak.*

TIME—*The night of commencement.*

PLACE—*Broadcasting room of Station S O S.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Twelve minutes.*

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS—All the girls of the graduating class wear the usual white commencement gowns with all accessories; the boys of the class, also Joe Graham and Smith, the announcer, appear in evening dress or its equivalent. Smith is an earnest young man. Jimmy is dignified and impressive until he gets before the microphone. Mary is an affected blonde, who recites like a tenth-rate elocutionist. Jane is a complacent brunette with a superior manner. Joe is an engagingly impudent rascal, with the typical radio announcer's manner, and takes greatest delight in the misery of the class and their enforced silence. Anna is a stern-looking girl, wearing tortoise-shell spectacles, and is totally unlike Joe's description of her. Dora is painfully sweet and coy, with an ingratiating smile. Black is an elderly gray-haired man in a smart business suit or evening dress. The policeman, who may be of any age, wears the regulation police uniform and carries a policeman's night stick.

SCENE: *Broadcasting room of Station S O S, the broadcasting station of the —— High School, operated by the Senior class. It has two doors or archways at right and left respectively. The front of the stage is supposed to be a clear glass wall or partition that separates the performers from the audience in the studio beyond. Across the rear of the stage are rows of empty seats of a graduated elevation, intended for the graduates. Down right are suspended two microphones. A little right of the second one, close to the right wall, stands a small table, on which are a set of chimes, a piece of stiff paper, a metal snapper, a heavy iron weight, and two shingles. At the sides of the stage are banked flowers and palms. On the walls in conspicuous places may be seen black-lettered signs read-*

ing, "Station S O S," "Silence," and the like. It is commencement night, just a few minutes before the exercises are to begin.

At rise of curtain, the stage is unoccupied, but SMITH, the announcer, and JIMMY immediately enter at right and stroll to center.

SMITH (*looking about in pride*). Well, Jimmy, we're all set for the important occasion.

JIMMY. No other class ever had so unusual a commencement as ours will be. The first radio commencement in the world; think of that!

SMITH (*sadly*). How I shall hate to turn this station over to those crude Juniors! Their sense of humor is revolting. For the past year all programs from this station have been dignified—no frivolity—and it would be a crime to have our standard lowered.

JIMMY (*proudly*). And to-night we shall make history. Our final broadcast must end in a blaze of glory.

SMITH. Remember: On no account must Joe Graham be allowed in here to-night. If he could queer our last program, he'd be delighted.

JIMMY (*grimly*). The whole Junior class would be delighted, but fear nothing. Our plans are perfect. Nothing can go wrong—absolutely nothing.

SMITH. Have you warned everybody against noise?

JIMMY. I've told them. The girls can't quite get accustomed to the idea of having the audience separated from them by this glass wall. (*Indicates front of stage.*)

SMITH. They can be seen, all right; they needn't worry.

JIMMY. They're so excited you'd think they had never been in a control room before.

SMITH. Flowers look nice. Don't they?

JIMMY. Station S O S looks very festive, I must admit.

SMITH (*looking at his watch*). Time to go on the air in just one minute. The crowd the other side of the curtain is getting impatient. Bring the class in, and I'll have the curtains drawn.

JIMMY. Immediately. (*Exit at right.*)

SMITH (*to some one off left*). Draw curtains when the chimes ring. Folks out front are getting anxious to see our show.

VOICE OFF LEFT. O. K.

The graduating class file solemnly in at right, led by JIMMY, and occupy the seats at rear of stage. The girls fluff out their hair and adjust their dresses while the boys fuss with their ties. MARY and JANE take seats in center of first row.

JANE. Don't stutter to-night, Mary.

MARY (*angrily*). And don't you flat all your high notes when we sing.

JANE (*loudly*). What do you mean—flat?

JIMMY (*agonizedly*). Girls, sh-h! The curtain's being drawn. You can be seen, if not heard.

SMITH *goes to table and strikes chimes, and the imaginary curtain rolls back. This is shown to the audience by the turning of heads and self-conscious expressions of the class. They all quickly assume a charming pose. SMITH looks off left as if in answer to a summons. He asks in pantomime if he is wanted and evidently receives an affirmative answer. This must be made very clear. He walks quickly off stage at left. As he reaches door at left, an arm is seen to grab him*

and pull him out of sight. At once JOE walks leisurely on at left and advances to the microphone. There is silent consternation among the graduates. They half rise from their seats, then, remembering where they are, subside. JOE waves at them cheerfully.

JOE (*in a threatening stage whisper*). Remember: We're on the air. (*He opens switch on first microphone, nearest center of stage and rings the chimes.*)

JOE (*announcing*). Station S O S. Ladies and gentlemen, through the courtesy of Station S O S and the Senior class of the———High School, we are broadcasting to-night the commencement exercises of the class of 19—. This is Joe Graham announcing. Your regular announcer, Peter Smith, was taken ill, and as Graham McNamee was reporting a tennis tournament, the management would trust this program to no one else but me. How I wish you could see what I see! I shall endeavor to paint for you a brief word picture, but no one could do justice to the expression on the lovely and intellectual countenances of these young people. In front, beyond the glass wall, is a large and enthusiastic audience, composed of friends and parents—proud and amazed parents—mostly amazed to think their offspring made the grade. And here, here in the broadcasting room sit the graduates, all a-flutter with excitement. I'll let you hear them flutter. Listen. (*Rattles papers on the table.*) Isn't that wonderful, folks? And if you could only see them. Oh, if you could! Young men in their first dress suits; I can see the price tags on some of them. Girls in lovely dresses—faces magnificently made up. Their own mothers wouldn't know them unless the paint was removed. Oh, it's a beautiful sight! The broadcasting room is a mass of flowers—pink and white roses, gardenias, lilacs, lilies,

sunflowers, and what have you? You'd almost think it was a funeral, there are so many flowers.

A fifty-piece orchestra is playing sweet music. I'll tell you what it's playing. It's the "Moonlight Sonata." No that's not it. It's "Hearts and Flowers." I beg your pardon folks. It's the "Meditation" from "Thais." That's it. I'll let you hear for yourself. (*Goes to second microphone and presses button, and the strains of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" are heard.*) There! Wasn't that sweet? (*Turns off second microphone and goes back to first microphone.*)

And now for the program. But first may I say just a word about the significance of this great occasion? To-night marks a change in the ownership of this station. For one year Station S O S has been managed by the Senior class of 19—. Many and varied—oh, very varied—programs have been broadcast from it. They have varied in quality from fair to lousy—I mean, from very laudable to perfect; but to-night's broadcast, I promise you, will surpass any program heard over this station or any other. Incidentally may I say that next year, Station S O S will be owned and operated by what is now the Junior class of the ——— High School, and then, let me assure you, the programs will amaze you by their brilliance and startle you by their intellectual superiority.

But now the commencement program is beginning. Mr. Brown, president of the Senior class, is about to deliver an address. Mr. Brown is nervous. He is biting his nails. But he has a look of grim determination—a "hold-that-line" expression. He reminds me of a limp leather edition of Gunga Din. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Brown.

(JIMMY miserably advances to the first microphone,

as JOE moves to second one. JIMMY is very much upset.)

JIMMY (*broadcasting*). Ladies and gentlemen—er—er—friends and parents: As president of the class, permit me to welcome you to our commencement, the first radio graduation in the history of the world. From this station—er—we have—er—from this station we have during the past year broadcast banquets, plays, and recitals, but to-night you are able to see as well as hear us. We trust you are finding our new auditorium comfortable and that our glass wall permits you to have a clear view of the performers. We are most happy to welcome you to-night to the first radio commencement in the world. (*Forgets speech and fumbles.*) We are happy—we are happy—

JOE (*switching him off the air*). You're repeating yourself, old man. (*Turns on again, as JIMMY staggers to his seat.*) Mr. Brown, overcome by his feelings, has resumed his seat amid great applause. I'll let you hear the applause. (*Takes two shingles from table and claps them together loudly.*) And now we're to have an essay by Miss Anna Green, called "Shakespeare as a Poet Hero." (*ANNA rises and advances to right center.*) Folks, I wish you could see Miss Green as she advances toward the microphone, her essay, tied in blue ribbon, under her arm, and her hair in ringlets down her patriotic spine. She has such a soft, sweet look—a look you could stir with a spoon. A very sweet girl! (*JANE comes forward to the microphone. Telephone rings off stage. JOE rushes to microphone, pushes JANE aside and speaks into it, although he has received no message.*) Sorry, folks. You won't be able to hear Miss Green's essay. Thomas Carlyle has just telephoned saying that the essay, "Shakespeare as a Poet Hero," is an infringement of the copyright on his chapter on

Shakespeare in "Heroes and Hero-Worship." Now would you think Thomas Carlyle would be as mean as that? He ought to be grateful to this little girl for using his old ideas. But, then, we must remember, Tam was a Scotchman. If he broadcast, he'd use only short wave lengths. Never mind, little girl (*to ANNA, who stands in amazement*); just give him the air, including the radio rights. (*ANNA staggers back to her seat.*) Next we have a great treat. Miss Gray, the class poet—and how that girl can poet!—will read us her latest and worst opus. Miss Gray is a tall, stately blonde—you know the sort I mean—mighty like a pose. Ladies and gentlemen, I present Miss Gray.

(*MARY advances to microphone.*)

MARY (*reading in a very affected manner.*)

Poets have written the praises of Helen of Troy—
Helen, who launched a fleet and caused a war.
But her ships have been lost for centuries,
And the warriors she sped are long forgotten.
Helen of Troy had beauty; Helen of Troy had fame.
We have neither beauty nor fame,
But we are more to be envied than Helen of Troy.
We have youth; we have health; the world lies before us.
We have inspiration; we have lofty ideals;
Our faces are lifted upward to the stars.
We go forth to toil for humanity;
Our names shall not be forgotten.
We are more to be envied than Helen of Troy.

(*MARY bows and returns to her seat. For a moment, there is absolute silence. JOE returns to microphone.*)

JOE (*at microphone*). That deathlike silence you hear is the awe-struck admiration of the audience, who

are still wondering what the Helen of Troy that poem was about, anyway. Next comes a brief pause for station announcements. (*Rings chimes.*) Station S O S. We now continue our program with the valedictory by Miss Dora White. Miss White never had any particular ambition, but she was born with a couple of manias, both of which were to be the valedictorian of her class. She received little encouragement, either at home or in school, but Miss White always had the cowardice of other people's convictions, and made herself very popular with the janitor and the telephone girl in this station. So here she is to-night, friends, the valedictorian of her class—and how! Never mind, folks; mistakes will happen. If her speech seems a trifle disjointed, just let it pass. That girl never could make sense. Ladies and gentlemen, I am honored to present Miss Dora White.

(*DORA comes down stage to microphone and faces it.*)

DORA (*cooly*). Friends, this is a sad as well as a happy occasion.

JOE (*switching on second microphone for his own use and speaking into it*). Too bad she isn't dumb vocally, too.

DORA (*continuing*). Happy because we have reached our goal—

JOE (*into second microphone*). That's more than the football team did last season.

DORA (*continuing*). We are sad to-night because we are leaving our dear old school, where so many happy hours have been spent. We are filled with sorrow at the thought of saying, "farewell" to our teachers, who have done so much for us. In the years to

come, our paths will be far apart. We journey we know not where.

JOE (*into second microphone*). If she'd go where I'm thinking, she'd be gone a long, long time.

DORA (*continuing*). No matter to what distant clime the future calls us, the lamp of memory will still burn brightly, and your images will ever be enshrined in our hearts. They will beat as truly for you then as now.

JOE (*switching off first microphone*). Brief pause in order that you may listen to hearts beating truly for old ——— High School.

(JOE takes metal snapper from table and makes clicking sound with it, then he switches first microphone on again. The class move nervously and exchange agonized glances. DORA looks annoyed but continues.)

DORA. All that we are or hope to be—

JOE (*interrupting and speaking into second microphone*). Mr. Lincoln will be calling in a minute.

DORA (*repeating, exasperated*). All that we are or hope to be we owe to our parents and to the faculty of the ——— High School. A million dollars could never repay you for what you have done for us, and a million dollars could not recompense us for the loss of what you have given us.

JOE (*at second microphone*). A million dollars! Folks, that's a lot of money not to get, but let it pass. Let it pass.

DORA (*continuing*). On behalf of my classmates, the members of the class of 19—

JOE (*interrupting and speaking at second microphone*). Remember the date, folks, if you're ever called as a witness.

DORA (*continuing desperately*). —I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

(*As she bows and returns to her seat, JOE applauds violently with the shingles.*)

JOE (*at first microphone*). Did you hear that applause, folks? They're certainly giving that little girl a big hand. And who shall say she doesn't deserve it? Certainly; we all say so. And now for the main event—the part of the program for which the graduates have waited four years. I know it seems longer to us. The president of the board of education is going to present the members of the class with their diplomas. Shall I say, "with their well-earned diplomas"? No? Very well. I shall not say with their well-earned diplomas. I do not see Mr. Black, the president of the board, in the studio but he will be here in a moment I am sure. Pardon me just a second. A telegram. (*Seizes bit of paper from table and tears it as if opening telegram.*) I'll read it to you. It's from Mr. Black. This is what it says; "To the graduating class: Sorry. Goat ate diplomas. Am sending rain checks. New diplomas in a week. J. H. Black, president of board of education." (*Drops heavy weight from the table to the floor.*) Ladies and gentlemen, that terrible crash you just heard was the spirits of the graduating class. They fell. A commencement without diplomas is not a brilliant success, we must admit. Oh, well, the boys and girls should be glad they have their health. We can't have everything. Now for good news to cheer us all up. We have come to the final number of the S O S commencement hour. The class song, words composed by Miss Jane Dunn, will now be sung by the kind permission of the copyright owners, Stephen Foster, Michael

Balfe, Irving Berlin, Thomas Moore, Rouget de Lisle, Alfred Tennyson, Amy Lowell, Joyce Kilmer, Eddie Guest, Lord Byron, the author of "Songs of Sentiment," whose name escapes my memory, and any other poets, including the Scandinavian, who may have contributed. The class song, led by the charming Miss Dunn.

(JANE comes down stage and faces the class, who stand and, as she leads them, sing to tune of "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls." The words fit the air indifferently well, and the result is startling. They sing not well but very loudly and vigorously. The players may go the limit within the bounds of good taste, to inject comedy into the performance.)

ALL (*singing*).

Believe us if all the endearing charms
Of old folks at home and our school
Should be faded to-morrow, we'll love them still,
And honor each ancient rule.
As we gayly march on to liberty
Or to death on the field of fame,
We shall praise and the world shall praise with us
Our dear Alma Mater's name;
Alma Mater, dear Alma Mater's name.
We shall praise it, dear Alma Mater's name.

We think that we shall never see
A class that is quite like this,
And our sorrow's crown of sorrows shall be
Remembering four years of bliss.
And while skies are blue and fields are green
Your love in our hearts shall dwell.

If in life's garden path no more we are seen

Then forever fare thee well;

Then forever, forever fare thee well;

Then forever, forever fare thee well.

(All resume seats. JOE returns to first microphone.)

JOE *(speaking into microphone)*. A wonderful class! How can we ever forget them? We can and will. Because of the unusual and brilliant character of to-night's broadcast, we understand that the Senior class has been signally honored by their successors. They have been decorated with the cross—the double cross. Remember, dear vast, unseen audience and you weary souls out in front, this station will be opened under new and better management next September, and, until then, this is Joe Graham, signing off and wishing you all many happy returns of the day.

As he finishes, the door at left flies open and in rush BLACK, who is president of the board, SMITH, and a policeman, who pounce upon JOE and collar him.

JOE *(politely disengaging himself)*. Pardon me, please. *(JOE goes to first microphone and snaps it off. Then he goes to second one and rings chimes.)* Station S O S. *(Turns off microphone.)*

(As the curtain begins to descend, JOE's three captors drag him off at left, while the members of the graduating class rise to their feet and rush after the quartet, shaking their fists at JOE and talking excitedly in pantomime.)

CURTAIN

(e) THE SENIOR CLASS PRESENTS—

(One-act farce in two scenes for senior high schools)

FOR SIX BOYS AND SEVEN GIRLS

CHARACTERS

MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

JANET.....	<i>Who plays the plot in the class play</i>
HENRY.....	<i>Who plays the elderly business man and golf addict</i>
GRACE.....	<i>Who plays the romantic daughter</i>
RUTH.....	<i>Who plays the whimsical heroine</i>
TOM.....	<i>Who plays the dashing hero</i>
JACK.....	<i>Who plays the epigrammatical burglar</i>
DOROTHY.....	<i>Who plays the slinky villainess</i>
JIMMY.....	<i>Who plays the collegian</i>
ANNE.....	<i>Who plays the Irish maid</i>
HORACE.....	<i>Who plays the butler</i>
MARY.....	<i>Who plays the gloomy wife</i>
ETHEL.....	<i>Who acts as stage manager</i>
BILL.....	<i>Who plays the policeman</i>

TIME—*Commencement time.*

PLACE—*Stage of the high school auditorium.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About an hour.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

SCENE 1. Stage of the high school auditorium set as a living room, two weeks before the class play.

SCENE 2. Same as in previous scene, on evening of the class play. Stage is set as the Harmons' living room, the time of the play within the play being a summer evening.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

All members of the cast are high school Seniors in their late and middle teens. In Scene 1, all wear everyday street dress, dark or light, according to taste, the girls with hats and light spring coats.

Janet has a calm sensible manner. In the character of the plot, in Scene 2, she is mysterious and forceful. Her costume for this scene is a blue dress, the color of the paper often used for the bindings of theatrical books and manuscripts, ink-stained, torn, and smudged, with dark slippers and stockings, and on her head a tiny blue cap with a white quill pen holder perched on the front of it like a feather.

Henry has a dignified and important manner. In Scene 2, as Mr. Harmon, he is very dictatorial. He wears the same dark suit he wore in Scene 1 and carries a bag of golf clubs.

Grace is fluffy-haired, pretty, and romantic. In Scene 2, she wears a girlish, ruffled summer dress in some delicate pastel shade, with slippers and stockings to match.

Ruth is attractive, dark-haired, and charming in spite of her affected imitation of a Barrie heroine. In Scene 2, she wears a fluffy summer dress in some light,

becoming color, with black slippers. For the elopement scene, she may change to a light green street suit or may throw a black satin coat over her light dress, donning a black hat.

Tom is a dark, comely, stage-struck lad, whose life is a series of poses and attitudes. He behaves like an old-fashioned matinee hero and almost makes it convincing. He dresses at all times like a fashion plate. In Scene 2, he wears immaculate evening dress.

Jack is a blond or red-haired boy (to contrast with Tom's type), who prides himself upon his sophistication and tries to talk in epigrams, with but indifferent success. He has an impudent but charming manner. In Scene 1, he wears a sweater and plus fours. In Scene 2, he wears dinner clothes or a light business suit, with no hat.

Dorothy is a dark-haired girl, who goes to extremes with her make-up and always talks in italics. She affects striking colors, wearing a scarlet dress and hat in Scene 1 and changing to a black dress, with jet earrings and black slippers with red heels for Scene 2.

Jimmy is a big, husky lad, who is frankly pleased with himself and the world. In Scene 2, his appearance is very collegiate, with his huge coonskin coat covering the dark suit worn in Scene 1, with cap to match the suit.

Anne is a small, red-haired girl, with a snappy manner and a sharp tongue. When impersonating the Irish maid in Scene 2, she uses a very broad Irish accent. In Scene 2, she wears an Irish colleen's bright green dress with a short, full skirt, a tiny white lace cap and apron, black slippers, and white stockings.

Horace is large and dignified and very slow of speech. While impersonating the butler, he uses an

English cockney accent and maintains a majestic dignity. In Scene 2, he wears the typical butler's black suit, with English side whiskers.

Mary is tall and graceful, languid and bored. In Scene 2, she wears a trailing lavender or purple satin gown trimmed with lace and cultivates an intense manner and a mournful expression.

Ethel wears a smart tailored dress, and Bill is dressed in a policeman's uniform during their brief appearances in Scene 2.

SCENE 1

SCENE: *The stage of the high school auditorium set as a living room, several weeks before class day. The set has three doors: one in the wall up left, a second at right, and a third up right center. In the play enacted in Scene 2, the left door is supposed to lead to the kitchen, the servants' quarters, a hall, and a garden; the right door is supposed to lead to the front hall, the card room, and the upstairs; and the door up right center, to the dining room. If desired, dark curtains may be substituted for doors. There are two large curtained windows at left looking out upon the garden. They have thin white draperies, and the one farthest down left should open easily. On the right wall close to the right door hang a pair of dark curtains presumably concealing another door. In the rear wall in the corner up extreme right hangs a long piece of tapestry, which hides a wall safe so constructed as to open readily. In the corner up extreme left is a large screen, behind which two persons may easily be concealed. On down stage side of the right door hangs an old-fashioned*

bell rope. The furniture is simple, consisting of: a library table at center, with an armchair back of it facing the audience and five straight-backed chairs gathered around it; a davenport piled with pillows down left; two armchairs down right and up right respectively, each with an unlighted floor lamp just behind it; a third floor lamp at left of library table and a wastebasket at right of table. If desired, other furniture may be added to dress the stage before the curtain rises on the Senior play.

At rise of curtain, the Senior Dramatic Society are assembled, all talking and gesticulating. At the library table sit JANET, GRACE, RUTH, ANNE, and HORACE, the armchair being vacant. Up center are gathered in groups, HENRY, JIMMY, TOM, JACK, MARY, and DOROTHY, arguing in confused chorus. JANET raps the table with a pencil and speaks above the hubbub.

JANET (*peevishly, at right of table, to those standing up center*). If you don't sit down and keep still, we shall never decide on a play. (*There is a lull in the talk.*) We've got our stage furniture and nothing else. (*Waves her hand toward surrounding set.*)

HENRY (*coming down to table*). As I understand it, it's like this: We members of the dramatic club have been given full authority to select our play, produce it, and choose the cast, without consulting a single teacher.

JANET. Yes, that's right.

GRACE (*at left of table*). And it's not such a compliment to our taste and discretion as it may seem. It's because Miss Nelson said she couldn't be bothered giving a play with a class as hard to please as we are.

TOM (*coming down stage to join HENRY*). Well, I think it's a wonderful thing for us. We'll give a play

that will really do us justice. We'll have no stars or leading ladies. We'll select a play that has a good part for every one of us.

ALL THE OTHERS (*in concert*). But what?

HENRY (*sitting in armchair back of table facing audience*). I forgot that I was chairman of this committee. Everybody sit down and shut up. (*All those standing sit, laughing, occupying armchairs and davenport.*) Now, all those who wish to be in this class play stand. (*All stand.*) That's unanimous—the first time anything in this society ever was. Now, as to the play, what shall it be?

(*All speak loudly and in quick succession, the speeches tumbling over one another.*)

RUTH. A Barrie play.

JACK. Something of Shaw's.

DOROTHY. A wild melodrama.

TOM. "If I Were King."

GRACE. "Abie's Irish Rose."

JIMMY. A college story.

ANNE. Something very funny.

JANET. Something sensible.

HORACE. A modern play with an English butler.

MARY. Something Russian.

HENRY (*in despair*). Wait a minute! Wait a minute. I'll give you each a chance. I myself prefer plays about business men. Janet, what do you think?

JANET. I don't care what play we have, as long as it is sensible and one we are capable of doing.

ANNE. Don't be so modest, Janet; we're good. We admit it.

JANET. Yes, we admit it, but does anyone else?

ANNE. We'll make 'em. (HENRY *frowns*.) All right, all right, Henry. I'm dumb.

TOM. Ah, she admits that, too.

HENRY. Tom, what play would you like?

TOM. If I'm to play the lead, I'd like a costume play. It's so hard to be romantic in a wing collar and a bow tie. Let's give a Shakespearian play; "Hamlet," for instance.

GRACE (*thrilled*). Oh, if we play "Hamlet," please let me be Ophelia.

ANNE (*sweetly*). You're mad, dear, but not mad enough for that.

MARY (*to Tom*). You know we can't do Shakespeare. Let's count that out. For one thing, this is our only stage setting. (*Waves her hand at set on stage*.)

TOM (*persistently*). Well, there are lots of other costume plays. "If I Were King." How about that?

HENRY. What do you say, Jimmy?

JIMMY (*doubtfully*). I think Janet's right about wanting something simple.

ANNE. But not too simple, Jimmy dear. I've seen things so simple they were silly.

JIMMY. I wish you wouldn't try to be funny, Anne. It's terribly tiresome when we're in a hurry. (*Brightening*.) Let's give a college play. That would be easy, and I'm sure our audience would like it.

JANET. Not a bad idea.

HENRY. Dorothy, any suggestion?

DOROTHY (*enthusiastically*). Do let me be a villainess. I want to be snaky and sinister.

ANNE. But that's out of style.

RUTH. Please don't have melodrama. There'll be shooting, and it always makes my head ache.

DOROTHY (*disappointed*). A melodrama doesn't have to have shooting. We could use knives and poison. Anyway, no one has to be really killed; I could just break their hearts.

JANET. If melodrama isn't well done, it's perfectly awful.

JACK. Let's give a good society play. Why not a Shaw play? They are so sophisticated, and the speeches are so clever. Let's give "The Devil's Disciple."

ANNE. Which will you be, Jack? The Devil or the disciple?

TOM (*interested*). That's not a bad idea at all. The scene was in Revolutionary times, so "The Devil's Disciple" would be a costume play.

ALL THE OTHERS (*loudly and firmly*). No costume plays!

HENRY (*sarcastically*). Grace, since you can sing, I suppose you'd prefer an opera. Do you want "Carmen" or "Aida"?

GRACE (*soothingly*). Don't be cross, Henry. We ought to have a play with lots of heart interest. I want to play the ingénue.

HENRY (*puzzled*). The what?

ANNE (*with false helpfulness*). The sweet young thing with the wind-blown bob.

GRACE. Let's do "Abie's Irish Rose" or "Peg o' My Heart."

HENRY. We can't do dialect.

HORACE (*proudly*). I can.

ALL THE OTHERS (*in concert*). What?

HORACE. English butlers. I never saw one, but I know I could be one.

MARY (*amazed*). But, Horace, you'd want an important part. All the butler does is to say, "Dinner is

served," and "Will you have tea on the veranda, my lady?"

HORACE (*wisely*). There are butlers and butlers. The one I play will have a great influence on the unfolding of the plot, or I won't play him.

JACK. Shaw's plays always have butlers in them.

RUTH (*rapping the table for attention*). It's my turn to express my views.

ALL THE OTHERS. Go ahead, Ruth.

RUTH (*sweetly*). I think Barrie plays are perfectly fascinating.

ANNE (*in mock horror*). Ruth, don't tell me you want to play "Peter Pan." I just couldn't bear it.

RUTH (*seriously*). No; we haven't scenery for that, but any of the other Barrie plays would do. I'd love to play the heroine. Barrie's women are so whimsical and quaint and different. I want to be whimsical.

HENRY (*holding his head*). I don't know what you are talking about.

RUTH (*warming up to her subject*). All the Barrie heroines have charm. They're not beautiful, but they do have charm.

JANET. But we can't—

RUTH (*interrupting*). I know we can't, but I want to.

HENRY (*in despair*). Anne, do you want to be whimsical, or do you prefer sense?

ANNE. Neither. What we need is a good comedy, with lots of laughs. That's what the people want.

MARY. That's so trivial. I'm just crazy about Russian tragedies.

ANNE. No Russian gloom if I can help it. The audience don't want to weep, and they don't want to think, either. They wouldn't know what a Russian play

was about, and if they did they'd wish they didn't.

GRACE (*hopefully*). Can't we find a play that will have all the things we want in it?

HENRY. I give up. It can't be done. We'll never agree on a play in the wide world. I'm going home. (*He starts to rise, but those nearest him pull him down again.*)

MARY. Oh, Henry, you can't quit. We've got to do something.

ANNE. Of course we must go on with it. After being given the privilege of doing as we please for once in our lives, we shall never hear the last of it if we don't give something reasonably worth while. Take my advice: Find a good brisk comedy, and we shall be the admiration of the town.

RUTH (*politely*). I really think a Barrie play would be better.

JACK. But think of the clever speeches in a Shaw play!

JIMMY (*protesting*). A college play would be a knockout with the audience.

ANNE (*firmly*). We've got to make 'em laugh; but we shall probably do that, whether intentionally or not, if you people pick out such impossible plays.

TOM (*earnestly*). Don't you think white wigs are becoming to most people?

JIMMY (*annoyed*). Tom, you know perfectly well you'd trip on your sword if you played what you want to play.

JANET. If you'll all please listen for just a moment, I have an idea—a real one, I mean, not just an exclamation.

HENRY. Everybody shut up and listen to Janet. I haven't any faith in anybody's ideas, but I'll listen.

JANET. Thank you so much, Henry, for your co-operation, not to mention appreciation.

HENRY (*politely*). Don't mention it.

JANET. Let's give a play that will suit everybody.

HORACE. Brilliant idea, but impossible. Where's the plot?

JANET. We'll all write it.

ALL THE OTHERS. We?

JANET. Yes, we—us—whichever it is. You've picked out your characters; now just write their lines. We'll put them together and have a play.

JACK. But give us an idea for a plot.

ANNE. What's the plot got to do with a play?

JANET. Don't waste your wit; save it to put in the play. Ruth, you want to be a whimsical heroine. Jack wants to be sophisticated and clever; Dorothy to be sinister. Tom will, of course, be very romantic, but not in a white wig. Mary will be unhappy. I don't know why, but she can decide that for herself.

ANNE. Certainly any woman has a right to choose her own unhappiness.

JANET. Anne will be a low comedienne.

ANNE. Not low, I beg of you; a comedienne, but not low.

MARY. But, Janet, what part shall you play?

JANET. Perhaps I'll just be the director.

TOM. Oh, no. Play a part, Janet. You might be really good. Who knows?

JANET (*dryly*). Who, indeed?

DOROTHY (*eagerly*). Be a crook, Janet. Be a crook and play up to my part.

JANET (*shaking her head*). One crook in a one-act play is plenty. Two many crooks spoil the plot.

JACK. That's a good line. Do you mind if I use it in my part?

JANET. Go ahead; the pleasure is all mine.

TOM. Whatever you are, remember I'm the hero.

JACK. You're the villain. I'm the hero.

TOM. You're the villain.

JACK (*firmly*). The hero. (*They glare at each other and argue in pantomime, finally turning their backs on each other.*)

HENRY (*getting interested*). I think I'll be a fussy, domineering father. Wouldn't you, Janet? (*Talks with her in pantomime.*)

DOROTHY. I wonder what sort of make-up would be best for me to use. Mary, loan me your black dress, will you?

MARY. I shall have to wear it myself.

JIMMY. If the time of the play is winter, I've got a swell raccoon coat.

ANNE. If you're a college boy, Jimmy, don't bother to write any lines for yourself. All you need is your coonskin coat; and you might bring your uke.

HORACE (*musingly*). I wonder what a butler wears. I never saw one in real life.

TOM (*turning to ANNE*). If I can't have a white wig, I must wear a uniform. Let me see. (*Ponders.*)

ANNE (*ever helpful*). Chauffeurs have uniforms. So do postmen and butchers— No, they just have white aprons; don't they? Tom, why not be a porter? Those red caps are very becoming to dark men.

JACK (*to anybody who will listen*). Do you suppose a silk hat would be too—er—?

ANNE. Yes, it would. The Freshmen might throw things at you.

JIMMY. If everyone is dressing as he wishes, I shall at least carry my raccoon coat.

HENRY. And I shall carry my golf sticks to show I am a successful business man.

RUTH. But the scene will be evening, because things show off so much better with a night effect. You can't carry your golf sticks.

HENRY (*determinedly*). Oh, yes, I can. I'm a commuter, and I get home late.

DOROTHY (*busy with the adventuress idea*). I shall have a dead white make-up, with green eyelids and a scarlet mouth.

ANNE (*grinning*). You'll look like the body that was found where X marks the spot.

DOROTHY. That's the way I want to look. I'll wear grandmother's long jet earrings. They're very valuable.

MARY. Will she let you have them?

DOROTHY (*calmly*). No; I'll just take them. And I'll wear black satin.

GRACE (*assuming a very girlish manner*). Don't you think I'll look awfully young in a pink ruffled dress?

ANNE. I don't know how you'll look, but I know you'll act about six.

MARY (*reproachfully*). I do think, Dorothy, you might have left black for me. Nothing else looks so sad and melancholy.

DOROTHY. Now, Mary, you know lavender looks so gloomy it almost makes one burst into tears.

ANNE. I shall wear a bright green dress with a dear little white lace cap.

MARY (*horrified*). Bright green?

ANNE. Certainly; it's symbolic. I'm going to be an Irish maid.

RUTH (*crossly*). Well, after you've all selected the most attractive colors for your costumes, there's not much choice left for me. I had intended to wear pale blue, but I'm afraid I'll look too much like Grace then. I'll look ingénue as much as I do whimsical, and that isn't my idea at all.

GRACE. Don't imitate my acting; that's all I ask.

RUTH (*disagreeably*). I promise you I won't. Nothing could induce me to.

ANNE (*to the air*). It's so hard to tell the difference between whimsicality and plain rudeness. Isn't it?

JACK. I must have some very clever lines.

TOM. I do hope my big scene goes over with a bang.

JACK (*quickly*). What big scene?

TOM (*embarrassed*). Well—er—the love scene, I suppose, since I'm the hero.

JACK (*beginning the argument all over again*). You? I'm the hero.

TOM (*desperately*). Look here: I've got to be the hero! I've sent an invitation to a wonderful girl that I met last summer. She's very much interested in my acting.

HENRY (*who has been listening*). When did you ever do any acting?

JIMMY (*to HENRY*). Don't be so dumb. He acts all the time.

TOM (*ignoring JIMMY*). I told her I intended to make acting my career. She thinks I will be most successful—

JIMMY (*interrupting and completing TOM's sentence*). —in costume plays, with a white wig. Don't bother to tell us; we know.

HORACE. There's just one thing worries me about

being an English butler. I'm so afraid I'll forget to drop my *h's*.

JIMMY. Don't drop any tea trays. That's what you'd better worry about.

HENRY. I know I shall be nervous. I hope I won't forget my lines—if I ever get any.

JIMMY (*loudly and firmly*). I'm going to wear my coonskin overcoat.

JANET (*coolly*). The time is summer.

JIMMY. It's a cool summer. I'll carry the coat over my arm.

RUTH (*looking at her wrist watch*). My goodness! It's awfully late. I can't stay a minute longer. If we are to give a play in two weeks it's about time we began to write it.

ALL THE OTHERS (*except JANET, who looks disgusted*). Oh, dear!

HENRY. Janet, can't you give us an idea about the story you want us to use? How can we write our conversation when we don't know what it's all about?

JANET (*enthusiastically*). Let's have a case of mistaken identity: a burglar taken for some one else, you know. Then an elopement and stolen money—

(*No one has been listening while JANET talks, and she is now interrupted.*)

JIMMY. We couldn't have a football scene in the play very well, I suppose. Could we, Janet?

MARY. There must be a tragedy in my life.

DOROTHY. I'll be the mistaken identity.

MARY. Janet, what are you going to be? You never told us.

JANET (*enthusiastically*). I have an idea—a great idea.

ALL THE OTHERS. What?

JANET (*mysteriously*). I'll be the most neglected and misused thing in the play. I'll be practically murdered.

ANNE. Don't worry. One of our heroes will save you, just to show he is the hero.

MARY. But what are you going to be, Janet?

JANET (*hoarsely*). I'll be the plot.

ALL THE OTHERS (*in concert, jumping up*). What?

JANET. Listen!

(*They cluster around her, and she begins talking in low tones, not to be distinguished by the audience. As they listen, considerable excitement prevails.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE 2

SCENE: *Same as in Scene 1, representing the living room of the Harmon home. It is the night of the Senior play two weeks after the close of the previous scene. The arrangement of the stage is the same except that the armchair formerly back of the table is now placed near windows at left, while the five straight-backed chairs around the table are scattered about the room, one being near curtains at right, two up center, a fourth against the wall down extreme left, and the fifth at left of table. A newspaper is on the table. A tea wagon, on which is a tray piled with the dishes of a tea service, stands at left center. As the time of the play is supposed to be evening, all the floor lamps are lighted and the stage lights are full up.*

Near the close of the intermission, ETHEL, the stage manager, comes before the curtain and addresses the audience.

ETHEL. Ladies and gentlemen, friends of the Senior class: As stage manager of our class play, it gives me much pleasure to welcome you here to-night. Some of you may have been thinking that the name of our play is rather peculiar—"The Senior Class Presents—." "Presents what?" I hear you asking. Now, that's just the question. So many names were considered, and seemed appropriate, that it was decided to let the audience name the play for itself. These were some of the names suggested: "Enter the Cat," "Anne from County Antrim," "The Midnight Visitor," "A Whimsical Wooing," "Jimmy Goes Collegiate," "A Broad-minded Butler," "Laments in Lavender," and "The Harmons Never Scream." When you realize that any of those names would have been quite satisfactory, you will understand why we were compelled to call it simply "The Senior Class Presents—." It is an unusual play that you are about to witness, and we feel that it will be of particular interest to you. It was written by the actors themselves; that is, each actor wrote his or her part, regardless of the others. The result is a play that we feel is absolutely unique, the only one of its kind in existence. There are, strictly speaking, no hero, no heroine, no leading part. Each actor is out for himself. In short, it's a dramatic free-for-all. We commend the play and the players to your kindness and clemency. Thank you. (*Exit by either side, as curtain rises.*)

At rise of curtain, the stage is unoccupied. Immediately JANET, dressed as the plot, creeps stealthily in

at right, looks around as if frightened at finding herself alone, and advances down center to footlights.

JANET (*confidentially, to the audience*). Good evening, everybody. I'm the plot. The actors don't pay much attention to me; in fact they often lose me, but I always get back. They belong to me, not I to them, but they keep forgetting that and act independently. If you notice anything queer during the evening it's because I'm temporarily mislaid, but just have patience, and I'll be back.

While we're alone together, I'll just tell you what the situation is at present. It may make things clearer to you. (*There is a noise of voices off right.*) That was the Harmon family you heard. Mr. Harmon is a business man, who insists upon being the head of the house and playing golf, but not both at the same time. He isn't terribly successful at either. Mrs. Harmon, his wife, has been reading too many Russian novels and Ibsen plays. She cultivates gloom and melancholy and is always wondering about something. But don't mind her; she isn't half so sad as she pretends. She has a very good appetite.

The two daughters, Ruth and Grace, are interesting but not startling. Ruth, the older, is whimsical; she makes a business of it. She was taken to see "Peter Pan" when she was very young, and she never recovered. She believes that charm is what every woman wants, and she's sure she has it. You may judge for yourselves. Her father doesn't want her to marry Tom Van Dyne, so she is planning to do so. Tom firmly believes that if all roads don't lead to romance, they should. He is good-looking and fascinating to women. It's true; he admits it himself. Grace, the younger girl, is just what you'd expect: young, oh, very young and

romantic. She gave up thinking for Lent and never started in again. She's crazy about Tom, who is using all his fascination on Ruth.

Later you will meet Jimmy Jordon. Jimmy is terribly collegiate—you know the sort. He'd die for old Rutgers and all that; but he's a nice boy, just the same. If he sneaks in a raccoon coat, just ignore it. Don't give him any encouragement. He's letting Grace wear his frat. pin to-night, but to-morrow night may be another story.

Then there's Jack Deane. I'm not sure which is the hero—Tom or Jack. They were still arguing about it the last time I saw them. You'll determine that; won't you? Jack might be called the Amateur Wise-cracksman, for his conversation is meant to be clever. On the whole, I think you'll like Jack. Ruth will, too.

And I mustn't forget Anne, the Irish maid. She's an Irish maid because her French accent is awful. She isn't of much importance except to argue with the butler, but she wanted to be in the play, and since she had a cap and an apron, we let her. It didn't cost the management anything, and it pleased her.

And the butler—wait till you see Horace. You never beheld so much dignity in one person before. He's absolutely the last word in butlers. We put him in the play just for ornament.

Dorothy Redmond is the villainess—and is she wicked? When she was a child she murdered her parents so she could go to an orphans' home. She met the Harmons on a boat, and she's been using them for a meal ticket ever since. Now, I think that's all.

(Apologetically.) You're wondering why I'm dressed so shabbily. Aren't you? It really isn't my fault. I started life as a nice new clean plot. Look at

me now! Some of me has been used so much I'm nearly worn threadbare. I do hope you don't dislike old things. I've been made over and patched and taken apart and put together again till my own mother wouldn't recognize me. (*Sadly.*) I'm not so clean as I was. I'm dull in spots, and I lack pep and vigor. You see, any time any of the actors thought of anything they wanted to say they put it in and left something else out. That's why they don't recognize me any more. They go right on without me, but I always find them before any harm is done. No matter what queer things happen, don't be alarmed. You may depend on me. The plot will come back to them, even if they won't stick to the plot. (*Listens as voices are heard off right again.*) I must go. Good-bye. (*Rushes off at right.*)

ANNE *enters at left dressed as the Irish maid and humming an Irish air. She straightens the furniture and turns out one lamp. Voices and laughter are heard off right.*

ANNE (*crossly*). Will they never be goin' to bed? (*Picks up newspaper off table and turns pages idly. Looks at article intently and reads aloud.*) "The Cat, notorious gentleman burglar, is prowling around the neighborhood. Last night stole pearl necklace from Lady Delarme. Police hot on his trail. Good-looking, charming manners—witty conversationalist. Called the Cat because of stealthy way of entering a house. A large reward is offered for the capture of the Cat." (*Puts paper back on table.*) Now wouldn't it be a fine thing entirely if the Cat were to come creepin' up to this window and I should pick up (*looks hurriedly about in search of weapon*) this big book (*seizes*

book from table) and stun him and get the reward?

HORACE, *impersonating the butler, who has entered softly at left during the latter part of her speech, grabs her, and she shrieks wildly, dropping book on floor and getting her cap and apron awry.*

HORACE. Cease that disturbance hinstantly.
(*Picks up book and puts it back on table.*)

ANNE (*gasping*). I thought you were the Cat.

HORACE (*surprised*). The cat? Mr. 'Armon keeps no cat.

ANNE. No! Not the kind that catch mice. The burglar. See? (*Shows him the paper.*)

HORACE (*sniffing*). Such things never 'appen in well-regulated families.

ANNE. Don't be so high and mighty, Horace.

HORACE (*haughtily*). 'Enderson, if you please.

ANNE. Hendy dear, don't look at me with that did-God-make-you-too expression.

HORACE (*coldly*). Your cap is crooked, your hapron is wrinkled, and your happearence is positively careless.

ANNE (*huffily*). Well, you're not such a credit to the place yourself.

HORACE (*as a voice is heard off right*). Get to work. The mistress is coming.

ANNE (*fussing with curtain at window at left center*). Business as usual during altercations.

Enter MARY at right, pausing in doorway.

MARY. Has Mr. Harmon returned yet, Henderson?

HORACE. No, madam, not yet.

(*Exit MARY at right.*)

ANNE. I shouldn't think she'd want the old bozo ever to come back.

HORACE (*shocked*). In Hengland such a servant would not be tolerated. Lord and Lady Montmorency were most particular.

ANNE (*pertly*). I can't see how you ever came to leave such a soft place.

HORACE (*sadly*). Don't hask me, Hanne. It brings back sad memories.

ANNE (*sympathetically*). I understand. But it's a long lane that has no ash can, 'Enderson, me lad.

HORACE (*stiffly*). Mr. 'Enderson, if you please. Don't forget to lock the windows to-night hafter the ladies go upstairs.

ANNE (*hopefully*). Do you think the Cat would come if I left one open?

HORACE. How can you be hinterested in such low persons?

ANNE (*giggling*). Since he's a cat burglar, I suppose he thinks the world's his mouse.

HORACE. The master's going west this summer.

ANNE. I hope the Indians get him and give him a scalp treatment. He's the bossiest old thing!

HORACE (*warningly*). Sh-h! Bring the tea wagon.

(ANNE *pushes the tea wagon up toward left door, which he holds open for her, and he follows her out at left, closing door behind them.*)

Simultaneously MARY, GRACE, RUTH, and DOROTHY enter at right. GRACE crosses to davenport and sits, MARY goes to armchair near left windows, RUTH to armchair down right, and DOROTHY crosses and sits beside GRACE. All take their seats while the next two or three speeches are being delivered.

GRACE. Mother, Jimmy and I are going for a stroll in the garden when he comes.

DOROTHY (*sweetly*). How charmingly unconventional you are, my dear! Isn't it rather late for a caller—to say nothing of a stroll?

GRACE (*gayly*). Don't be silly, Dorothy. Jimmy's just—er—Jimmy.

MARY (*tragically*). You see, Dorothy, we are all caught in a net—the net of the commonplace. This Jimmy is no companion for my daughter. I want my girls to mount upward to the peaks—toward the stars—toward the great white silence.

Enter HORACE, up left, crossing noiselessly to right door, at which he exits.

GRACE (*impatiently*). Oh, mother!

MARY (*rising and crossing to window at left center*). The leaves are so yellow—so withered. They make me think of the setting sun. So melancholy, like my life.

GRACE. I wish Jimmy would hurry up, before father comes home.

DOROTHY. Ah, your father does not approve of Jimmy?

RUTH. Father approves of no one but himself and his golf instructor. Sometimes he's doubtful about the golf instructor.

MARY (*returning to her armchair*). Ruth, you are so strange.

RUTH (*trying to be whimsical*). Am I sometimes stranger than other people's daughters?

Enter HORACE at right, where he stands stiffly at attention.

HORACE (*announcing*). Mr. Van Dyne.

Enter TOM at right. GRACE rises hastily and starts toward him in front of table. He advances to right center and pauses near right end of table. Exit HORACE at right.

TOM. Good evening, ladies. I hope I do not intrude.

GRACE and RUTH (*together*). Hello, Tom.

(MARY gives him a lifeless nod, and DOROTHY smiles sweetly at him.)

DOROTHY (*motioning to seat beside her on davenport*). Sit here, Tom.

TOM (*sitting*). Thank you. My dear Mrs. Harmon, you look fatigued.

MARY (*languidly*). I am as well as usual, Tom. As far back as I can remember it seems as if a fog lay on my brow. I feel so dull—so very dull. Turn on more lights, Grace.

GRACE. We look like a Fourth of July celebration now, mother. I like moonlight better. Tom, don't you want to walk in the garden with me? Jimmy has evidently passed me up.

TOM. Some other evening, Grace, I shall be delighted.

(RUTH rises and strolls down to center front. TOM rises and follows her. The others converse in pantomime.)

RUTH (*warningly*). Be careful.

TOM. I must see you when the others retire. Shall I meet you here or in the garden?

RUTH. Here.

HORACE (*speaking, off right*). Shan't I take your coat, sir?

JIMMY (*off right*). No, don't bother.

JIMMY *rushes in at right, carrying his coonskin coat.*

JIMMY. Good evening, Mrs. Harmon. Don't tell me it's late. I know it. Hello, everybody.

MARY (*turning to DOROTHY*). Mrs. Castleton, may I present Jimmy Jordon?

JIMMY. Good evening, Mrs. Castleton.

DOROTHY (*sweetly*). How do you do, Mr. Jordon? Won't you sit here by me?

MARY. Mrs. Castleton was on our boat coming back last spring, Jimmy. She's on her way to California now.

DOROTHY. You're a college man, Mr. Jordon. Aren't you? I think American college men are so wonderful.

JIMMY (*almost embarrassed*). That's awfully nice of you. (*Stands near GRACE.*)

DOROTHY. What a perfectly beautiful coat! Such lovely fur!

JIMMY (*slipping it on and swelling with pride*). Coonskin. Not bad for three hundred bucks, eh?

GRACE (*coldly*). Did you bring it along just to show us? It certainly isn't cold.

JIMMY (*impressively*). Evenings are growing chilly now. I can't let myself catch cold, for I'm a member of the glee club and the fellows sort of depend on me. They don't all read music easily.

DOROTHY (*as GRACE glares at her*). You sing? How wonderful! But you are so big—so strong—I thought you were perhaps captain of the football team.

JIMMY (*modestly*). Oh, no, not this year; but I'm on the scrub team and—

GRACE (*firmly*). Jimmy, come out into the garden.

DOROTHY (*as JIMMY takes off coat*). Won't you sing for us first, Jimmy?

GRACE. You'd better not, Jimmy. We're expecting father any minute now.

JIMMY (*with the coat over his arm*). Excuse me, please. Coming, Grace.

GRACE. And leave that coat here. I'd like a little of your attention.

JIMMY (*protesting*). But—

GRACE. No, it's not chilly in the garden. Come on. (*She grabs him by the arm and he drops coat on chair near windows and they exeunt at left.*)

(TOM and RUTH have moved down extreme right and are quietly talking, paying no attention to DOROTHY and MARY.)

DOROTHY (*indicating TOM*). Do you think Ruth will marry that charming young man?

MARY. Her father is opposed to it. He wants her to marry the son of an old friend of his, Jack Deane. We have never seen him—I mean the girls and I have not seen him—but Henry knows him well. He thinks Jack will be the perfect husband for Ruth. Ruth says she will marry Tom, but that's just because her father doesn't want her to. Ruth is like myself: Something always allures her into the unknown.

HENRY (*calling angrily, off right*). Henderson! Where are you?

HORACE (*off right*). Coming, sir. Coming.

HENRY (*off right*). The service in this house gets worse every day. Where's Mrs. Harmon?

HORACE (*off right*). In the living room, sir.

MARY. Dear Henry always asks for me as soon as he gets in the house.

Enter HENRY abruptly at right, carrying bag of golf sticks.

HENRY. Mary, why in blazes don't you train the servants? A burglar could carry out all the furniture, and nobody would see him.

MARY (*unruffled*). You are very late, Henry. Mrs. Castleton has been waiting for our game of bridge.

HENRY (*a shade less gruffly*). Sorry, Mrs. Castleton.

DOROTHY (*sweetly*). I hope you had a good game of golf this afternoon, Mr. Harmon.

HENRY (*now in a good humor*). An excellent round, Mrs. Castleton. My stroke is improving daily. (*Sets golf bag against wall a little down stage from right door.*)

DOROTHY. I would so love to learn golf.

HENRY. I should be delighted to teach you.

DOROTHY (*simpering*). Oh, Mr. Harmon, I couldn't think of taking up your valuable time.

HENRY (*politely*). It will be a pleasure, I assure you. Shall we say to-morrow at three?

DOROTHY (*gushingly*). That will be just wonderful!

JANET, *impersonating the plot, enters quietly at right and crosses on tiptoe to DOROTHY, still seated on right end of davenport.*

(NOTE.—At all JANET's appearances in this rôle, she is apparently seen by no one but the person to whom

she speaks. Other players should act unconscious of her presence as she glides among them.)

JANET (*bending over DOROTHY and addressing her in a stage whisper*). You are supposed to be sinister, not silly. (*Stands a little behind her and watches her during ensuing speeches.*)

DOROTHY (*with a start, trying to be sinister*). Tomorrow at three, Mr. Harmon. (*Sotto voce, in melodramatic fashion.*) But the game will not be what you think.

MARY (*surprised*). But, Henry, you always said you had no time to teach a woman to play golf when I asked you.

HENRY (*gruffly*). No, Mary, and I hadn't for you. You'd stop after every stroke to talk about your destiny.

DOROTHY (*sotto voce, in a very stagy manner*). You little dream the destiny that awaits you.

(JANET *nods approvingly and, crossing to right behind table, steals out at right.*)

TOM (*approaching with RUTH*). Good evening, Mr. Harmon.

HENRY (*gruffly*). 'Evening. Ruth, as soon as you are at leisure, we need a fourth for bridge. Come on, Mary. I don't suppose you thought to have the bridge table set up.

MARY (*plaintively*). Am I to waste my life having bridge tables set up? (*Rises wearily and trails toward right door.*)

DOROTHY (*starting toward right door with HENRY*). Don't hurry away, Mr. VanDyne. We can play three-handed bridge. One more dummy won't matter.

(*Exeunt* HENRY, MARY, and DOROTHY at right.)

RUTH (*to* TOM). Tell me your plans quickly, before father comes back.

TOM. My dear, you are so charming I could look at you for ages.

RUTH (*dreamily*). Charm! If you have it you don't need anything else, and if you don't have it it doesn't matter what else you have. Some women have charm for all; I want charm for just one.

Enter JANET at right, pausing in doorway.

JANET (*speaking to audience*). She got that from Barrie; but it's not bad—not bad at all. (*Exit at right.*)

TOM (*to* RUTH). You have brought romance into my life. I would the days of chivalry were still here that I might prove my love.

DOROTHY appears noiselessly in doorway at right and listens.

TOM. You have my every thought. Alas, I am poor! I cannot give you jewels.

RUTH (*with romantic fervor*). You can give me the stars.

TOM. To-night at twelve I shall be waiting for you in the garden. We must elope before your father marries you to that Jack Deane. You must escape.

RUTH. He comes to-morrow. I wonder what he is like.

TOM. To-morrow we shall be far away.

DOROTHY starts toward them, but JANET appears

from right doorway, takes her by the hand, and leads her off at right.

RUTH. I'll wait here at twelve. You whistle when you are ready, and I'll come into the garden.

TOM (*waxing poetical*). The garden will be sweet and still in the moonlight, but the roses will not be so lovely as you.

RUTH (*dreamily*). The moonlight will have left a smile on the flowers.

HENRY (*calling from off right*). Ruth, we are waiting for you.

TOM. At twelve. (*Crosses to left door.*)

RUTH. At twelve.

(*Exit TOM at left and RUTH at right.*)

Enter JANET at right. She comes down right a few steps.

JANET (*confidentially, to the audience*). Now, you see things are really beginning to happen. I tried to get them to talk less, but they do so love the sound of their own voices. (*Retires into right doorway and pauses as voices are heard off left. Exit slowly at right as—*)

GRACE *enters at left, followed by JIMMY. They are quarreling.*

JIMMY. Now, Gracie, be reasonable.

GRACE. I won't be reasonable. And don't call me Gracie.

JIMMY (*as they advance to center*). But Gracie—Grace, I mean—

GRACE (*takes fraternity pin from her dress and*

hands it to him). And here's your frat. pin. It's childish to wear frat. pins, anyway.

JIMMY (*hurt, taking the pin*). I'll bet Dorothy would wear it.

GRACE (*laughing scornfully*). Dorothy! She'd wear anything she got for nothing—even your fur coat. She's a professional vamp, and she doesn't even know she's out of style.

JIMMY. She's a charming woman.

GRACE. All right, little boy. Run along and play with her then. She's old enough to be your mother, but you need some one to look after you, anyway.

JIMMY (*angrily*). The trouble with you, young woman, is that you're crazy about Tom Van Dyne—the big collar ad.!

GRACE (*proudly*). Tom has the best manners of any man I know. He's so romantic, so intense, so self-possessed.

JIMMY. I'd like to tackle him in a football game. I'd break his self-possession for him.

GRACE (*soulfully*). I have a feeling he's the right man for me.

JIMMY. He may be the right man, but he's in the wrong century. Guys like Tom went out in seventeen hundred.

GRACE (*in a rage*). You have no finer feelings; have you? You're just—just—you're just collegiate!

Enter DOROTHY at right.

DOROTHY (*standing in the doorway*). Grace dear, your father wants you to take my place for just a few hands. I have a headache, and I thought I'd stroll in the garden for a moment.

GRACE (*spitefully*). Tom's gone home, but here's

Jimmy, and if you're cold he'll loan you his coat and his frat. pin. (*She flounces out at right as DOROTHY advances toward center.*)

DOROTHY (*suddenly acquiring an accent*). My dear boy, you have quarreled, yes?

Enter JANET at right. She advances to right center, making signs to DOROTHY.

JANET. Pst! (*DOROTHY looks around at her.*) You can't talk like a Spaniard. You're English.

DOROTHY (*nodding assent, dropping accent, and turning back to JIMMY*). That child does not understand you.

(*JANET nods, satisfied, and works gradually over to left door, listening.*)

JIMMY (*pleased*). Of course she's young and immature.

DOROTHY (*coming closer to him*). It takes a woman of the world to appreciate a man, Jimmy. When I first saw you, I thought, "How unsuited little Grace is to this magnificent man!"

JANET (*sotto voce, to DOROTHY*). Not too obvious, Dorothy. (*Slips out at left.*)

JIMMY. Shall we walk into the garden, Mrs. Castleton?

DOROTHY (*very sweetly*). Call me Dorothy.

JIMMY. Gosh! I never knew what a nice name Dorothy was before. (*They start to door at left. JIMMY looks at chair where he has thrown his coat.*) Aren't you afraid you'll be chilly in that thin dress?

DOROTHY (*shivering*). It does seem a trifle chilly.

JIMMY (*picking up coat and putting it around her*). Here; throw my coat around your shoulders.

DOROTHY. Oh, Jimmy, how nice! That wonderful coat!

(*Exeunt DOROTHY and JIMMY at left.*)

HENRY *enters at right.*

HENRY (*calling*). Mrs. Castleton! Mrs. Castleton! (*Goes impatiently to bell cord down right and jerks it.*)

Enter HORACE at right.

HORACE. You rang, sir?

HENRY. You know darned well I rang. Did you get that telegram off this noon?

HORACE. Yes, my lord—yes, sir, I mean.

HENRY. All right. That's all. (*HORACE crosses and exits, left. HENRY muses aloud.*) Jack ought to be here to-morrow noon. When Ruth sees him she'll forget that fool of a Tom. He talks like a book—and a darned silly book, at that. I'll see if I'm to be defied in my own house. Mary's idea that they'll elope is all tommyrot. Ruth wouldn't dare when I've forbidden it. If Mary only had more spunk, instead of talking about gloom and destiny all the time! If she'd be like Mrs. Castleton! There's a woman for you! Such poise, such understanding! I hope it's a clear day to-morrow. It will be a pleasure to teach her golf.

GRACE *appears in doorway at right and pauses.*

GRACE. Come on, dad. Mother just bid five no trump, and I've doubled. She needs your moral support, to say nothing of a few good cards.

HENRY (*aghast*). Five no trump? Heavens! The

highest card in my hand is a ten spot. (*Follows her off at right.*)

ANNE *strolls on at left and, going to window at left center, looks out.* HORACE *follows her in.*

ANNE (*giggling*). Mrs. Castleton's certainly a fast worker. She's got technique and everything. She's taken Mr. Jimmy's coonskin coat right off his back.

HORACE (*disapprovingly*). Have you nothing to do but stare out of the window?

ANNE. Not a thing, Horace.

HORACE (*sternly*). Mr. 'Enderson, if you please. (*He, too, looks out of window.*) Mrs. Castleton's a fine-looking woman; but why does she bother with that young Mr. Jordon? I don't like it.

ANNE. Now, Horace, don't be so Adam-and-evil-minded.

HORACE. The master is in a vile temper—viler than usual. He and Miss Ruth will have a real quarrel before bedtime.

ANNE. If I were Miss Ruth I'd marry that Tom Van Dyne, even if he isn't very bright, and get out of this place.

HORACE (*pompously*). Hi dislike gossip, but Hi feel that Miss Ruth is taking up with Mr. Tom merely to find relief from these restraining surroundings, which cannot but hantagonize her courageous spirit.

ANNE. Atta boy, Horace! Shakespeare himself never pounded out bigger words on his little old portable. I'm proud to know you.

HORACE. My late master, Lord Montmorency, once said, "'Enderson, you're a man of rare discernment and remarkable hintelligence." Ah, in those days Hi was appreciated.

ANNE (*sitting in armchair down right*). I wish you'd tell me your sad story, Horace.

HORACE (*sadly*). Hi had a daughter—a proud, beautiful girl. She disgraced me. She married an Hamerican—a plumber—and came to this country.

ANNE. I'd like to know what's the matter with a plumber.

HORACE. She should have married some one in service—a likely young chap who might in time become a butler like meself. Hi couldn't bear the disgrace. Lord Montmorency was most kind and said 'e'd hoverlook it, but Hi couldn't hendure the pitying glances of hall my friends. Hi came to Hamerica to forget. Hall Hi 'ave left is my dignity and my self-respect.

ANNE. Have you seen her?

HORACE. Not for fifteen years, and Hi 'ope Hi never shall.

ANNE. You have my sympathy. Now I've got to rush upstairs and turn down the beds.

HORACE. Don't forget to fasten those windows to-night.

ANNE (*rising*). With the Cat about? I should say not. (*Crosses to left.*)

(*Exeunt ANNE and HORACE at left.*)

Enter MARY, GRACE, RUTH, and HENRY at right.

HENRY (*in the midst of a violent fit of temperament*). And so you bid five no trumps! Just like a woman. If Noah hadn't taken his wife along, there wouldn't have been a flood.

(*GRACE throws herself into armchair down right as MARY wearily sits in armchair up center, while RUTH sits on davenport.*)

GRACE. Oh, stop fussing, father. You don't know much about the game yourself.

HENRY (*pacing about impatiently*). I don't need to know anything. My children know it all. And another thing: Why do you have those idiotic college boys hanging around here all the time? I stumble over one every time I enter the house.

GRACE. If you mean Jimmy, he's not idiotic. He gets his A.B. degree in June.

HENRY. "Always Broke": That's what his A.B. will stand for. If it was just Jimmy, I might stand it, but it's the whole blamed Senior class. Why I ever lived in a college town I can't see. What do you want so many for? You can't marry them all.

GRACE. But, father, a hen lays more eggs than she can hatch.

HENRY. I suppose I should be thankful they're all Americans and not Russian dukes or Danish pastries.

GRACE. There's no use making a fuss, father. You can't scare me; I'm eighteen.

HENRY (*grimly*). You may have reached the age of common sense, but you certainly didn't stay there.

RUTH. Where's Dorothy?

GRACE. Out in the garden with the idiot.

HENRY. He shouldn't bore her like that. I'll bring her in.

RUTH (*amused*). I wouldn't if I were you, father.

HENRY. And why not, pray?

MARY (*terribly bored*). What difference does it make who's in the garden? What difference does anything make?

HENRY. None, by the way you act. Ruth, you're to have no more to do with that Tom. He's good-looking; but there's no other reason for his existence.

GRACE (*springing up indignantly*). I think Tom's perfectly splendid. He says such beautiful things!

HENRY. Good heavens! Are you infatuated with him, too?

RUTH (*sweetly*). Dorothy thinks he's very interesting.

HENRY. She just said so to please you. She is a woman of good sense.

GRACE. And she's probably stayed at the age of good sense for a long, long time.

DOROTHY *enters at left, wearing the coat and the pin.*
She turns and calls off left.

DOROTHY. Good night, Jimmy.

JIMMY (*off left*). Good night, Dorothy. To-morrow at four.

DOROTHY (*calling to off left*). And thank you so much for your lovely warm coat.

GRACE (*to DOROTHY*). You've made a clean-up, I see. (*Looks pointedly at coat.*)

DOROTHY. Jimmy is a nice boy. He asked me to wear his pin for a few days. (*To HENRY.*) I am looking forward to our golf to-morrow.

GRACE. Didn't you make a date with Jimmy for four o'clock?

DOROTHY. My dear child, of course not.

RUTH (*looking anxiously at her watch*). It's terribly late.

MARY. We must go to bed. I do hope the windows will be well closed. Since that Cat burglar is about, I don't feel safe.

HENRY. Nonsense, Mary! You're safe. Ruth, keep in mind what I told you.

MARY. I wish—

HENRY. What do you wish?

MARY (*with sudden spirit*). I wish you'd stop growling so much, Henry. I know you don't mean a word you say, but it's very annoying to hear, all the same.

HENRY (*astounded*). Well, I'll be—!

GRACE. Mother's quite right. You're a perfect nuisance at times.

HENRY (*to GRACE, growling*). Ah, so you're going to pay me your disrespects, too; are you?

MARY (*starting to door at right*). I feel as if something were going to happen.

Enter JANET at left, pausing in doorway.

JANET. And high time, too, if you ask me. There's too much talk in this play. (*Exit at left.*)

HENRY (*puzzled*). What's going to happen, Mary?

MARY. I don't know. A miracle, maybe. (*Exit at right.*)

DOROTHY (*crossing to right*). Good night, dear Mr. Harmon. I shall dream of our game of golf.

HENRY. Good night, Mrs. Castleton.

DOROTHY (*sweetly*). Won't you call me Dorothy?

HENRY (*flattered*). I shall be delighted—Dorothy.

DOROTHY. Good night, girls. (*To RUTH in sinister fashion.*) Don't do anything rash to-night. You may regret it. (*Exit at right.*)

HENRY (*suspiciously*). What did she mean by that?

GRACE (*scornfully*). What does she ever mean by what she says?

RUTH (*puzzled*). I'm sure I don't know, father.

HENRY. You make up your mind—what there is of it—to marry Jack Deane, and no more of this fool-

ishness about Tom Van Dyne. Now go to bed, both of you.

GRACE. Same to you, father. Good night (*imitating DOROTHY*), and dream of your golf game.

RUTH. Father, men are really very stupid. Aren't they? Any woman would have seen through Dorothy the first time she met her; but you had to drag her here for a week so we could enjoy her society. Don't ever try to be superior again, father. I've seen through you completely, and you're a great big bluff! (*Sweetly.*) Good night, father darling.

(*Exeunt RUTH and GRACE at right, leaving HENRY stunned.*)

HENRY (*in pained surprise*). Well! (*Follows them off at right.*)

ANNE *enters at left and locks windows, as she talks to herself. She leaves the window down extreme left open, as indicated by her remarks.*

ANNE. Gee, but I'd like to meet a real live burglar! I guess I'll leave one window open. Sure and I'd love to hear what the master would say if his house got robbed. I'll leave this one unfastened, and if nothing happens I'll come down early and shut it before Horace finds out. (*Listens as faint sounds are heard from off right.*) Oh, heavens! Won't this family ever go to bed and stop that infernal talk-talk-talkin' about nothing? (*Suddenly puts her finger on her lip and hides behind curtains up right as footsteps are heard off right.*)

Enter DOROTHY at right, feeling along the wall as she works her way to back drop.

DOROTHY (*aloud, to herself*). There must be a safe here under the tapestry. There always is a safe under the tapestry in every good play. Maybe this isn't a good play. (*Alarmed.*) Oh, nonsense! Of course it's a good play. It's just got to be. (*Shakes her head and continues to sound the wall.*) That's funny. No wall safe. Has this week been wasted? (*Feels up higher.*) A-ah, here's something! It is a safe. To-morrow night I'll bring down my burglar tools and open it, and then—back to dear old England!

Enter HORACE at left.

HORACE (*coldly, to DOROTHY*). What are you doing here, madam?

DOROTHY (*dropping tapestry and turning calmly to him*). Oh, Henderson, I'm glad you came. I hated to ring and disturb you, but I'm looking for a book to read. I can't sleep.

JANET sneaks on at left.

JANET (*to DOROTHY*). You should have thought of a better line than that. In every known play people have come downstairs in the middle of the night for a book to read. Say you dropped a pin. (*Exit at left.*)

DOROTHY. I mean I dropped a pin somewhere—Mr. Jimmy's fraternity pin, Henderson. He loaned it to me, and he values it highly. I'd hate to lose it.

HORACE (*insinuatingly*). It would 'ardly be in the safe. Would it, madam?

DOROTHY (*innocently*). Oh, was that nickel thing a safe, Henderson? (*Curtly.*) You don't know the combination; do you?

HORACE (*stiffly*). Madam, it is my painful duty to call Mr. 'Armon.

DOROTHY (*softly*). Oh, no. I don't think you'll do that, father.

HORACE (*amazed*). What do you mean?

DOROTHY (*viciously*). You heard me. I said, "father" and I mean "father."

HORACE (*staggering back*). You're—you're not Dorothy 'Enderson, the child who disgraced me by marrying a plumber?

DOROTHY (*pertly*). Me—in person. Do you know the combination?

HORACE (*bitterly*). So you've turned thief, have you?

DOROTHY (*airily*). Yes. We couldn't make enough money in the plumbing business. Expenses are so high, if one lives as one should.

HORACE (*trying to be brave*). Leave at once. Hi'm not sure you're my daughter. (*Moves from left door to center.*)

DOROTHY (*coming close to him*). Very well; I shall convince you. Do you remember the day you upset the hot soup over Lady Montmorency's Persian rug and had to pay for having it cleaned yourself? Do you remember the night you forgot to close the window, and burglars entered and stole a valuable painting? Do you remember the night you kissed the upstairs girl, and mother saw you? Do you remember—?

HORACE (*who has been listening in horrified amazement*). Enough! You are my daughter—hunfortunately!

DOROTHY (*sweetly*). Get me the combination of the safe, and I promise to leave as soon as I get the money and you'll never see me again.

HORACE (*startled*). Sh-h! Some one's coming!

DOROTHY (*quickly*). Hide till they've gone.

(HORACE hides behind the screen up left, and DOROTHY, after a swift gaze around the room, follows him, but drops her handkerchief near left center before hiding.)

Enter JANET at left.

JANET (*to audience*). Now, if they will only follow me, something will happen, I can promise you. (*Exit at left.*)

RUTH enters at right, dressed for the street and carrying a small bag.

RUTH (*meditating aloud as she looks at her wrist watch*). What a joke on father, when his wonderful Jack arrives and I'm gone! Poor father! He means well, but he's so stupid! (*Sees handkerchief on floor.*) Dorothy's! (*Picks it up gingerly and drops it into wastebasket.*) What can be keeping Tom?

RUTH goes to the window that is closed and looks out into the garden. As she does so, JACK appears in the unlocked window, raising it noiselessly and stepping in. RUTH starts to scream, but JACK puts his hand over her mouth.

JACK (*lightly*). Better not. How will you explain the hat and the bag? (*Releases her.*)

RUTH (*sputtering*). Who are you? Oh, the Cat—the burglar! It's you.

JACK. Yes, it's I. Thank you for telling me.

RUTH (*entreatingly*). Please go without making any noise. I don't want father to come downstairs.

JACK. Is father fussy?

RUTH. Well, you know what men are.

JACK. Every man under forty's a fool. Every man over forty's a scoundrel.

RUTH. Poor father's very young for his age. (JACK crosses to center and looks around with interest. RUTH follows him in great agitation.) Oh, go back. You can't come in!

JACK (*soberly*). I know I can't, but I have.

RUTH. I can't give you all of my money, for I'm going to need it, but I'll give you part of it. Do you want half my money?

JACK (*laughing*). Half of your money? Half of anybody's money!

RUTH (*angrily*). You think you're terribly clever. Don't you?

JACK. My dear—er—what is your name?

RUTH. Ruth Harmon.

JACK (*amused*). So you're Ruth. Fancy that! Well, as I was saying, my dear Ruth, there are only two classes of people in this world: those who consider themselves superior and admit it, and liars. I am very truthful.

RUTH (*in an agony of impatience*). Please go. I am expecting some one.

JACK (*interested*). Whom?

RUTH. Er—a friend. (*Angry with herself.*) Why should I stay here and talk to a thief?

JACK (*reproachfully*). My dear Ruth, that high moral tone is not conducive to health or happiness. (RUTH tosses her head and sticks up her chin. JACK eyes her admiringly.) Ah, chins are being worn very high this season.

RUTH (*tearfully*). You *must* go. You're spoiling all my plans.

JACK (*soothingly*). My dear, there are just two

tragedies in the world; one is not doing what you plan, and the other is doing it.

RUTH (*sitting on davenport and folding her arms*). I shan't talk to you.

JACK. I like talking to four walls. They never contradict me.

RUTH. Do you think it's fair to act like this?

JACK (*sitting by her on davenport*). The love of fair play is a virtue belonging solely to spectators.

RUTH. Please go. Why stay here when you are in danger?

JACK (*in his best manner*). Because you look like an angel. (RUTH *looks gratified*.) But in heaven an angel is nobody in particular, so don't be proud.

RUTH (*turning to face him and speaking earnestly*). I'll be perfectly frank with you—

JACK (*interrupting her and raising a warning forefinger*). Ladies should never be frank unless they are also stupid. Are you stupid?

RUTH. No, but father is.

JACK (*meditatively*). Um-m! Fathers usually are.

RUTH. He wants me to marry Jack Deane, a fellow I've never even seen. So to-night I'm going to elope with Tom Van Dyne.

JACK. Are you crazy about this Tom?

RUTH (*slowly*). No—not exactly, but he's nice; and father needs a lesson.

JACK (*excitedly*). I have an idea!

RUTH (*warningly*). Not so loud. Do you want to wake the whole house?

JACK. If you're eloping just to teach your father a lesson, think how much more effective the lesson would be if you married a burglar instead of a perfectly re-

spectable member of society. Marry me, and give father a lesson he'll always remember.

RUTH (*thrilled*). How perfectly whimsical that would be! (*Coming to her senses.*) But no, of course I can't do that.

JACK. Why not?

RUTH (*coily*). It would be so cruel to poor Tom.

JACK (*agreeing with her, much to her disgust*). Of course.

RUTH. But yet—oh, no, I couldn't.

JACK. Certainly not.

RUTH (*chagrined*). Do you travel all the time? Where do you go?

JACK (*carelessly*). Oh, hither and yon; sometimes both at once.

RUTH. It must be very hard to elude the police.

JACK. Oh, no. The police are like your father: stupid.

RUTH (*determined to learn about him*). You've been busier than usual lately. Haven't you? I've been reading about the crime wave.

JACK. The crime wave isn't new; it's a permanent wave.

(*A shrill whistle is heard off left.*)

RUTH. Oh, dear me! There's Tom.

JACK. You'd really be much happier with me. And think of the joke on your father. (*RUTH waits expectantly, but JACK rises and picks up her bag.*) However, since you insist upon marrying Tom, permit me to carry your bag for you.

RUTH (*sitting still*). I don't want to marry Tom.

JACK (*putting down her bag*). All right. Send him away. I'm sure you'd enjoy being a burglar's wife.

RUTH (*hesitatingly*). But—

(*The loud whistle is heard again off left.*)

JACK. Make up your mind, before he whistles up the entire household.

(*RUTH goes to open window, leans out, and calls.*)

RUTH. Tom, I can't come. (*Fiercely to JACK.*) He's coming in. Get out of sight.

JACK. That's one of the best things I do. (*Steps just outside of door at left, leaving a crack open so he can hear.*)

TOM climbs in at open window.

TOM. Ruth, don't disappoint me now. The car is at the end of the street. Hurry before your father wakens. Don't spoil this perfect moment by a cruel hesitation.

RUTH (*nervously*). Tom, you must go. Father—father found out. He is in the garden waiting to see that you go out alone.

TOM (*his pride injured*). Do you think that I fear your father?

RUTH. No—no—but I do. He'll shoot you. Please go.

TOM (*sullenly*). This is very humiliating.

RUTH. Better be humiliated than shot. I'll see you to-morrow at the post office.

TOM (*his finer feelings offended*). There's nothing romantic about a post office. Meet me at the lake, where we used to feed the swans.

RUTH (*impatiently*). Yes, yes, anywhere! Only go.

TOM (*striking an attitude*). Good night, darling.

Did I not fear for your safety, I should seek your father in the garden and tell him how I despise him, but for your sake I shall ignore his cruelty to you.

RUTH. That's very good of you, Tom. Good night.

TOM. Till to-morrow at sunset. (*Climbs out of window and disappears.*)

RUTH (*sinking upon davenport*). O-oh, I'm glad that's over!

JACK (*emerging from left door and coming down to RUTH*). Nice chap; a trifle too romantic, perhaps, but a nice chap. You might do worse, Ruth.

RUTH (*coldly*). I think you'd better go now.

JACK. But I haven't burgled the house yet, and you haven't said you'd marry me.

RUTH. Don't be absurd.

JACK. So you're going to let your father have his way.

RUTH (*icily*). Not necessarily. I may marry Tom to-morrow.

JACK (*going up to tapestry and raising it*). Look! Some one's been trying the safe. This tapestry was crooked. I have competition.

RUTH (*suspiciously*). You'd been here before I came downstairs.

JACK (*sadly*). You misjudge me. If I had been here, the safe would be empty; and I'll bet there hasn't been a thing taken out of it. Open it and let's see.

RUTH (*rising*). Indeed I won't open it. I'm not so stupid. I should call father and Henderson. But I'll do as I'd be done by. I'll let you go.

JACK (*earnestly*). My dear girl, never do to others as you wish they would do to you. Their tastes may be different. Go on and scream for your father and What's-his-name.

RUTH (*majestically*). The Harmons never scream.

JACK. I see; an old family tradition.

RUTH (*smiling in spite of herself*). No; weak throats.

JACK. So you won't open the safe for me?

RUTH (*reproachfully*). You came here to rob us.

JACK. Remember the lower regions are paved with good intentions, not bad ones. My intentions are, I assure you, as wicked as possible. I dare you to open that safe.

RUTH. The Harmons never scream and they never take a dare, either. I'll open that safe. (*Goes to safe.*)

JACK (*admiringly*). Good girl.

RUTH. But you won't steal anything.

JACK (*quizzically*). No?

RUTH (*positively*). No!

RUTH *opens safe, as JANET enters at left and watches her smilingly.*

RUTH. There's a lot of money in here. Father played golf all the afternoon and didn't deposit the money the rent collector brought this morning.

JACK. We can live nicely on that between jobs.

RUTH. My father will live nicely on it between golf tournaments.

(JANET *beckons to DOROTHY, who comes from behind the screen.*)

DOROTHY (*to RUTH*). You're both wrong. I'll live nicely on it between visits to country homes.

RUTH (*aghast*). Dorothy!

JACK (*to RUTH*). Who is she? Her style is rather—er—outmoded.

(Exit JANET at left.)

RUTH. My mother's guest. What are you doing here, Dorothy? (HORACE comes out also.) And you, too! Call my father at once, Henderson.

DOROTHY (smiling). Oh, no, he won't. He is my accomplice.

HORACE. Don't believe 'er, miss. Hi tried to make 'er go away.

JACK (shutting safe door). You couldn't open the safe, or you'd have been gone long ago.

DOROTHY (smiling). Father was going to open it for me.

RUTH (in wonder). Father?

DOROTHY. Henderson is my father. See? He gets the jobs, and I get the money.

HORACE (pleadingly). Don't you believe 'er, miss. She's my daughter; true. But she disgraced me, and I 'aven't seen 'er in fifteen years till she came 'ere, and I didn't recognize 'er until to-night.

JACK. Call your father, Ruth.

DOROTHY (warningly). If she does, I'll tell him she was going to elope with Tom and that you are the Cat burglar. I heard you say so with your own lips. Keep my secret, and I'll keep yours. Ruth, open the safe again and give me the money. I'll go; the burglar will get the credit for the theft, and everything will be lovely. Remember: he's the burglar. I'm not.

RUTH. But Henderson—

DOROTHY. He'll do as I say.

ANNE (emerging from her hiding place at right). But I won't, dearie. (Goes right and calls loudly.) Hey, Mr. Harmon, come on down!

RUTH (to JACK). Go away, quick, before father comes.

JACK. And disgrace the vast family of Cat burglars by my cowardice? Certainly not, my dear. I'm enjoying myself immensely. I never saw a family with such a mania for hiding.

RUTH (*insistently*). But you'll get sent to jail, even if you didn't steal anything here.

JACK (*dramatically*). If you marry Tom, I'd as soon be in jail as anywhere else. (*In his natural voice.*) How's that for romance?

HENRY, MARY, and GRACE come hurrying in at right, and JACK quickly moves back to the window through which he entered and stands in the shadow.

HENRY (*blustering*). What's this? What's this?

DOROTHY (*indicating* JACK). The Cat burglar.

ANNE (*firmly*). Mr. Harmon, this woman here (*tapping* DOROTHY *on the arm*) was trying to get into your safe, and Henderson and me found her and tried to stop her—

DOROTHY (*to* HENRY, *interrupting furiously*). Your daughter Ruth was about to elope with Tom when the burglar entered and she switched her affections to him.

HORACE (*to* HENRY, *taking the center nobly*). I must admit my disgrace, sir. This woman (*pointing to* DOROTHY) is my daughter. She married a plumber and Hi turned 'er from my door. Now she's a burglar but Hi swear, sir, Hi never recognized 'er until to-night.

GRACE (*as she and her mother advance to* RUTH). Oh, Ruth, you didn't elope with Tom! I'm so glad.

HENRY (*bellowing*). Is everybody crazy? Keep still, all of you. Now, Dorothy, what is all this? (*To* RUTH.) Why are you dressed for the street?

RUTH (*defiantly*). So is Dorothy all dressed for the street.

DOROTHY (*pointing to the open window*). Aren't you interested in the burglar?

RUTH (*desperately*). Father, he is not the burglar. He—he is the man I was going to elope with.

MARY. Life is so confusing.

RUTH. That man is—is— (*To JACK, who steps to her side.*) What is your name?

JACK. Jack Deane. I hope you won't be too disappointed that I'm not the Cat.

HENRY (*shaking hands with JACK heartily*). Jack, my boy, where did you come from?

JACK. Mrs. Harmon telephoned me this morning to come.

HENRY (*stunned*). Mrs. Harmon! Mary, how did you ever think of anything so clever?

MARY (*sinking into armchair at left*). I told you a miracle might happen.

(DOROTHY starts toward door left, but ANNE grabs her. RUTH is staring blankly at JACK, and GRACE is grinning with enjoyment.)

HENRY. Just a minute, Dorothy. Henderson, is this wild story of yours true?

HORACE (*sadly*). Hi'm afraid it is, sir.

ANNE. I heard it all. Henderson is a good old scout. It wasn't his fault.

HENRY (*at a loss for once*). But—but—

MARY (*languidly*). You'd better be packing, Mrs. Castleton. There's a one-thirty train you can just catch.

DOROTHY (*sweetly, taking the fraternity pin from her dress*). Grace darling, will you return Jimmy's pin? I've no use for cheap jewelry. (*Puts pin on table*)

and starts right.) Good-bye, Henry. So sorry I can't stay for the golf lesson. (*Exit, right.*)

(ANNE follows DOROTHY off at right, with fire in her eye.)

MARY. Henry, as a judge of character, you're an excellent golf player.

(HENRY looks foolish and for once is silenced.)

HORACE (to MARY, meekly). I suppose you want me to go, too.

MARY (calmly). Henderson, see that the toast for breakfast is nicely browned and that the bacon is crisp. (HORACE bows in astonishment.) Thank you, Henderson. I know I can depend on you.

HORACE. Thank you, m' lady—Mrs. 'Armon, I should say. (*Exit at left.*)

Doorbell rings loudly off left, and HORACE immediately returns at left, followed by TOM and BILL, the policeman, who has TOM by the shoulder and shoves him along.

BILL (to HENRY). I found this loitering in your garden, sir, and by the sneaking look of him, I think it's the Cat burglar.

GRACE (rushing to his side). Oh, Tom!

TOM (to HENRY, enraged). Will you kindly explain to this—this varlet—just who I am? He insists that I'm a cat.

HENRY (laughing loudly). Ha, ha! His name is Tom.

MARY. He's a very dear friend of my daughter and was just leaving after spending the evening here.

JACK (mischievously, to RUTH, who is standing in a

state of coma, just where she was when she heard the news). My hated rival?

BILL (*chagrined*). I'm sorry, I'm sure. (*To TOM.*) I hope you'll overlook it, sir. After all, you've no call to be prowling around people's gardens in the middle of the night. Good night, everybody.

MARY. Officer, just step out into the kitchen, and Henderson will give you some—er—hot coffee.

BILL. Thank you, Mrs. Harmon.

HORACE (*going to left door and holding it open, as he speaks to BILL*). This way, sir.

(*Exit BILL at left, followed by HORACE. TOM stands miserably at center, looking at RUTH.*)

HENRY (*recovering and addressing TOM*). And now, young man, were you going to elope with my daughter Ruth to-night?

GRACE (*clinging to TOM's arm*). You're all wrong, daddy. It was me.

JACK (*politely*). Pardon me. I.

GRACE (*emphatically*). It was *me* he was going to elope with, but the place was so cluttered up with burglars and butlers I couldn't get out to meet him.

HENRY (*puzzled*). Is that the truth, Tom?

TOM (*nobly*). Do you doubt your daughter's word, sir?

HENRY. I most certainly do. I wouldn't trust anybody here out of my sight.

MARY (*closing her eyes wearily*). Your father always had such a suspicious nature.

TOM (*to HENRY*). I assure you—

RUTH (*coming out of her coma*). Of course it's true. I was going to elope with—er—Jack. Wasn't I, Jack?

JACK. I hoped so.

HENRY. Two elopements. Just an old Harmon custom, I suppose! Ruth, you thought this chap was a burglar. (*Shocked.*) A daughter of mine ready to elope with a burglar the first time she saw him! It's too much!

RUTH (*walking up to him and speaking in tones of disgust*). Father, you're impossible. There's no pleasing you. You wanted me to marry him; didn't you? Well, I said I would, and now you're mad about that.

HENRY. But you thought he was a burglar.

RUTH (*drawing herself up and speaking proudly but with a touch of bravado*). I knew who he was, all the time.

JANET enters at left.

JACK (*to RUTH*). I was afraid of that. (*To JANET, who stands in doorway.*) Was that in the plot?

JANET. No, my boy. She's just gone whimsical again. (*Exit at left.*)

RUTH (*defiantly*). I heard mother telephoning to him this morning, and it serves you right. Stop trying to manage my affairs.

JACK (*masterfully*). From now on, I shall manage you and your affairs, and you're going to like it.

(HENRY is talking in pantomime to MARY, and JACK to RUTH, while GRACE and TOM have center of stage to themselves.)

GRACE (*timidly*). Tom, I just said that to help out Ruth. You needn't consider yourself engaged to me at all.

TOM (*always a gentleman*). Grace, you do not for one moment think that I would fail you? I can at the

moment think of nothing that would give me more pleasure than to be engaged to you.

GRACE (*happily*). Do you really like me, Tom? I'm crazy about you. Ruth never appreciated you.

TOM (*grandly*). My dear, from now on, we shall let that little affair with Ruth remain a closed incident. From to-night I shall think only of you.

GRACE (*fondly*). Oh, Tom, you're wonderful. (*Thoughtfully*.) After all, love is a very transitive verb. Isn't it?

(*They stroll to open window and look out, chatting in pantomime, as JACK and RUTH work slowly over to center.*)

JACK. Ruth, you're the most interesting person I've ever met. You are so delightfully amusing. You won't mind if I laugh at you—just a little laugh occasionally?

JANET *enters at left.*

RUTH (*gently*). No one could be fond of me that can't laugh at me a little.

JANET (*at left, speaking to audience*). Speech by Barrie. (*To RUTH.*) Ruth, you'll be arrested for plagiarism, or whatever you call it, yet. (*Edges slowly out at left.*)

(*RUTH and JACK look at each other, smile, and stroll up left, while HENRY and MARY move to center, and HENRY begins to pace nervously back and forth across the front of the room, while MARY drops down on chair at left of table.*)

HENRY (*glumly*). I don't know what to say.

MARY (*very languidly*). Try saying nothing, dear.

Enter HORACE at left.

HORACE. Which room shall Hi prepare for Mr. Jack, madam?

MARY. The blue room, Henderson.

HORACE. Thank you, m'lady—Mrs. 'Armon, Hi mean, begging your pardon.

MARY. That's quite all right, Henderson. I don't mind being called m'lady. We'll have coffee now.

Enter ANNE at right.

ANNE. I just saw that woman out of the house, madam.

HORACE. Fix the dining room table for coffee, Hanne, and bring in the tray of sandwiches.

ANNE. All right, but I've got corns on my hip now from carrying trays in this play.

HORACE (*shocked*). Sh-h!

Enter JANET at left.

JANET (*crossing to HENRY*). They'll keep on like this all night if I don't stop them. (*Pinches HENRY viciously. As he speaks, she crosses to left and exits.*)

HENRY (*jumping*). Oh, yes! (*To the others.*) And now that you're all thinking of getting married—

GRACE (*as they all turn toward HENRY*). All? Anne, are you thinking of getting married?

ANNE (*nonchalantly*). Who isn't?

HORACE (*alarmed*). Hanne! Not you?

ANNE (*patting his arm*). Of course, Henderson. I'm going to help you keep your dark secret. And if that daughter of yours comes around again, just you leave her to me. We'll have no thieves in our family.

HORACE (*choked with emotion*). Hanne!

(Exit ANNE, up right center.)

There is a loud ring of the doorbell off right. In a moment, in walks JIMMY at right, looking agitated.

JIMMY. I saw the light, so I thought you wouldn't mind my stopping.

ALL THE OTHERS. What's the matter?

JIMMY (*worried*). Has anybody seen my pin and my fur coat?

GRACE (*taking pin from the table and handing it to him*). Here's your pin. Dorothy left it for you.

JIMMY. I saw her going to the station, so I came right over to get my coat.

HORACE. Pardon me, Mr. Jimmy. Hi'll get it for you. It's in the 'all.

JIMMY. Thanks, old chap. (*Exit HORACE at right.*) Grace, are you still cross about that woman?

GRACE. Jimmy dear, I'll never be jealous of you again. From now on I'm going to be jealous of Tom.

JIMMY (*politely*). Congratulations and all that rot, old dear.

Enter HORACE at right, carrying coat, which he gives to JIMMY.

JIMMY. Thanks, Henderson. (*Exit HORACE up right center.*) I say, Grace, to-morrow will you give me the address of that little blonde who visited you last month?

GRACE. Lillian? Of course I will, Jimmy. Glad to.

JIMMY. Thanks a lot, old girl. I surely appreciate that. The world owes me a loving.

Enter HORACE, up right center.

HORACE. Coffee is ready, madam. (*Exit, up right center.*)

JIMMY (*turning back*). Coffee? I'll have some, too. It's chilly outside, and some hot coffee would be swell.

(*They all start for door up right center.*)

MARY (*as she rises from her chair*). Henry, tomorrow afternoon you shall teach me to play golf.

HENRY (*meekly*). Delighted, my dear. (*Curiously.*) Tell me: Why were you so sure Ruth would fall in love with a burglar?

MARY (*smiling*). Just because it was the improper thing to do. Whimsical, she calls it. It's really contrary-mindedness.

(*Exeunt, up right center, all but JACK and RUTH, who pause at the door.*)

Enter JANET at left, standing in doorway and listening.

JACK. Ruth, tell me; I'll pretend to believe you. Did you know who I was? Did you hear your mother telephone?

RUTH (*sweetly*). Of course not, silly, but I didn't want mother to get too pleased with herself. Then she'd try to boss me, and I won't be bossed.

JACK. Oh, yes you will, my dear—by me.

RUTH (*admiringly*). That's different. I do love masterful men.

JANET (*to RUTH, crossly*). Barrie again. You weren't supposed to say another thing. Jack was promised the last line in this play and you know it. (*RUTH seems about to argue with her, but JANET waves her away.*) Go on in and drink your coffee. (*To*

audience as JACK and RUTH reluctantly go out, up right center.) Heavens! How some people do like the spotlight! (*Crosses down to center front.*) I do hope you liked the play, the acting, and especially the plot. As you saw, they mislaid me at times, but not for long. I really feel that, for a play in which each actor was trying to be the whole show, it wasn't so bad; and the plot—if you'll excuse my being personal—was very clever. Now what would you call the play? While you're deciding, I'll have the actors take a curtain call.

DOROTHY *rushes in at right, all out of breath.*

DOROTHY (*to JANET*). Wait a minute. What's the idea?

JANET (*irritated*). Are you back again? What do you want now?

DOROTHY (*angrily*). I want you to distinctly understand that I am the perfectly good villainess in this play—

JANET (*shaking her head*). Not so good!

DOROTHY (*continuing*). —and you're not going to keep me out of taking a curtain call with the others. And I want some hot coffee, too. It's cold standing there in the wings.

JANET. Sh-h! On the front porch, you mean.

The others enter from up right center to take their curtain calls, HENRY and MARY first, HORACE and ANNE last. DOROTHY sees JIMMY and his coat. She makes a dive for him. He tries to get away but can't. She takes him by the arm firmly and leads him down to center front.

DOROTHY (*ecstatically*). Jimmy!

(*All the others push and struggle for the center of the stage.*)

JANET (*in a stage whisper*). You're supposed to be taking a curtain call, not having a wrestling match! (*The others stop in their tracks, assume gracious smiles, and bow low to audience and then to each other. JANET looks at them smilingly. The line across the front of the stage, from right to left, assumes the following order: HORACE, ANNE, TOM, GRACE, JACK, RUTH, HENRY, MARY, JIMMY, DOROTHY, JANET. BILL and ETHEL rush in at left and stand beside JANET, who addresses audience.*) This is really the end of the play at last. As they say in Czecho-Slovakia, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but in the end we get shredded wheat biscuit.

(*Each member of the cast shows a desire to make a curtain speech. All but JANET, BILL, and ETHEL step to the extreme front of stage and try to talk at once, interrupting one another.*)

HORACE. Ladies and gentlemen—

ANNE. Well, folks, we've—

TOM. My dear, dear public—

GRACE (*very girlishly*). Hello, everybody—

JACK. Friends and dramatic critics—

RUTH. Thank you for liking us—

HENRY. On behalf of the company—

MARY (*wearily*). Life is so futile.

DOROTHY (*trying to be very sinister*). Remember this—

JIMMY. Swell show, wasn't it?

JANET (*loudly and despairingly*). Curtain!

(*The curtain comes down, as all the characters turn angrily to JANET and appear to be expostulating. The*

curtain rises again, and they are all in line, but this time JANET is between JACK and RUTH. All are holding hands, and they bow, and smile sweetly at audience.)

CURTAIN

(f) THE MERMAID TAVERN

(Two-act play-pageant for colleges or senior high schools)

FOR TWENTY-FIVE BOYS, TWENTY-ONE GIRLS, CHORUS,
AND DANCERS

CHARACTERS

Boys

HERALD
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
CHANCELLOR
SILVIUS
LORD OF THE MAY
FIRST YEOMAN
SECOND YEOMAN
THIRD YEOMAN
FIRST SHEPHERD
SECOND SHEPHERD
FIRST COURTIER
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
FRANCIS BEAUMONT
JOHN FLETCHER
BEN JONSON
THOMAS HEYWOOD
THOMAS MIDDLETON
HENSLOWE, *an actor*
MINE HOST, of *Mermaid*
Tavern
BELLMAN
FALSTAFF

Girls

PROLOGUE
QUEEN ELIZABETH
PHYLLIS
PHOEBE
FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING
LADY OF THE MAY
FIRST WOMAN
SECOND WOMAN
THIRD WOMAN
FOURTH WOMAN
FIFTH WOMAN
SIXTH WOMAN
FIRST MAIDEN
SECOND MAIDEN
THIRD MAIDEN
FOURTH MAIDEN
FIFTH MAIDEN
TITANIA
PORTIA
ROSALIND
CELIA

Boys (continued)

OBERON
PUCK

TOUCHSTONE
MACBETH

Chorus of yeomen, countrywomen, maidens, shepherds, courtiers, ladies-in-waiting to the Queen, ballad singers, jesters, waiters, waitresses, fairies, May dancers, and court dancers

NOTE.—*The Herald, Bellman, and Titania have no lines to speak.*

TIME—*Early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

PLACE—*Rural England and London of the sixteenth century.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*One and three quarters hours.*

SYNOPSIS OF ACTS

ACT I. A meadow near London in sixteenth century England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is the morning of May Day.

ACT II. The Mermaid Tavern in London, near midnight, several weeks later.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

NOTE ON COSTUMES.—All the costumes, which are of the Elizabethan period, are simple in general design and may be easily made. If more elaborate designs are wanted, they may be found in any book on Elizabethan life. Inexpensive materials may be used with good effect. Sateen may take the place of satin everywhere, particularly in the men's costumes. In the following suggestions, it has not been found practicable to make them absolutely and historically correct in every detail. The director is advised to aim at artistic effect rather than accuracy, if both are impossible.

The Herald wears a wig with the hair cut long over the ears, page fashion, and is dressed in a dark purple satin tunic, with tight sleeves and a golden heraldic emblem embroidered on the breast, or made of gilt paper pasted on. He wears black slippers and tights. Around his shoulders is a long purple cape lined with scarlet and on his head is a round purple cap like a beret. He carries a gilded trumpet, from which hangs a small purple banner on which is the same heraldic emblem he wears on his breast. He has no lines to speak.

The Prologue is a pretty girl with her hair in curls, wearing a scarlet tunic over a full black skirt, with tight bodice and elbow sleeves and ruffles at neck and wrist. She wears black slippers and hose.

Shakespeare is a dark, good-looking youth, whose manner is charming; but he always has the air of a dreamer. Nevertheless, he is intensely interested in everything and everybody and listens with keen joy to the quaint speeches of the country folk. He sees through the Queen's love of flattery but is still surprised at his own success in winning her favor. Throughout

the play, he wears doublet, puffed trunks, and tights to the waist, all of rich green, black slippers with buckles, and a full semicircular cape of green lined with tan. His hair is worn full about the ears, and he has on a green hat with a tam-o'-shanter crown, round small brim, and a small tan feather. Since the cape hangs from his shoulders he may have a deep cream ruff about his neck.

Elizabeth is tall and dignified, with red hair and a haughty but capable manner. Her admiration of Shakespeare is plain, but she always retains her sense of humor. She enjoys the embarrassment of the poets when they are commanded to write sonnets. Her make-up is heavy, and she has the air of a beautiful woman. In Act I, she wears a Juliet cap of white lace over her hair, which is built up into huge puffs on top of her head. Her dress is of black silk, with white puffs on the sleeves and white ruffles at the wrist. The long overdress shows a white skirt underneath, with black slippers and hose. She wears much heavy jewelry and carries a huge white muff. In Act II, she has a high jeweled headdress and wears a white satin gown over a long, gold-embroidered white skirt. Her bodice is laced with gold cord, and her white ruff is unusually high. The slippers and stockings are white, and the slippers have huge gold buckles. When she arrives at the tavern, she wears a royal purple cape lined with scarlet, of which one of the ladies takes charge. In this act, her jewelry is very showy.

The Chancellor is a pompous fellow, who is terribly bored but tries to conceal it. He has a close-cut, pointed gray beard and wears a purple doublet with lavender trunks and tights, a purple cape lined with tan, black buckled shoes, a white ruff, and a purple hat

with a tan feather, and carries a sword in a scabbard.

Phyllis and Phoebe are pretty girls, the former of cheerful disposition and very attractive and interesting, the latter sentimental and inclined to melancholy. One should be a blonde and the other a brunette, for contrast, and their hair is worn in loose curls. Their dresses are made alike, with full skirts of crimson for the brunette and violet for the blonde, each with an overdress of cretonne in which the color of the skirt predominates. They wear black slippers and white hose.

The Lord of the May is a good-looking lad in a green jacket, called a jerkin, with knee breeches to match, black stockings and shoes, and a large round black hat with a garland of pink and white flowers about the crown, and another long garland draped over the shoulders and around the waist. He carries a third garland for the Queen.

The Lady of the May is a pretty girl dressed in a full green skirt, with an overdress of green and white cretonne. Her hair is worn in curls, with a wreath of pink flowers on her head and a similar garland draped across her breast, from shoulder to waist and around her waist. She also carries a garland for the Queen.

The six minor Elizabethan poets, Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Heywood, and Middleton, wear costumes in the exact style of Shakespeare, but in different colors. Maroon and varying shades of blue and brown may be used, and the hats should match the suits. Beaumont alone wears a white lace collar.

Henslowe, the actor, is handsome and rather conceited. His costume, while following the style of the poets' suits, is more elaborate. It is of black satin

or velvet, topped by a black velvet hat with a red feather, and his black satin cape is lined with the same color of red satin.

Mine Host is a fat, excitable, bald-headed, middle-aged man, very proud of his tavern. He wears a brown jerkin and knee trousers, with shoes and hose to match.

The Bellman wears a gray wig of straggling hair, a long loose black cloak to knees, black shoes and hose, and a broad-brimmed, high-crowned black hat. He carries a lighted lantern of mediaeval design.

Falstaff is an extremely fat, elderly man, with a pointed gray beard and a jovial red face. He wears a dark blue doublet, gray trunks and tights, and a long dark blue cloak, a black hat with a black feather, and black shoes.

Titania is a small, pretty girl, with her hair worn loose and flowing over her shoulders. She is dressed in a rather short but full white tunic of cheesecloth or tarlatan over a white skirt of the same material, with spangled white tissue paper wings fastened to her shoulders, with tiny wings on her wrists, and a gilt and rhinestone crown on her head. On her feet are white hose and white dancing sandals. She has no lines to speak.

Oberon is a slender youth in a white suit trimmed with gold and a gilt crown on his head. On his shoulders he wears a white satin cloak lined with gold-colored satin.

Puck is a small boy in green tights and slippers, wings, and cap with long antennae of gold wire projecting from his forehead.

Portia is a tall girl wearing long black robes lined with red and a square black cap on her head.

Rosalind is a pretty brunette dressed as boy, in

doublet and hose of a soft tan, with tan shoes and cap, also a tan cape lined with green.

Celia is a pretty blonde in a rose-colored tunic over a white skirt, with white hose and black slippers, and a lace Juliet cap.

Touchstone is a stupid-looking bumpkin in a comedy red wig. He wears dark brown knee trousers, slippers, and hose, with a brown smock belted over the trousers and a round, tight brown cap.

Macbeth is a tall imposing figure in a suit of armor made from a long gray sweater coat that has been treated with a stiff paste made of aluminum powder and banana oil. The iron cap is made from an old felt hat joined to the sweater collar and treated with the paste. Leggings and shoes may be similarly treated. He may carry a battle-ax, if desired.

The yeomen are sturdy, old and middle-aged men, of whom there may be any number. Unless the stage is unusually large, six will be enough. They wear bright blue smocks belted over black knee trousers, with black slippers and hose, and round, tight blue caps, which are doffed at the Queen's arrival but later replaced.

The women are of the same age and number as the yeomen, being their partners in the country dance. They wear their hair in curls carelessly pinned on top of the head. They wear full blue skirts, of the same color as the yeomen's smocks, with overdresses of brightly figured cretonne, and ruffles finishing off the neck and the elbow sleeves. The square-cut bodice of each dress, open in front, is laced with black.

The shepherds are sturdy farm youths, wearing gray smocks belted over black knee trousers, with gray hose and black shoes, and round tight gray caps on their heads. Each may carry a sheepskin over his

shoulder. There may be any number of them, but six is sufficient on a stage of ordinary size.

The maidens are pretty young girls, of the same number as the shepherds, whose partners they are in the dances. Their hair is worn in loose curls. Their dresses are made in the same style as those of the women, but the skirt is pink, and pink is the predominating color in their cretonne overdresses. They wear white hose and black slippers.

The courtiers are fashionable young men, about six in number, dressed in the same style as the Chancellor, except that their suits are black, with black satin capes lined with bright green, and black hats, each with a green feather.

The ladies-in-waiting are elegant young women, thirteen in number, including the First Lady-in-Waiting. They wear gowns in the style of the Queen's, except that in Act I, the overdresses are of pale green silk over white skirts, their hair is dressed high under white lace caps, and they wear white hose and black, buckled slippers. In Act II, their dresses also ape the style of the Queen's gown, though much less elaborate. Six of them wear overdresses of pale blue and the other seven overdresses of golden yellow, over long, hooped white skirts. All wear the hair dressed high with jeweled headdresses and have on white slippers and hose.

The jesters are two lively, slender boys with a talent for acrobatic clowning. If preferred, the number may be increased to four, but two are all that are necessary. They wear black tights and slippers, with brilliant orange doublets and puffed trunks of black striped with orange. Each wears a close-fitting, peaked black cap with several bells on the end of the peak, pulling it over to one side. They have no lines to speak, but merely

turn handsprings and somersaults and burlesque the dances and the actions of the various speakers behind their backs.

The dancers, who appear in Act I to dance the May dance, and in Act II to dance the cavaliers' dance, consist of eight or ten boys and the same number of girls. As May dancers, the girls' costumes are like that of the Lady of the May and the boys' are like that of the Lord of the May, except that they wear no wreaths or garlands, though each carries a garland to lay at Elizabeth's feet. In Act II, they appear in court costumes, the boys as cavaliers in purple doublets, trunks, and tights but no capes, with black buckled shoes, and the girls as court ladies in orchid skirts and white overdresses, with white slippers and hose. All wear ruffs and much jewelry. If the number of available players is limited, those who take the parts of shepherds and maidens may also assume the rôles of the dancers.

The waiters, three in number, or six if that many are available, wear close-fitting tan or nut-brown jerkins, tan trousers full at the knee, and tan stockings and slippers, with yellow aprons tying about the waist like a butcher's apron.

The waitresses (same number as the waiters) wear dresses in the same style as those of the maidens, except that the overdresses are yellow and the skirts brown, covered by brown aprons. They wear their hair in loose curls, with ruffled yellow caps, and have on brown slippers and hose.

The ballad singers, six girls and six boys, are dressed like members of a guild, in long gowns that cover them from chin to toes and are plain like coats. The boys wear maroon and the girls dark blue, with flat

square caps of the same material and color as the gown. The girls wear their hair in curls.

NOTE ON PRESENTATION

This play-pageant of Elizabethan times is intended for a large number of student players—a hundred or more, though it could easily be given with fewer. The principal rôles should be assigned to members of the graduating class, while the singers and dancers and a few others with no lines to speak may be chosen from the younger classes in the high school or college. The play is not intended to set forth any actual event or episode with historical accuracy, nor does it even pretend to offer a cross-section of Elizabethan life correct in every detail. It is merely a pleasant fantasy, presenting an intimate picture of the Bard of Avon, with as much of the atmosphere of the Elizabethan period as is deemed practicable for the use of students in a class day entertainment. In the interests of practicability also, some necessary changes have been made in a number of the song lyrics in order to adapt them to the modern airs to which they are to be sung.

ACT I

SCENE: *A meadow not far from sixteenth century London early in the reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH. It is a fine morning, May 1st. The stage is set with wood wings—three at right and three at left—and with a meadow back drop. Shrubs and flowers are banked at upper and lower left and right, close to the wood wings, leav-*

ing an open space near center of left and right sides for exits and entrances. Among the flowers, pink and white ones, representing the hawthorne, predominate. The stage is covered with green baize stretched so tightly as not to interfere with the dancing. Grass mats may be used around the shrubbery and close to the back drop. Down left, near footlights, is placed a rustic bench—the only furniture on the stage. The footlights and flood lights are full up, to represent bright sunlight.

Just before the curtain is lifted, the HERALD comes before the curtain from left to down center, blows three blasts on his trumpet, and retires to extreme left, where he remains during the PROLOGUE's speech. The PROLOGUE enters immediately at right, advances along footlights to center front, and addresses the audience.

PROLOGUE.

Turn back with us in fancy, friends, to-night,
To those Elizabethan days so bright,
When all the world itself and Love seemed young,
With truth and wit on every shepherd's tongue;
When gentle Shakespeare, star of poets, charmed
The ear, and England's heart to rapture warmed,
Leaving a record of his memory
Outlasting death or time or enmity.
The Mermaid Tavern, under whose rude sign
Rare poets sipped a beverage divine,
The English countryside all sweet with May,
And green-clad hills that wander far away,
Shall we together visit for an hour,
Transported by imagination's power.
A pageant of young Shakespeare's time you'll see.
We crave your mercy if some faults there be;

We offer it but for your pleasure, friends,
And do entreat your favor till it ends.

'Tis May Day. Peasants on the village green
Await the coming of their gracious Queen,
Elizabeth, who, with her retinue,
Will pass, ere long, the little hamlet through,
Upon her way to London town. The while
They pass the time in song and dance and smile,
There strolls with glances keen across the grass,
Where truant shadows o'er the bluebells pass,
A strange, dark youth, who finds in every face
An inspiration for his words of grace;
In every thoughtless speech an overtone
That he will make eternal music as his own.
'Tis William Shakespeare, he who wrote the dreams
And sang the songs of all the world. He deems
That life is good, and everywhere beholds
A simple charm that he to beauty molds.

(She turns to HERALD.)

Then, trumpet, blow, and let the curtain rise;
Green fields and hills of England meet our eyes.
Since you who now behold these long-past days
Have eyes to wonder, lack not tongues to praise.

(Exit PROLOGUE at right along footlights, as HERALD again steps to center front and blows three blasts. Exit HERALD along footlights at left.)

At rise of curtain, the peasant chorus are on the stage, well down front, the countrywomen and maidens being grouped at right and the shepherds and yeomen at left. The speakers in ensuing scene are well in the foreground. PHYLLIS, PHOEBE, and SILVIUS are down

left. The pianist or orchestra immediately strikes up the song, "Come Live With Me," and all sing.

COME LIVE WITH ME (Marlowe)

(Tune: "Bonnie Doon")

ALL (*singing*).

Come live with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.
And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move
Come live with me and be my love.

(*At close of song, the singers intermingle to some extent, talking quietly in pantomime for a minute, then all listen to ensuing dialogue.*)

FIRST YEOMAN. Though in my youth I was as true a lover as ever sighed upon a midnight pillow, now I find that my spirits grow a-weary at listening to such sweet nothings.

SECOND YEOMAN. I would care not for my spirits if my legs grew not weary. This making merry whilst

we wait the arrival of her Majesty is in truth no light labor, though 'tis one of love.

FIRST SHEPHERD. Wisely said. I could drive my sheep to pasture, tend them as they grazed, and bring them safely to the fold at dusk with less weariness than my old bones feel now.

FIRST WOMAN. But, gaffer, hast thou not often told of thy gay merrymakings when Edward was England's king?

FIRST SHEPHERD. Truly, dame, truly, but man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.

(All laugh heartily.)

SECOND WOMAN. Smartly said, shepherd. Home-keeping folks have ever a homely wit.

FIRST SHEPHERD. But though I dance no more myself, it pleases me greatly to see my fellows caper. Our good Queen Bess will not be seen on the road to London ere the sun hath mounted still higher in the heaven. Dance, ye brave shepherds. *(To the others.)* All's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.

(As the shepherds choose their partners from among the maidens, the rest of the company retire in groups to the rear and the sides of the stage.)

SHEPHERDS' DANCE

The pianist strikes up the introduction to the dance music, which may be any simple, lively tune in two-four time, preferably an old English folk tune, though the "Arkansas Traveler" would fit the needs of the dance. The dancers use a simple skipping step throughout. The couples form a large circle down center, join hands, and face the center of the circle. For eight measures

of the music all skip around the circle from left to right, then for two measures skip four steps in toward center and for two more measures skip four steps back to position. All break the circle, and each couple, joining inner hands, with the man on the outside, skip around the circle for eight measures, one couple behind the other, from left to right. Then the couples reverse and for eight measures skip around the circle from right to left. The couples halt, and partners face each other with hands on hips, mark time for two measures, bending at the waist, first to the right and then to the left. For two more measures, the girls, with hands arched above their heads, skip once around their respective partners, who stand marking time. These last two movements are then repeated, with the girls marking time, while the boys skip around them. Next, each girl skips around her partner for two measures and back to her original position. For two more measures, each boy rests his left hand lightly on his partner's head and skips around her once from right to left. The end of this movement leaves the girls in an inside circle and the boys in an outside one. For eight measures, those of each circle join hands and skip around in a ring, the girls moving from left to right and the boys from right to left. The circles halt, with partners opposite each other, and the girls slip quickly into position beside their respective partners in the original large circle, all joining hands and skipping from left to right for eight measures. Then for eight more measures they skip from right to left, after which the couples halt, drop hands, and face each other, the girls curtsying and the boys bowing. The partners join hands and skip to the sides and rear of the stage and join their friends.

The onlookers applaud heartily. During the dance,

SHAKESPEARE *has strolled on at left, unnoticed, and has been watching them with interest. He joins in the loud applause and attempts to speak.*

SHAKESPEARE. I crave your pardon, good people—
(*The applause continues. He comes through the group to center front.*) An 'twould please you, friends, season your admiration for a while.

(*All turn and look at him in astonishment.*)

SECOND SHEPHERD. Pray, who art thou?

SHAKESPEARE. My name is Shakespeare. I come from Stratford.

FIRST YEOMAN. Art bound for London?

SHAKESPEARE (*airily*). Perhaps. Who knows?

SECOND YEOMAN. Best wait here with us and see the Queen.

SHAKESPEARE (*astonished*). The Queen?

SECOND YEOMAN. Aye. She journeys back to London, and this way lies her nearest road. If she pause to rest we shall sing and dance for her.

SHAKESPEARE. Wilt not sing and dance for me?

THIRD WOMAN (*laughing*). But thou art not a king.

SHAKESPEARE. Nay, and I'd scorn to change my state with any king. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. (*Stops and repeats last sentence aloud to himself.*) A good line that; 'twere well to remember it. This country air freshens the wit.

FIRST MAIDEN. 'Twould be an honor unsurpassed to be a king.

SHAKESPEARE (*enjoying himself*). Honor! Aye, perhaps, yet methinks there are times in the life of any king when he would give all his fame for a pot of ale

and safety. What can a king enjoy that is more lovely than this meadow?— (*Musingly repeats a part of his own verse.*)

. . . A bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

What greater pleasure might royalty claim as his own than to rest here? Are not the woods more free from peril than the envious court? Here is the perfect spot, under an oak whose antique root peeps out upon the brook that brawls along this wood. What joy, when the moonlight sleeps sweet along this bank, to sit and let the sounds of music creep in his ears, while soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony!

FOURTH WOMAN (*awed*). Good sir, thou speakest like a poet.

FIFTH WOMAN. Or like a preacher.

SHAKESPEARE. A poet? I? Sometimes. When I consider everything that grows holds in perfection but a little moment, then I become sad; then am I a budding poet. And when I remember, when, to the sessions of sweet, silent thought, I summon up remembrance of things past, aye, then I am indeed a poet. But a preacher! With all my melancholy, I am still too merry for a preacher, unless a preacher be but one who finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. Then even I, Will Shakespeare, might be called a preacher. (*Meditatively to himself.*) Strange! This very air suggests sweet phrases to my mind. In every maid I see a heroine, and every man's a hero or a villain in my play.

PHYLLIS (*who has been listening eagerly*). Will Shakespeare, why not stay with us? Buy thou a cot-

tage, a pasture, and a flock, live here, and make thy poems. I, Phyllis, bid thee join us.

SHAKESPEARE (*laughing*). What shall I do?
(*Quotes from his own embryonic work.*)

We'll live
And pray and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them, too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies.

PHYLLIS (*eagerly*). Wilt thou really stay? What canst do in London that cannot be accomplished here? 'Tis a spot God meant for dreaming.

SHAKESPEARE (*smiling at her*). Almost am I tempted. And yet I fear the lazy luxury of these green valleys. I dream, 'tis true, but I would make my dreams the dreams of all men, so that others, hearing them, would wonder which were truth—the waking or the dreaming, and would know that they themselves were but the shadow of a dream.

PHYLLIS (*admiringly*). Oh, Will, I love to hear thy voice, although the meaning of thy words is naught to me.

SHAKESPEARE. Phyllis, thy voice is ever sweet and low—an excellent thing in woman.

FIFTH WOMAN (*coming up to PHYLLIS*). I do hope her Majesty will be pleased.

SHAKESPEARE. Tell me: What of the Queen? Is her manner good, bad, or indifferent?

FIFTH WOMAN. Good at times, bad at times, indifferent, never. She is truly the Queen of England. She smiles and crooks her finger—

SHAKESPEARE (*interrupting impatiently*). And then?

FIFTH WOMAN (*continuing*). —and then she is obeyed.

THIRD YEOMAN (*who stands near*). 'Tis said she favors Essex now.

SECOND SHEPHERD (*whistling in astonishment*). Sits the wind in that quarter?

SIXTH WOMAN. Shepherd, mend thy speech lest it mar thy fortune. Her Majesty may come at any moment. Learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

SHAKESPEARE (*admiringly*). Well said: "a time for all things." Thy speech hath a biting quality that inspires mine own. Thy speech may mend my fortune.

PHOEBE (*with a mournful sigh*). Silvius, sing us a song—a sad song to make us weep. I love to weep.

SILVIUS (*moving from left to center*). Ay, Phoebe. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.

SHAKESPEARE (*aloud to himself*). Even the shepherds talk to my advantage. That expression shall live in a play—sometime.

FIRST MAIDEN (*laughing*). Phoebe loves to weep, and all her sighs and tears are for Oliver. (*To PHOEBE.*) Display not thy feelings, wench.

PHOEBE. They do not love that do not show their love. (*Wipes her eyes.*)

SECOND MAIDEN. Nay, they love least that let men know their love.

SHAKESPEARE (*nodding approvingly at SECOND MAIDEN*). A Daniel come to judgment.

THIRD MAIDEN (*gently*). Thou art sad, Phoebe, but overcome thy sorrow.

PHOEBE (*tearfully*). Everyone can master grief but he that has it.

THIRD SHEPHERD (*skeptically*). Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

SHAKESPEARE (*to THIRD SHEPHERD, approvingly*). Well said, gaffer! "But not for love." (*Aloud to himself, in pleased surprise.*) Why passed I not this way before?

PHOEBE (*petulantly*). The song, Silvius. I like not this talk.

(*The pianist strikes up music of song, "Come Away, Death," and SILVIUS, coming down center sings dolefully.*)

COME AWAY, DEATH ("Twelfth Night")

(*Tune: "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton"*)

SILVIUS (*singing*).

Oh, come away, come away, come away, Death!

And in the sad cypress boughs let me be laid;

Oh, fly away, fly away, fly away, breath;

For lo, I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.

My shroud of pure white stuck with yew then prepare;

And none so true, my lowly death bed to share.

My shroud of pure white stuck with yew then prepare;

And none so true, my lowly death bed to share.

Oh, not a flow'r, not a flow'r, not a flow'r sweet

Upon my black coffin lid let there be strown;

And not a friend, not a friend, not a friend greet

Me as I lie there in my sorrow alone.

Your sighs to save, sighs to save, lay me, oh, where

My sad true love finds not my grave to weep there.

Your sighs to save, sighs to save, lay me, oh, where
My sad true love finds not my grave to weep there.

(At close of song, all applaud, while SILVIUS returns sadly to his original place down left.)

FIRST YEOMAN. I never did know so full a voice
issue from so empty a head, but the saying is true:
The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

PHOEBE *(weeping bitterly)*. I thank thee, Silvius.
Thy song comforts me greatly.

SHAKESPEARE *(aloud, meditatively, with a smile)*.
Little do they dream that I wrote those words.

(Several of the maidens gather around PHOEBE and try to comfort her in pantomime. She gradually dries her tears but continues to look melancholy.)

FOURTH MAIDEN. When the Queen appears, I wish
she may be well and gayly appareled. 'Tis well known
her face is not her fortune, though she loves to be
told so.

SECOND WOMAN *(warningly)*. Be more careful with
thy speech.

FOURTH MAIDEN *(saucily)*. Know you not I am a
woman? When I think I must speak.

FIRST WOMAN *(to FIFTH MAIDEN)*. How fares thy
suitor, the shepherd from Wessex? They say he is thy
father's choice, not thine.

FIFTH MAIDEN *(coldly)*. God made him, and there-
fore let him pass for a man.

SHAKESPEARE *(to FIFTH MAIDEN)*. Thou hast a
nimble wit. Methinks 'tis made of Atalanta's heels.

FIFTH MAIDEN. God give them wisdom that have
it; those that are fools, let them use their talents.

SECOND YEOMAN *(who has worked his way left cen-*

ter down front during the conversation). Didst ever hear of the man who in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay? His was a gentle nature. Canst thou not butter thy words a bit lest some time they stick in thy throat? Many a man hath been hanged for saying what he thought.

FIFTH MAIDEN. And many a hanging prevents a bad marriage, so for many a man hanged is many a woman made happy. 'Tis a good custom.

(In the distance off right trumpets are heard. All fall silent and listen.)

ALL (*excitedly*). The Queen! The Queen!

FIRST YEOMAN. She must hear us singing as she rides near. Sing, friends, sing.

(The pianist strikes up the music of "Under the Greenwood Tree," as the chorus come together down front in the same formation as earlier in the act.)

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE (*"As You Like It"*)

(*Tune: "Stars of the Summer Night"*)

ALL (*singing, in parts, if possible*).

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat?

Come, come!

'Tis spring; come hither, come.

Here hides no enemy
But winter's jests so free;
Rough weather's pranks so bold
And breezes chill and cold.

Come, come!
'Tis spring; come hither, come.

Who doth ambition shun
Who loves to live i' the sun
Dreaming through golden hours,
At rest in shady bowers?

Come, come!
'Tis spring; come hither, come.

(At close of song, all turn expectantly to right, toward which SECOND SHEPHERD has been peering. From off right come the lively strains of the old English tune, "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?")

SECOND SHEPHERD. They're stopping. They're dismounting.

(All crane their necks excitedly, and a few try to lift themselves above the shoulders of the others, in their efforts to see.)

(Voices are heard off right, the clinking of harness, calls of "whoa," and then the voice of the CHANCELLOR, loud and clear, above the music.)

CHANCELLOR *(off right)*. Will't please your Majesty to rest a moment on the green and watch the villagers? They sing indifferently well.

PHOEBE *(to the others, angrily)*. Indifferently well, indeed!

ALL THE OTHERS. Sh-h!

ELIZABETH *(off right)*. Yes, we shall tarry for a brief space. 'Tis a pleasant spot.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, the CHANCELLOR, the courtiers, the ladies-in-waiting, and the two jesters enter at right

and advance to center. FIRST COURTIER carries several cushions. The country people bow low. SHAKESPEARE stands in background up left. PHYLLIS moves up near him, while PHOEBE and SILVIUS cross and take positions down right. The music ceases.

COUNTRY PEOPLE (*shouting in unison*). Long live her gracious Majesty.

ELIZABETH (*sweetly*). We thank you, good people.

FIRST COURTIER (*crossing down left and arranging the cushions on bench*). Will't please your Majesty to sit?

FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING. Rest, your Majesty.

ELIZABETH (*haughtily*). We wish to stand.

(FIRST COURTIER and LADY-IN-WAITING retire abashed a little up left.)

CHANCELLOR. But 'tis not meet the Queen should stand.

ELIZABETH (*proudly*). Nice customs curtsy to great kings—or queens. We are the maker of manners.

SHAKESPEARE (*aloud to himself, as he pushes closer to group down center*). "Nice customs." I would I had said that.

FIRST YEOMAN (*coming up to ELIZABETH*). Your gracious Majesty— (*Pauses and bows.*)

ELIZABETH (*graciously*). Speak, my good yeoman, if indeed thou art the spokesman for thy hamlet.

FIRST YEOMAN. Aye, your Majesty. They know I like overmuch to make speeches, so they fool me to the top of my bent.

(SHAKESPEARE draws still nearer and listens carefully, smiling all the while.)

ELIZABETH (*a trifle impatiently*). On with the speech and make it thy care that it be a good speech, for we are nothing if not critical.

FIRST YEOMAN (*striking an attitude and growing pompous*). Your Majesty, to make a speech to one so great is beyond my poor power. I wish but to tell thee that we, thy loving and loyal subjects, are honored by thy passing through our hamlet, and doubly by thy resting for a moment on the velvet carpet of our grass which will henceforth grow with greener beauty, inspired by the touch of thy dainty feet. (*He is quite out of breath by now but beams at the applause of the courtiers.*)

FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING (*nodding to the other ladies*). A fine speech.

ELIZABETH (*pleased*). My courtiers might well take lessons in eloquence from thee. Now, what hast arranged for our pleasure?

FIRST YEOMAN. Would it please your Majesty to see the country dances and hear our lads and lassies sing?

ELIZABETH (*indifferently*). We should like it much. (*Stops and sniffs.*) What smells so sweet? It is like all the flowers of May in one rare scent.

FIRST YEOMAN. 'Tis but the hawthorne, your Majesty.

FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING. How sweet!

ELIZABETH. All the perfumes of Araby, blended, were not so sweet.

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(ELIZABETH and her retinue move to places down left. At FIRST YEOMAN's signal the singers draw near and sing "Go, Lovely Rose.")

Go, LOVELY ROSE (*Waller*)

(*Tune: "Sweet Genevieve"*)

ALL (*singing*).

Go lovely rose, go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows, that now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be,
When I resemble her to thee!
How sweet and fair she seems to be,
When I resemble her to thee!

Chorus

Go, lovely rose, go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time and me,
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Go, lovely rose.

Small is the worth, small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired.
Bid her come forth, bid her come forth;
Suffer herself to be desired,
And blush not so to be admired.
Let beauty from the light retired
Suffer herself to be desired
And blush not so to be admired.

Go, lovely rose, and die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee, may read in thee
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.
The common fate of all things rare!

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

(At close of the song, all the retinue applaud heartily, and the two jesters turn a few exultant hand-springs.)

ELIZABETH *(pleased)*. 'Twas well sung. Another.

SHAKESPEARE *(sotto voce, drawing nearer)*. I hope 'twill be one of mine.

(The pianist strikes up "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" and the chorus sing.)

HARK, HARK, THE LARK ("Cymbeline")

(Tune: "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls")

ALL *(singing, in parts, if possible)*.

Hark, hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phoebus 'gins to rise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With everything that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise!

(At close of the song, ELIZABETH smiles approvingly, and all the courtiers and ladies-in-waiting applaud. The chorus bow and smile self-consciously.)

ELIZABETH. And now we would see a jolly country dance. *(She sits on bench down left and at her gesture, others of the retinue sit on cushions or stand back of her.)*

FIRST COURTIER. I hope, gaffer, thou hast selected pretty maids for the dance.

FIRST YEOMAN. Trust me for that, sir. I have a good eye. I can see a church by daylight.

ELIZABETH. Yeoman, for all thy fine speeches, I fear thou'rt a wicked old man.

FIRST YEOMAN. Alas, 'tis true, your Majesty! And if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers I should repent. Now for the dance.

COUNTRY DANCE

The shepherds and maidens and the younger of the women and yeomen come down center front and perform a country dance. Any music in four-four time, played in march tempo, will do, though an old English tune would be preferable. The dancers separate into couples, and each couple face the audience and join crossed hands, as if for skating. Beginning with the right foot, they take three walking steps down right, during the first three beats of the measure and on the fourth beat balance on the right foot. Then they take three walking steps down left and balance for one beat on the left foot. Then they glide one step down right and hop one step; glide one step down left and hop one step. They repeat both the walking steps and the glide and hopping steps. For the second figure, each pair of partners turn back to back. The one facing right takes three walking steps to right, beginning with the right foot, and balances on the right foot, while the one facing left performs the same movement going left. Both face about, turning the body toward the rear, and return to position in the same way, this time beginning with the left foot and balancing upon it. As the partners meet, they join inside hands, glide one step down right and hop one step, then glide and hop down left in the same manner. Again they glide and hop down

right, after which the left-hand partner, goes around the right-hand partner once, circling from left to right and back to position. This movement is repeated to left, the right-hand partner circling around the left. The entire dance may be repeated if desired.

(As the dance ends and, the dancers retire to the background, up center, left, and right, the court party applaud heartily.)

FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING (to ELIZABETH). How well they dance!

ELIZABETH (*pleased*). They dance as light as little winds that blow when jocund day stands on the hills or greets the misty mountain tops.

SHAKESPEARE (*musings aloud to himself*). How beautiful! She speaks in poetry. A fine expression for a play—a balcony scene—the first faint flush of dawn— As soon as I reach London I shall give serious thought to a play with a balcony scene.

ELIZABETH (*who has been watching him*). Come hither, sir.

SHAKESPEARE (*stepping up to her calmly*). Your Majesty. (*Bows low to her.*)

ELIZABETH. What art thou muttering? We like not those who mutter.

SHAKESPEARE. Your Majesty, I did but repeat to mine own ear thy words that their beauty might be remembered and sometime be made immortal.

ELIZABETH (*surprised*). My words were pleasing to thine ear?

SHAKESPEARE. Aye, your Majesty, they were like music, with a silver sound.

ELIZABETH (*delighted*). A sad flatterer, I fear. Thy name?

SHAKESPEARE. Your Majesty, I am Will Shakespeare, once of Stratford, but now of the wide world.

ELIZABETH. Will Shakespeare. Thou art a writer; deny it not.

SHAKESPEARE. Your Majesty, I dream of writing plays.

ELIZABETH. Thou must do more than dream. Dreams are but the children of an idle brain.

SHAKESPEARE. Would your Majesty be offended if I use some of thy beautiful phrases in the plays I hope to write? Or if I make one of my heroines a beautiful queen?

ELIZABETH. Ha! Am I to write thy plays for thee, Master Shakespeare?

SHAKESPEARE (*admiringly*). Your Majesty, thy brevity is the soul of wit. I can but borrow thy words and despair of achieving as great of mine own.

ELIZABETH (*flattered*). My conversation is deemed by learned men to be of interest and to contain an occasional well-turned phrase.

SHAKESPEARE (*forgetting ELIZABETH for a moment*). In truth, since I entered this meadow I have naught but the most pointed phrases, the most keen replies. Methinks there is truly something in the air that excites the imagination. The simple words of these country people have inspired me and awakened in my idle brain thoughts that have long lain dormant.

ELIZABETH (*offended*). So 'tis the country people that inspire thee?

SHAKESPEARE (*hastily repairing his error*). But it remained for my Queen to light the fire that shall make me immortal. Your Majesty, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thou hast won greatness in all three ways.

In truth thou wert born great; hast achieved greatness by a reign of wisdom and splendor; had greatness thrust upon thee when becoming so suddenly the Virgin Queen of our sea-walled garden, this England, this precious stone set in a silver sea (*amazed at himself, repeats*)—this precious stone set in a silver sea—a most excellent line!

ELIZABETH (*coldly*). Thou wert speaking of our greatness—?

SHAKESPEARE (*hastily*). Thy beauty hath made me so eloquent that I pause in amazement at mine own words. Your Majesty hath achieved greatness in the ways I mentioned, but would have been great in any case because of such transcendent beauty. The brightness of thine eyes would shame the stars. The sun and moon must pale in envy at thy presence. A perfect heroine.

ELIZABETH (*cooly*). In truth, good Shakespeare, we think thou hast little need to borrow words of others, having a good supply of thine own. Dost live in this little hamlet?

(PHYLLIS, *who has been edging closer, listens eagerly.*)

SHAKESPEARE. No, your Majesty. I am repairing to London to the Mermaid Tavern, where friends of mine oft drink the good Canary wine, and every spring, when well-apparel'd April on the heel of limping winter treads, plan anew their messages to a proud posterity. The memory of thy graciousness shall be my inspiration. Your Majesty shall hear of William Shakespeare again.

ELIZABETH (*sweetly, watching PHYLLIS from the corner of her eye*). Thou shouldst be a courtier, not a poet. Thy very hair is of the dissembling color.

SHAKESPEARE. 'Tis true there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility. But this I swear: The plays I write, the songs I sing, inspired by thee, shall make all England listen. (*Bows to her and retires up center, followed by PHYLLIS.*)

(*The FIRST YEOMAN signals to the chorus, who assume the same formation down center as before and sing "Take, Oh, Take Those Lips Away."*)

ALL (*singing, in parts, if possible*).

TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY (*"Measure for Measure"*)

(*Tune: "Softly Now the Light of Day"*)

Take, oh, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.

Take, oh, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love but sealed in vain.

(*As the applause for this number dies away, FIRST YEOMAN steps out in front of singers and bows to the Queen, still seated down left, with her retinue around her.*)

FIRST YEOMAN. And now a May dance to please your gracious Majesty.

ELIZABETH. After which we resume our journey to London.

SHAKESPEARE and PHYLLIS move to up left and the

others up right and center, leaving space down center free, as the LORD and the LADY OF THE MAY enter right bearing garlands, which they lay at ELIZABETH's feet. The LORD OF THE MAY bows to the ground before ELIZABETH, while the LADY OF THE MAY kneels at the Queen's feet, kissing her extended hand and rising to speak.

LADY OF THE MAY.

Your Majesty, we bring to thee the May
With blossoms sweet a-bloom along its way,
With tender breezes laughing through the air,
With skies of blue and sunshine everywhere.
Let every stream run clear; all Nature's grace
Unite to make serene thy dwelling place.
Although her beauties wane when thine they view,
Your Grace, accept her homage as thy due.
Thy presence gilds the splendor of the day;
Your Majesty, we bring to thee the May.

As the LORD and the LADY OF THE MAY retire up center, where they stand facing audience, the May dancers enter at right, march around the stage to the soft music of "Amaryllis" or any other old-time tune, bowing as they pass the Queen. They form a large circle and the LORD and LADY OF THE MAY lead ELIZABETH to the center of the circle, where she remains during the dance, holding the garlands. The LORD and LADY OF THE MAY then return to their places up center, just outside of the circle.

MAY DANCE

The music now changes to Beethoven's "Minuet in G," or any other minuet, and the dancers with stately species of sidestep, pace twice around the circle from

right to left, then twice from left to right. All halt, turn about with backs to the center, and repeat the former movement, twice from right to left and twice from left to right. Next the partners form a double line, clasping inner hands. They now use the minuet step, which is as follows: Beginning with the right foot, they take three steps forward, point the left toe in front, then bring it around and point it behind the right foot, simultaneously bending the right knee. In this manner, the dancers promenade twice around the circle from left to right, then reverse and go twice around from right to left. The partners halt and face each other, the boys bowing to partners and the girls curtsying. All face the center and bow to Elizabeth. They form a single circle again, with partners facing each other. The girls start around the circle from left to right and the boys from right to left, the right hand of one clasping the left hand of another and vice versa, as they weave in and out of the ever-changing circle. When each has gone once around the circle and reached his own partner again, all turn to the center, the boys bowing low and the girls curtsying to Elizabeth.

(The circle opens to permit the LORD and LADY OF THE MAY to enter and escort ELIZABETH back to her seat down left. She gives the garlands to her ladies-in-waiting. The dancers retire up right and left into the background, as all the others applaud.)

ELIZABETH (*without seating herself*). A charming rustic dance. We thank you, friends. And now, my lords and ladies, to London.

(The music of the old song, "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" is played again off stage very softly,

and the royal retinue line up, prepared to leave. SHAKESPEARE has moved down to left center.)

ALL THE COUNTRY PEOPLE *and* MAY DANCERS (*in concert*). Good-bye, your Majesty. A safe journey. (*They wave hats and handkerchiefs.*)

ELIZABETH. Good-bye, my loyal subjects. (*Turns to SHAKESPEARE.*) Good-bye, Will Shakespeare. When the plays are ready and await a performance, a worthy playhouse in the heart of London shall be ready for them. (*SHAKESPEARE bows his thanks.*) I, too, shall visit the Mermaid Tavern ere long.

(The music off stage grows louder, and ELIZABETH and her retinue exeunt at left followed by the admiring gaze and cheers of the country people.)

ALL THE COUNTRY PEOPLE. Long live good Queen Bess!

(The music dies away.)

PHYLLIS (*unmistakably jealous*). Oh, dear! I have torn my best dress! How full of briars is this workaday world! Will Shakespeare, was not the Queen gracious? (*He is looking after the Queen and pays no heed.*) Will!

SECOND YEOMAN (*to PHYLLIS*). He takes no thought of thee. Thou art not high enough for one to whom the Queen shows favor. He would wed only a highborn lady.

SHAKESPEARE (*musingly*). She must be as high as my heart. (*Turns away and strolls across to right.*)

SECOND WOMAN (*to PHYLLIS*). Fret not, maid. He is only a poet.

SECOND MAIDEN. All poets are fools. Better the

sad experience of being scorned than that of wedding a poet-fool.

PHYLLIS (*tearfully, following SHAKESPEARE to right*). I would rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad.

SHAKESPEARE (*at extreme right, meditating aloud, with left hand supporting right elbow and chin in right palm*). Queen though she be, she loved mine intemperate praise. Her statesmanship is powerful, but her woman's heart is frail. Ah, frailty, thy name is woman! (*Pleased.*) An immortal phrase, fit for an immortal play. (*Saunters slowly off stage at right, without looking back.*)

(*All the country people are now grouped at center of stage, but PHYLLIS, at right, looks sadly after SHAKESPEARE. The pianist strikes up the music of "Sigh No More, Ladies," which all join in singing with great spirit and vigor.*)

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES ("Much Ado About Nothing")

(*Tune: "Sally in Our Alley"*)

ALL (*singing*).

Oh, ladies, ladies, sigh no more;

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

To hey, noni'no, nonny.

Oh, ladies, ladies, sing no more

Those ditties melancholy;

All fraud of men was ever so,
Since life and love are jolly.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
To hey, noni'no, nonny.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE: *The public room of the Mermaid Tavern in sixteenth century London, along toward midnight, several weeks later. The floor is uncarpeted and finished in dark wood. There are two doors at right and left respectively, the doors being of heavy wood with huge bolts and latches. The door at right leads to the kitchen and anteroom, and the door at left leads to the street. In the rear wall at right and left respectively, are two small windows with diamond-shaped panes, which may be made from oiled paper. A large oblong table made of rough, heavy wood and long enough to seat at least eight persons is placed at right of stage, with its ends facing toward the audience. On it are earthen bottles, pewter or silver mugs, pitchers, and lighted candles in candlesticks. There are eight stools around the table. At left is a large table, with nothing on it. Around it are a dozen or more stools—enough to accommodate the Queen's party upon its arrival later in the act. Several other stools and benches are scattered around the sides of the stage. Facing the audience up center is a long counter, on which are several jugs and bottles. The stage should not be too*

brightly lighted. In addition to the candles, which may be electric if preferred, there should be just enough light from the stage lights to permit the faces of the speakers to be clearly distinguished.

Prior to the rising of the curtain, the HERALD comes before the curtain, entering from left, goes to center, blows three blasts on his trumpet, and retires to left. Simultaneously, the PROLOGUE comes before the curtain from the right, goes to center, bows, and addresses the audience.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis evening now; the Mermaid Tavern's light
Shines through the London gloom—a cheery sight.
Will Shakespeare, young ambition all aflame,
With hopes of royal favor and of fame,
Has come to London town. To-night he sits
Here in the Mermaid Tavern with the wits,
The poets, and the playwrights of his time,
Who talked in epigram and thought in rime.
He dimly visions in the tavern's glow
Dream figures that beneath his pen shall grow
To life immortal, as his mighty art
Becomes of all the world's delight a part.
The Queen, a royal whim to satisfy,
Visits the tavern ere the night goes by.
Bold Shakespeare writes a sonnet in her praise
That much endears him to the royal gaze.
Then, as the bellman calls his loud “All's well,”
In answer to the warning midnight bell,
His friends depart. Serene and still it seems
While Shakespeare waits alone and hopes and
dreams.

(Turns to HERALD.)

Then, trumpet, blow and let the curtain rise.
The quaint old Mermaid Tavern meets our eyes.

(Exit PROLOGUE at right as the HERALD again steps to center front and blows three blasts. As HERALD exits at left, the curtain rises, to music of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.")

At rise of curtain, HEYWOOD, JONSON, MIDDLETON, MARLOWE, BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, and SHAKESPEARE are discovered seated at the table at right, the first three on the right and the next three on the left, while SHAKESPEARE sits at the upper end, facing the audience. Each poet's hat lies under his own chair. The waiters are moving about the counter up center, arranging mugs and bottles and talking in pantomime.

Immediately the pianist strikes up the music of "O Mistress Mine," and the waitresses skip in at right, the waiters come down center to meet them, and all gather in informal groups between the two tables and sing "O Mistress Mine." During their song and dance, the seven poets lean back in their chairs, listening and looking on with smiles of approval and sometimes beating time on the table with their hands or a convenient mug.

O MISTRESS MINE ("Twelfth Night")

(Tune: "Reuben and Rachel")

WAITERS and WAITRESSES (*singing*).

Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

Do not from me lightly go.

Stay and hear; your true love's coming

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Love should not be flouted so.
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Time the saddest heart will cure.
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Age lacks springtime's glad allure;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

WAITERS' DANCE

Immediately following the song, the waiters and waitresses form couples down center and dance a galliard, a gay, brisk dance, for which any old-time song music in three-four time will be suitable. The couples form an irregular semicircle, then each couple take a step to left, a second step to right, and third step to left, a fourth step to right, a fifth to left, and upon the sixth leap back to position at left. This movement is repeated with the order of steps reversed. Then each couple face each other, with their hands on each other's shoulders, and whirl, taking two short steps down stage, followed by one long leap or caper. They repeat this movement several times, and finally all caper to the rear of the stage and break formation.

(The poets at the right table applaud heartily. During the ensuing dialogue the girls remain behind the counter tidying it in various ways, while the waiters move in and out at right door as if serving customers in the adjoining anteroom.)

MARLOWE. Well-cut capers. Mine host hath a clever set of fellows and charming wenches to dispense good cheer to the eye and ear as well as the palate.

BEAUMONT. What good wind blew thee hither, Shakespeare? Dost expect to meet thy destiny?

SHAKESPEARE. Like the snail, I bring my destiny with me, Beaumont.

BEAUMONT. Heaven send that thy destiny achieve not the snail's pace in arriving.

JONSON. Now, fortune that favors fools attend us all.

MIDDLETON. Marlowe will need good fortune if he take not heed of his romancing. But yesterday he met a certain lady and ever since hath been inditing sonnets to her eyebrows.

HEYWOOD. Aye, Middleton, and the lady doubtless believes his pretty words.

MIDDLETON. What cannot a knave with a smooth tongue make a woman believe, Heywood?

HEYWOOD. For a time; but when he ceases to recite the pretty words—

MARLOWE (*smiling*). Mock me not. Pretty words were meant for wooing; marriage is a different matter.

SHAKESPEARE. Marlowe is right. Men are ever April when they woo, December when they wed.

FLETCHER. Thou hast not told us yet, my good Shakespeare, why the sudden trip to London.

SHAKESPEARE. My reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; thou shalt seek all day ere finding them, and when found, alas, they are not worth the search! (*Laughs.*) I almost became a shepherd, with Phyllis as my loving shepherdess—but then— (*Pauses.*)

ALL THE OTHERS. But then?

SHAKESPEARE (*lightly*). But then I thought of my friends and the Mermaid Tavern, and here am I. 'Twas here I was meant to be. There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.

FLETCHER. I know, friend, thou art filled with dreams of becoming famous, as indeed are we all.

SHAKESPEARE. Fletcher, if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and his widow weeps.

FLETCHER. And that, we know, is but a little space, indeed.

SHAKESPEARE (*musingly*). I wonder—what it is to die.

BEAUMONT. To die? 'Tis less than to be born—a lasting sleep, a quiet resting from all jealousy, a thing we all pursue. Death's but the giving over of a game that must be lost.

JONSON (*abruptly*). I regret the years I have wasted. Little have I accomplished here. Perchance I shall go to Italy.

MIDDLETON. Leave England, Ben?

JONSON. Sir, to a wise man all the world's his soil. It is not Italy or France or Europe that must bound me if my fates call me forth. But tell me, good Shakespeare, what creations fill thy brain? Relate thy plans and let us marvel at thy bold imagination.

SHAKESPEARE. Let those who are in favor with their stars of public favor and proud titles boast. But, an thou survive my well-contented day, Ben, remember this of me: I sought to read the hearts of men and tell their stories, knowing well that tears and laughter have a common source and that all the world's a stage. I'd hold a mirror up to nature.

HENSLOWE, *the actor, enters at left and crosses to the table where the poets sit.*

ALL THE OTHERS. Welcome, Henslowe.

HENSLOWE (*sitting at down-stage end of table*). Good even, friends. Will Shakespeare, I little thought to find thee here.

SHAKESPEARE (*seriously*). Henslowe, how wouldst like to act in a play of my writing?

HENSLOWE. I' faith, that requires consideration. What is this play?

SHAKESPEARE (*shaking his head regretfully*). Alas, 'tis not written yet!

HENSLOWE. Good. Then I need not hasten my answer.

SHAKESPEARE (*thinking aloud*). The plot will be, perhaps, like this: An exiled duke, his fair young daughter who masquerades as a lad in the forest of Arden, young lovers, villains discomfited, virtue rewarded—aye, how the world loves its virtue—in a play!—and gentle shepherds and their pretty maids—(*Breaks off, meditating.*)

JONSON (*laughing*). He hath a rustic mind to-night.

HENSLOWE (*scornfully*). The play is not as I should like it.

SHAKESPEARE. I' faith, I'll write it as you like it. (*Pauses in surprised delight.*) A title, gentlemen, a title for the world: "As You Like It"! What dost say, Henslowe? What does the actor say?

HENSLOWE (*still scornfully*). What do I say? I say, "God send the actor a better play."

SHAKESPEARE (*lightly*). And I answer, "God send the play a better actor."

(*All laugh.*)

JONSON (*turning to* HEYWOOD). And what writes our good friend Heywood now?

HEYWOOD. A play that shall be my best: "A Woman Killed With Kindness." True, we all think our ravens doves and our crows' black feathers white, but this play I think is really good.

BEAUMONT. Methinks the little wit I had is lost of late. (*Musingly.*) What things have we seen done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been so nimble and so full of subtle flame as if the one from whence they came had meant to put his whole wit in a jest and live a fool the rest of his dull life.

JONSON. Aye, when we are gone we leave an air behind us which alone is able to make the next two companies right witty. (*To* SHAKESPEARE.) As for thee, Will, hasten with thy writing. Thou shalt be alive while thy plays do live and we have wits to read and praise to give.

MINE HOST, *of the Mermaid Tavern, waddles excitedly in at left.*

MINE HOST. Gentlemen, gentlemen, the Queen!

(*All rise quickly and look at one another in amazement. From off left come the faint strains of "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?"*)

HENSLOWE (*tragically*). The Queen! Here? Oh, why did I not wear my new velvet coat to-night?

SHAKESPEARE (*smilingly*). The Queen is coming here?

MINE HOST. Aye, and she must needs be entertained. I have already sent for the ballad singers.

A trumpet sounds, off left, and the music grows louder. The waiters line up by the door at left, with the waitresses opposite them. ELIZABETH, the CHANCELLOR, the ladies-in-waiting, and the two jesters, enter at left. The poets, waiters, and waitresses bow profoundly, and MINE HOST advances to greet ELIZABETH, appearing much flustered at the honor. The music ceases.

MINE HOST (*bowing and scraping*). Your Majesty, the Mermaid Tavern is indeed honored by your gracious presence. (*To CHANCELLOR.*) Your servant, sir. (*To the ladies.*) Your servant, your ladyships. Where will your Majesty be pleased to sit?

ELIZABETH (*indicating table opposite the one at which the men sat*). At that one. (*To men.*) Gentlemen, let us not disturb your pleasure. (*ELIZABETH, her ladies, and the CHANCELLOR take seats at left table. The jesters sit cross-legged at their feet.*) Be seated and continue your conversation, we pray.

(*The men bow and reseat themselves.*)

CHANCELLOR (*graciously*). Her Majesty has heard so much of the nightly entertainment at the Mermaid, of the singing, the dancing, and the wit—the feast of reason and the flow of soul—

ELIZABETH (*silencing him with a look and completing his sentence*). —that she wishes to be entertained and edified. These gentlemen, whom I know to be authors and poets all, may entertain us by their witty conversation.

JONSON (*sotto voce, to SHAKESPEARE, with a shrug*). As if wit were turned off and on like a tap in the scullery!

(SHAKESPEARE *smiles discreetly, and they converse in pantomime.*)

MINE HOST (*nervous but happy*). Your most gracious Majesty, the ballad singers wait without. Shall they sing for your Majesty? Shall the dancers dance for your Majesty?

ELIZABETH (*smiling capriciously*). Bring in the ballad singers. We may do our own royal dancing, if so be your floor pleaseth us.

The ballad singers enter at right and stand between the two tables, looking toward the Queen's table. They curtsy to ELIZABETH and sing "Gather Ye Rosebuds."

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS (*Herrick*)

(*Tune: "The Girl I Left Behind Me"*)

BALLAD SINGERS (*singing slowly and impressively*).

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

(At close of song, all applaud, and the singers bow.)

ELIZABETH. A sweet song, but sad. To-night we would be merry. We are never merry when we hear sweet music. Let the next song be louder and gayer.

(A ballad singer whispers to MINE HOST, who goes to ELIZABETH.)

MINE HOST. The ballad singers bid me tell thee that the song they are about to sing describes your gracious Majesty perfectly. It is called "Cherry Ripe."

(The pianist strikes up the music to "Cherry Ripe," and the ballad singers sing it, in parts, if possible.)

CHERRY RIPE (*Campion*)

(Tune: "Those Evening Bells")

BALLAD SINGERS (*singing*).

There is a garden in her face

Where roses and white lilies blow;

A heavenly paradise that place,

Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.

There cherries grow which none may buy

Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose

Of orient pearl a double row,

Which when her lovely laughter shows,

They look like rosebuds filled with snow.

Yet them no peer nor prince can buy

Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

(At close of song, all the spectators applaud, as before, and the singers bow and retire into the background up left and right.)

ELIZABETH (*greatly pleased with the flattery*). A very pretty song.

MINE HOST. The dancers will now perform a pavan for your Majesty.

MINE HOST *goes to right door and ushers in the dancers, who bow to ELIZABETH, then perform a modified version of the pavan.*

CAVALIERS' DANCE

The pianist strikes up the music of "The Dainty Shepherdess," or any other dance in two-four time. The dancers form a line of couples, facing the audience. The couples stand hand in hand, with the cavalier at the left of the lady. Each cavalier bows to his lady, who curtsies in return. Then, side by side, each couple take four marching steps down front, the cavalier holding the lady's left hand in his right. Next, they turn in their tracks, the cavalier to the left and the lady to the right, and with the lady's right hand in the cavalier's left, they take four marching steps up stage. Here they turn right about face in three steps, the cavalier from left to right and the lady from right to left, deftly loosing hands in the process and joining the lady's left hand in the cavalier's right. With hands held high, they face the audience a moment and pose. Then they turn right about face again in three steps, reversing the movement, loosing hands as before, and joining their free hands, and pose with their backs to the audience and clasped hands held high. With their hands thus clasped, the lady passes under the cavalier's left arm, he takes one step to right, and they face each other, dropping hands. The cavalier bows to the lady, who curtsies to him. Again they stand side by side

with faces to the audience, with the lady's right hand clasped high in the cavalier's left, and in this position she passes under his right arm, he takes a step to left, and they again face each other, dropping hands. He bows to her, and she curtsies to him. They swing back to position again, side by side facing the audience, with hands free, he on the left and she on the right. He swings his left foot lightly over his right and she swings her right foot lightly over her left, each turning half-way around facing each other, and swinging the foot back until his left toe and her right toe are pointing toward each other. Shifting the weight to the swinging foot, they come shoulder to shoulder, his left shoulder lightly touching her right. They then swing back to position and repeat this movement three times. After touching shoulders the fourth time, they face each other, and he bows to her as she curtsies. If the director desires to prolong the dance, it may be repeated. If not, the dancers bow and curtsy to Elizabeth, then to the audience.

(As ELIZABETH and her retinue applaud, the dancers exeunt at right, followed by the ballad singers.)

ELIZABETH (to CHANCELLOR). See that a purse of gold be divided among the singers and another among the dancers.

CHANCELLOR (bowing to her). Yes, your Majesty.

MINE HOST (bowing). Your Majesty is most generous.

(ELIZABETH rises, as do all the others, and approaches the table where the poets stand in an attitude of homage, mixed with curiosity.)

ELIZABETH. We have an amusing idea. Here are

England's poets in brave assembly, and all have been as dull as a rainy day. Now all shall amuse me. Each shall write a sonnet to me, at once, and Henslowe, our sweet-voiced actor, shall read the best to me. As to which sonnet be best, that ye shall judge for me.

MARLOWE (*weakly*). Your Majesty is jesting. Write a sonnet here and now?

ELIZABETH. That shalt thou do. Landlord, bring paper, quills, and an inkhorn. Our poets have sore need of them.

(The poets exchange glances of consternation.)

MINE HOST. I fly to obey. (*Rushes out at right.*)

MIDDLETON. Your Majesty, I must beg leave to withdraw from the contest before I begin.

ALL THE OTHERS (*except SHAKESPEARE*). And I. And I.

ELIZABETH (*to the minor poets, reproachfully*). And I had fancied you out-topping knowledge.

SHAKESPEARE (*repeating admiringly*). Out-topping knowledge!

ELIZABETH. I see, Will Shakespeare, I am still writing thy plays for thee.

SHAKESPEARE (*startled and a trifle embarrassed*). I crave pardon, your Majesty.

ELIZABETH (*displeased, to the other poets*). How now? Am I not fair enough to be an inspiration?

BEAUMONT (*gravely*). We could not do thy charms justice in so short a time. We fear to offend. What is but a sluggish wit may underrate your Majesty's virtues and our own awed appreciation.

ELIZABETH (*haughtily*). Then all decline?

SHAKESPEARE (*gayly*). Not I, your Majesty. Give me but the paper, ink, and a little space of time.

ELIZABETH. Bravo, Will Shakespeare. But mark thou this: Not a word of mine own in what thou shalt pen. The Queen would sorely lack for admiration if she indited a sonnet to herself. Use thine own words, Will, and not thy sovereign's, nor those of some country maid who hath caught thy truant fancy.

MINE HOST *waddles hastily in at right, carrying inkhorn, paper, and quill pen, which he places on table at right in front of SHAKESPEARE.*

SHAKESPEARE. I promise it faithfully, your Majesty.

(ELIZABETH *resumes her seat at left table, whereupon all the retinue and the poets resume their respective seats. SHAKESPEARE picks up the quill and toys with it absently, deep in thought.*)

ELIZABETH (*peevishly*). This Mermaid Tavern seemeth not so gay.

FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING. Your Majesty, might we not see a minuet while we await the birth of the sonnet?

ELIZABETH. A happy thought, my child. Landlord, bid the musicians give us now a sprightly minuet—a tune that hangs tottering betwixt grave and gay.

The dancers enter at right and take positions down center in couples, as the pianist strikes up the music of a minuet. The boys bow to their respective partners, while the girls curtsy, and the dance begins, the dancers using the minuet step previously described, stepping with great dignity.

(*While they dance, SHAKESPEARE gazes dreamily into space for a time, then writes rapidly. The other*

poets watch him with interest and admiration and perhaps a touch of envy. ELIZABETH occasionally throws him a glance, though her eyes are chiefly for the dancers. When the minuet ends and all the others applaud, he is so absorbed in his writing that he neither sees nor hears anything.)

(As the dancers go out at right, the jesters, who have been sitting motionless all this time, spring to their feet and do an exaggerated burlesque of the minuet, dropping into their places and again becoming motionless as music dies away.)

ELIZABETH (*a trifle maliciously*). Art ready, Will?

SHAKESPEARE (*to everybody's surprise*). Yes, your Majesty. (*Throws down his quill.*)

ELIZABETH. Indeed! And does it do me honor?

SHAKESPEARE (*calmly*). No, your Majesty.

ELIZABETH (*amazed, scarcely believing her ears*). Not do me honor!

SHAKESPEARE (*enjoying himself*). To do your Majesty honor lies far beyond my little powers. (*ELIZABETH appears mollified.*) Who will believe my verse in time to come if it be filled with thy most high deserts? 'Tis but a tomb, Heaven knows, which hides thy life and shows not half thy virtues.

ELIZABETH (*pleased*). Then let us hear it speedily. Henslowe, read us Master Shakespeare's sonnet.

HENSLOWE (*as SHAKESPEARE hands him the paper*). And hath the author any instructions to the actor?

SHAKESPEARE. Aye. I should say: Speak the speech I pray thee as I pronounce it, trippingly on the tongue, but if it be mouthed as many players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with thine hands. Let discretion be

thy tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.

HENSLOWE. 'Tis good advice, I ween, and much needed by all my trade. (*He goes down to center front, and, turning to ELIZABETH, reads dramatically but very beautifully the 106th sonnet.*)

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing;
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

(*All applaud heartily. SHAKESPEARE looks calmly pleased. HENSLOWE presents the paper to ELIZABETH with a low bow and returns to his seat.*)

SHAKESPEARE (*modestly*). A poor thing but mine own.

ELIZABETH. We like thy sonnet overmuch, Will, and we shall keep it. 'Twas well read, Henslowe, but 'twas well worth reading well. Come hither, Will. (*SHAKESPEARE goes to her.*) Art ambitious?

SHAKESPEARE. Your Majesty, if it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending man alive.

ELIZABETH. The words I spake to thee in jest in the meadow a fortnight ago, I ween, will speedily become the sober truth. The playhouse shall not be lacking when the plays are completed. (*Holds out her hand to him.*)

SHAKESPEARE (*kissing her extended hand*). Your Majesty, there are no words with which to thank thee.

ELIZABETH. Send me another sonnet soon. 'Twill ease my mind from the affairs of state.

(SHAKESPEARE *bows and goes back to his table. The others greet him jovially.*)

JONSON. Well done, Will.

BEAUMONT. A sonnet for the years to come.

ELIZABETH. Another song, landlord, and then we go. The Mermaid Tavern will methinks one day be famous with reflected glory from its visitors.

MINE HOST. 'Tis immortal now, your Majesty, since England's Queen hath deigned to rest within its portals.

MINE HOST *goes out at right and immediately returns, ushering in the ballad singers, who form ranks as before and sing "Fear No More."*

FEAR NO MORE ("*Cymbeline*")

(*Tune: Rousseau's "Cradle Hymn"*)

BALLAD SINGERS (*singing in parts, if possible*).

Fear no more the heat of summer,

Nor the furious winter's rage;

Thou thy worldly task hath finished,

Home art gone and ta'en thy wage.

Every golden lad and maiden

As the chimney sweeper must

Say farewell to mirth and sunshine,
Like the flowers come to dust.

Fear no more the flash of lightning,
Nor the dreaded thunderstone;
Fear not slander, censure's rashness,
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
Lovers all, both false and faithful,
As the chimney sweeper must
Say farewell to mirth and sunshine,
Like the flowers come to dust.

(As the applause dies away, the singers go out at right. ELIZABETH and her retinue rise. The poets rise also, bowing to her.)

ELIZABETH. Good night, my friends. *(Leads the way toward left door.)*

ALL THE OTHERS *(except retinue)*. Good night, your Majesty.

ELIZABETH *(looking back as MINE HOST opens left door for her impressively)*. Good night, Will Shakespeare.

(From off left come the faint strains of "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?")

SHAKESPEARE. Good night, and pleasant dreams, your Majesty.

(Exeunt the royal party at left, followed by MINE HOST. The poets gather about SHAKESPEARE down center as the music dies away, off left.)

HEYWOOD *(to SHAKESPEARE)*. Thy ravens are in truth all doves, my friend.

MARLOWE (*gravely*). All nations shall some day speak through thy voice, Shakespeare.

BEAUMONT. A poet not for us and England, but for time itself.

JONSON. 'Tis true thou hast small Latin and less Greek, my friend, but, self-schooled and self-secured, thou shalt be a word to conjure with when we are long forgotten.

FLETCHER. The most brilliant night the Mermaid hath ever seen.

HENSLOWE. When shall I start rehearsing in that play?

SHAKESPEARE. Thank you, friends. Her Majesty was pleased to be gracious to-night. Henslowe, I will tell thee more about the play anon.

BELLMAN *enters at left, followed by MINE HOST.*

BELLMAN (*calling sonorously*). Twelve o'clock and all is well. (*Crosses and goes out at right, as the chimes off left ring twelve.*)

MINE HOST (*crossing to the group down center*). Gentlemen, gentlemen, what a night for the Mermaid Tavern! I am a proud man. (*Apologetically.*) And now 'tis time for closing, an you will pardon me, sirs.

FLETCHER. And time for sleep, that easer of all woes, brother of death.

SHAKESPEARE. Talk not of death, Fletcher. To-night I begin to live.

JONSON. Come with us, Will.

SHAKESPEARE. Forgive me, Ben. I must remain alone an hour. My truant thoughts must needs be assembled all before I go. To-day I have seen and talked with people of such sharply defined personalities that

their images fill my mind and clamor for expression. I shall make them live again in my plays.

(HENSLOWE and the minor poets get their hats from under their chairs and start left.)

ALL SEVEN. Good night, Will.

SHAKESPEARE. Good night.

(*Exeunt* JONSON, MARLOWE, BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, HEYWOOD, MIDDLETON, and HENSLOWE at left.)

(*The waiters and waitresses go out at right, followed by* MINE HOST, *who, before leaving, extinguishes all the candles but the one on the table at right. SHAKESPEARE, excited and happy, walks back and forth down center, then stops at right table and sits, facing the audience.*)

SHAKESPEARE (*thinking aloud*). A simple-minded maiden, Phoebe—drowns herself because of unrequited love. Mine host—a genial rascal, fit companion for a reckless prince—a fat man—mirth dislodging melancholy. (*Muses silently a moment.*) A king and his three daughters—a tale of sweet young love in Italy, and one of jealousy that works a madness in the brain. Dainty Phyllis—a lady masquerading as a country wench—I'll tell their stories every one and more beside. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, my poet's pen shall turn them into shapes and give to airy nothing a local habitation and a home. (*Dreamily.*) A vast procession marches through my brain; and life is all too short to write the tales of those who pass. (*Closes his eyes, resting his head on his hand.*)

(*The candle goes out, and the figures of his imagina-*

tion appear in a spotlight at center rear, being unseen till the spotlight is turned on them. The stage lights are dimmed until the figure of SHAKESPEARE is barely visible.)

As the music of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" is played, FALSTAFF enters at left.

FALSTAFF. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served another such trick, I'll have my brains taken out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a New Year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. If the bottom were as deep as hell I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow—a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been whan I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy. (*Exit at right as spotlight goes off.*)

To the music of the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," TITANIA and her fairies skip on at left and dance a few measures of a dainty little fairy dance. As they exeunt at right, OBERON and PUCK enter at left. Music stops.

OBERON.

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath

That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK.

I remember.

OBERON.

That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronéd by the west,
And loosed his love shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me that herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK.

I'll put a girdle round the earth
In forty minutes.

(Exeunt OBERON and PUCK at left, as spotlight goes out.)

Enter PORTIA at left to music of "Amaryllis" or any other stately old air.

PORTIA.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed.
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepteréd sway.
It is enthroned in the heart of kings.
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

(Exit at right, as spotlight goes out.)

*To the music of "Arkansas Traveler" ROSALIND, CELIA,
and TOUCHSTONE enter at left.*

ROSALIND. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE. I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND. I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat. Therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CELIA. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no farther.

ROSALIND. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE. Aye, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travelers must be content.

(The trio go off at right as the spotlight is withdrawn.)

As the sound of trumpets is heard faintly off left, MACBETH enters at left.

MACBETH.

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

(Exit at right.)

(The stage lights grow a little brighter as the spotlight fades out. SHAKESPEARE rouses himself, rubs his eyes, and looks about him, bewildered.)

SHAKESPEARE *(meditating aloud)*. Spirits, melted into thin air, leaving not a wrack behind. An insubstantial pageant faded! But the children of my brain shall live, and all the world shall know the old customs making life more sweet, the painted pomp that fills the envious court, the mighty glory of Elizabethan days. Long, changing centuries from now, my Phyllis still shall dance upon the green, my shepherds sing sad lays of unrequited love. Could I but see deep enough into human nature, I should sing the songs and dream the dreams of all the world. *(Musingly.)* The dreams of all the world! And what is all the world but dreams?

We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.

(As the music from the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is softly played, SHAKESPEARE sits at the table, his right hand outstretched toward the ink-horn and quill, while the curtain slowly falls.)

Then across the stage, in front of the curtain, to the same music, the performers all parade in couples from right to left in the following order: SHAKESPEARE and ELIZABETH, OBERON and TITANIA, two couples of fairies, MACBETH and PORTIA, ROSALIND and CELIA, TOUCHSTONE, and PUCK, FALSTAFF and MINE HOST, CHANCELLOR and FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING, six courtiers paired with six ladies of the court, the six minor poets paired with the other six ladies of the court, HENSLOWE and BELLMAN, the waiters paired with the waitresses, the boy dancers paired with the girl dancers, LORD and LADY OF THE MAY, the yeomen paired with the women, the shepherds paired with the maidens, PHOEBE and SILVIUS, PHYLLIS and a shepherd, the boy ballad singers paired with the girl singers, and the two jesters, capering as usual. The procession marches across the stage and back of the curtain, where they group themselves for the tableau, the furniture from the tavern scene having been removed to make room for them. They are arranged in the following order: Down center close to footlights are SHAKESPEARE and ELIZABETH; close behind them in a semicircle extending from extreme left to extreme right, PUCK, the fairies, OBERON, TITANIA, CELIA, TOUCHSTONE, PHOEBE, PHYLLIS, SILVIUS, CELIA, ROSALIND, PORTIA, FALSTAFF, MACBETH; back of the semicircle at center, the LORD and LADY OF THE MAY; back of them. another semicircle with the minor poets

and HENSLOWE forming the right end of it, the ladies and courtiers and CHANCELLOR the left end, and the dancers the center part; behind this semicircle, a row of maidens and shepherds on the right, the BELLMAN, MINE HOST, and the jesters at center, and waiters and waitresses at left; and at the extreme rear, a row made up of yeomen and women on the right side and the ballad singers on the left. The curtain then rises to reveal the tableau, which should be held until the music ceases.

(NOTE.—If the size of the stage will not permit the grouping of all the characters in the play in this tableau, only the principals may be used, and they may be grouped as nearly in the foregoing order as the available space will permit.)

The HERALD now enters along the footlights, down left, while the PROLOGUE enters along the footlights, down right, each advancing only a little way, so that the view of the tableau is not obstructed.

PROLOGUE.

The story ends; the mummers pass and bow.
From long ago, we must return to now.
Guests in the Mermaid Tavern for an hour,
When England's wit and fancy were in flower,
We hope 'twas as you like it and that we
Have pleased you with the night's festivity.
If so, love's labor was not lost or vain,
And only this for us doth now remain:
To thank you as your courtesy beseems,
To wish you all good night and pleasant dreams.

(Turns to HERALD.)

Then, trumpet, blow, and, curtain, slow descend.
The Mermaid Tavern play is at an end.

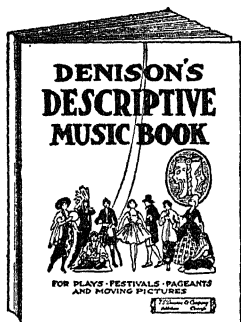
(The HERALD blows three blasts and curtain descends, the HERALD and the PROLOGUE stepping back so that they, too, are hidden by the falling—)

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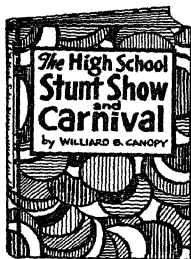
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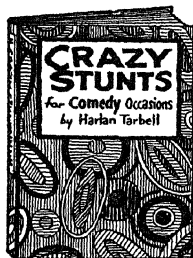
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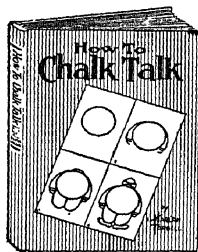
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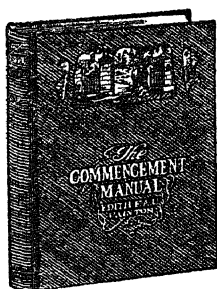
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